



THE  
FOURTEENTH VOLUME  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS;  
CONTAINING  
THE SECOND VOLUME OF  
B U T L E R.

VOL. XIV.

2



THE  
P O E M S  
O F  
S A M U E L B U T L E R.

Vol. XIV.

B





## H U D I B R A S.

## IN THREE PARTS.

## PART III. CANTO II.

## THE ARGUMENT

The Saints engage in fierce contests  
 About their carnal interests,  
 To share their sacrilegious preys  
 According to their rates of Grace  
 Their various frenzies to reform,  
 When Cromwell left them in a storm,  
 Till, in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble  
 Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze  
 Is but a mongrel prince of bees,  
 That falls before a storm on cows,  
 And stings the founders of his house,

From

This Canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho—neither of our heroes make their appearance—other characters are introduced, and a new vein of satire is exhibited—The Poet steps out of his road, and skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and

From whose corrupted flesh that breed 5  
 Of vermin did at first proceed.  
 So, ere the storm of war broke out,  
 Religion spawn'd a various rout  
 Of petulant capricious sects,  
 The maggots of corrupted texts, 10  
 That first run all religion down,  
 And after every swarm its own  
 For as the Persian Magi once  
 Upon their mothers got their sons,  
 That were incapable t' enjoy 15  
 That empire any other way,  
 So Presbyter begot the other  
 Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,

from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. This conduct is allowable in a satirist, whose privilege it is to ramble wherever he pleases, and to stigmatize vice, faction, and rebellion, where and whenever he meets with them. He is not tied down to the observance of unity of action, time, or place, though he has hitherto had a regard to such decoumms but now, and here only, he claims the privilege of a satirist, and deviates from order, time, and uniformity, and deserts his principal actors. He purposely sends them out of the way, that we may attend to a lively representation of the principles and politics of Presbyterians, Independents, and Republicans, upon the dawning of the Restoration. He sets before us a full view of the treachery and underminings of each faction, and sure it is with pleasure we see the fears and commotion. they were in upon the happy declension of their tyrannical power and government. All these occurrences are fully and faithfully related in this Canto, and the several facts are warranted by history.

Then

Then bore them, like the devil's dam,  
 Whose son and husband are the same, 20  
 And yet no natural tie of blood,  
 Nor interest for the common good,  
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,  
 Get quarter for each other's beard  
 For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd, 25  
 But only by the ears engag'd,  
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,  
 And play together when they 've none,  
 As by their truest characters,  
 Their constant actions, plainly' appears. 30  
 Rebellion now began, for lack  
 Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack,  
 The Cause and Covenant to lessen,  
 And Providence to be out of season -  
 For now there was no more to purchase 35  
 O' th' King's revenue, and the Church's,  
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,  
 That us'd to urge the Brethren on,  
 Which forc'd the stubborn'ft for the Cause,  
 To cross the cudgels to the laws, 40  
 That what by breaking them they 'ad gain'd,  
 By their support might be maintain'd,  
 Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,  
 Secu'd against the Hue-and-cry,  
 For Presbyter and Independent 45  
 Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant,  
 Laid out their apostolic functions  
 On carnal Orders and Injunctions;

And all their precious Gifts and Graces  
 On Outlawries and *Scire facias*, 50  
 At Michael's term had many trial,  
 Worse than the Dragon and St Michael,  
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,  
 Into the bottomless abyſs  
 For when, like brethren, and like friends, 55  
 They came to ſhare their dividends,  
 And every partner to poſſeſs  
 His church and ſtate joint purchaſes,  
 In which the ableſt Saint, and beſt,  
 Was nam'd in truſt by all the reſt 60  
 To pay their money, and, inſtead  
 Of every Brother, paſs the deed,  
 He ſtraight converted all his gifts  
 To pious frauds and holy ſhifts,  
 And ſettled all the other ſhares 65  
 Upon his outward man and 's heirs,  
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands  
 Deliver'd up into his hands,  
 And paſs'd upon his conſcience  
 By pre-entail of Providence, 70  
 Impeach'd the reſt for Reprobates,  
 That had no titles to eſtates,  
 But by their ſpiritual attainſts  
 Degraded from the right of Saints,  
 This being reveal'd, they now begun 75  
 With law and conſcience to fall on,  
 And laid about as hot and brain-fick  
 As th' Utter barrifter of Swanſwick,

Ver 78.] W Prynne, a voluminous writer.

Engag'd

Engag'd with money bags, as bold  
 As men with sand-bags did of old, 80  
 That brought the lawyers in more fees  
 Than all un sanctify'd Trustees,  
 Till he who had no more to show  
 I' th' case, receiv'd the overthrow,  
 Or, both sides having had the worst, 85  
 They parted as they met at first  
 Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,  
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd '  
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate  
 From all affairs of Church and State, 90  
 Reform'd to a reformado Saint,  
 And glad to turn itinerant,  
 To stroll and teach from town to town,  
 And those he had taught up teach down,  
 And make those uses serve again 95  
 Against the New-enlighten'd men,  
 As fit as when at first they were  
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier,  
 Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic  
 As pat as Popish and Prelatic, 100  
 And with as little variation,  
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation.  
 The Good old Cause, which some believe  
 To be the devil that tempted Eve  
 With knowledge, and does still invite 105  
 The world to mischief with New Light,  
 Had store of money in her purse,  
 When he took her for better or worse :

now was grown deform'd and poor,  
 And fit to be turn'd out of door 110  
 The Independents (whose first station  
 Was in the rear of Reformation,  
 A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,  
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once,  
 And in the saddle of one steed 115  
 The Saracen and Christian rid,  
 Were free of every spiritual order,  
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)  
 No

Ver. 118 ] The officers and soldiers among the Independents  
 got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought  
 Oliver Cromwell was fam'd for a preacher, and has a sermon \* in  
 print, intituled, *Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conscientious*  
*Exercise, held at Sir Peter Temple's in Lincoln's Inn-fields, upon*  
 Rom xiii 1 in which are the following flowers of rhetoric

" Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true, this text is a  
 " malignant one, the wicked and ungodly have abused it very  
 " much, but, thanks be to God, it was to their own ruin

" But now that I spoke of kings, the question is, Whether,  
 " by the *higher powers*, are meant kings or commoners? Truly,  
 " beloved, it is a very great question among those that are  
 " learned for may not every one that can read observe, that  
 " Paul speaks in the plural number, *higher powers*? Now, had  
 " he meant subjection to a king, he would have said, " Let  
 " every soul be subject to the *higher power*," if he had meant  
 " one man, but by this you see he meant more than one he  
 " bids us " be subject to the *higher powers*," that is, the  
 " Council of State, the House of Commons, and the Army "

1b p 3.

When

\* This, however, is now well known to be an imposture. N

No sooner got the start, to lurch  
 Both disciplines of War and Church, 120  
 And Providence enough to run  
 The chief commanders of them down,  
 But carry'd on the war against  
 The common enemy o' th' Saints,  
 And in a while prevailed so far, 125  
 To win of them the game of war,  
 And be at liberty once more  
 T' attack themselves as they 'ad before

When in the *Humble Petition* there was inserted an article against public preachers being members of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell excepted against it expressly, "Because he (he said) was one, and divers officers of the army, by whom much good had been done—and therefore desired they would explain their article" (*Heath's Chronicle*, p. 408).

Ib.] Sir Roger L'Estrange observes (*Reflection upon Poggius's Fable of the Husband, Wife, and Ghostly Father*, part I tab. 357) upon the pretended saints of those times, "That they did not set one step, in the whole tract of this iniquity, without seeking the Lord first, and going up to enquire of the Lord, according to the cant of those days, which was no other than to make God the author of sin, and to impute the blackest practices of hell to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

It was with this pretext of seeking the Lord in prayer, that Cromwell, Ireton, Harrison, and others of the Regicides, cajoled General Fairfax, who was determined to rescue the King from execution, giving orders to have it speedily done and, when they had notice that it was over, they persuaded the General that this was a full return of prayer, and, God having so manifested his pleasure, they ought to acquiesce in it (*Parson's Life of King Charles I.*)

For



# BUTLER'S POEMS.

or now there was no foe in arms  
 T' unite their factions with alarms, 130  
 But all reduc'd and overcome,  
 Except their worst, themselves, at home,  
 Who 'ad compass'd all they pray'd and swore,  
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,  
 Subdued the Nation, Church, and State, 135  
 And all things but their laws and hate,  
 But when they came to treat and transact,  
 And share the spoil of all they 'ad ranfact,  
 To botch up what they 'ad torn and rent,  
 Religion and the Government, 140  
 They met no sooner but prepar'd  
 To pull down all the war had spar'd,  
 Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,  
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish.  
 For knaves and fools being near of kin, 145  
 As Dutch boors are t' a footerkin,  
 Both parties join'd to do their best  
 To damn the public interest,  
 And herded only in consults,  
 To put by one another's bolts, 150  
 T' out cant the Babylonian labourers,  
 At all their dialects of jabberers,  
 And tug at both ends of the saw,  
 To tear down government and law.  
 For as two cheats, that play one game, 155  
 Are both defeated of their aim,  
 So those who play a game of state,  
 And only cavil in debate,

Although

Although there's nothing lost nor won,  
The public business is undone, 160  
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,  
Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This when the Royalists perceiv'd,  
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd  
And own'd the right they had paid down 165  
So dearly for, the Church and Crown)  
They' united constanter, and sided  
The more, the more their foes divided,  
For though out-number'd, overthrown,  
And by the fate of war run down, 170

Their duty never was defeated,  
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;  
For loyalty is still the same,  
Whether it win or lose the game;  
True as the dial to the sun, 175  
Although it be not shin'd upon.  
But when these Brethren in evil,  
Their adversaries, and the devil,  
Began once more to shew them play,  
And hopes, at least, to have a day, 180  
They rally'd in parades of woods,  
And unfrequented solitudes;

Ver 163 ] What a lasting monument of fame has our Poet raised to the Royalists! What merited praises does he bestow on their unshaken faith and loyalty! How happily does he applaud their constancy and sufferings! If any thing can be a compensation to those of that party, who met with unworthy disregard and neglect after the Restoration, it must be this never dying eulogy. Busler, alas! was one of that unfortunate number.

Conven'd

Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,  
 T' appoint new rising rendezvous,  
 And, with a pertinacy' unmatched,  
 For new recruits of danger watch'd. 185  
 No sooner was one blow diverted,  
 But up another party started !  
 And, as if Nature, too, in haste  
 To furnish out supplies as fast, 190  
 Before her time had turn'd destruction  
 T' a new and numerous production,  
 No sooner those were overcome,  
 But up rose others in their room,  
 That, like the Christian faith, increast 195  
 The more, the more they were suppress'd,  
 Whom neither chains, nor transportation,  
 Proscription, sale, or confiscation,  
 Nor all the desperate events  
 Of former try'd experiments, 200  
 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,  
 To leave off loyalty and dangling,  
 Nor

Ver 201, 202 ] The brave spirit of loyalty was not to be  
 suppressed by the most barbarous and inhuman usage I here are  
 several remarkable instances upon record, as that of the gallant  
 Marquis of Montrose, the loyal Mr Gerrard, and Mr Vowel,  
 in 1654, of Mr Penruddock, Grove, and others, who suffered  
 for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654-5, of Captain Reynolds, who  
 had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be  
 turned off the ladder, cried, God bless King Charles, *Vive le*  
*Roy*, of Dalgelly, one of Montrose's party, who being sentenced  
 to be beheaded, and being brought to the scaffold, ran and kiss'd  
 it,

Nor Death (with all his bones) affright  
 From venturing to maintain the right,  
 From staking life and fortune down 205,  
 'Gainst all together, for the Crown,  
 But kept the title of their cause  
 From forfeiture, like claims in laws,  
 And prov'd no prosperous usurpation  
 Can ever settle on the nation, 210  
 Until, in spite of force and treason,  
 They put their loyalty in possession,  
 And, by their constancy and faith,  
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.  
 Toss'd in a furious hurricane, 215  
 Did Oliver give up his reign,

And

it, and, without any speech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block, and was beheaded, of the brave Sir Robert Spotswood, of Mr Courtney, and Mr Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February 1657, for dispersing among the soldiers what were then called *seditions* books and pamphlets

Nor ought the loyalty of the six counties of North Wales to be passed over in silence, who never addressed or petitioned during the Usurpation, nor the common soldier mentioned in the *Oxford Diurnal*, first Week, p 6 See more in the story of the *Impertinent Sheriff*, L'Estrange's *Fables*, part II fab 265 Mr. Butler, or Mr Prynne, speaking of the gallant behaviour of the Loyalists, says, " Other nations would have canonized for martyrs, and  
 " erected statues after their death, to the memory of some of our  
 " compatriots, whom ye have barbarously defaced and mangled,  
 " yet alive, for no other motive than their undaunted zeal. "

Ver 215, 216.] At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest,  
 such

And was believ'd, as well by Saints  
 As mortal men and miscreants,  
 To founder in the Stygian ferry,  
 Until he was retriev'd by Sterry ,

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 Who,

such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation It is observed, in a tract intitled, *No Fool to the old Fool*, L'Estrange's *Apology*, p 93 " That Oliver, after a long course of treason, murder, " sacrilege, perjury, rapine, &c. finished his accursed life in " agony and fury, and without any mark of true repentance " Though most of our historians mention the hurricane at his death, yet few take notice of the storm in the northern counties, that day the House of Peers ordered the digging up his carcase, with other regicides The author of the *Parly between the Ghost of the late Protector and the King of Sweden in Hell*, 1660, p 19 merrily observes, " That he was even so turbulent and seditious " there, that he was chain'd, by way of punishment, in the " general pissing-place, next the court-door, with a strict charge " that nobody that made water thereabouts should piss any where " but against his body "

Ver 220 ] The news of Oliver's death being brought to those who were met to pray for him, Mr Peter Sterry stood up, and desired them not to be troubled, " For (said he) this is good " news, because if he was of use to the people of God when he " was amongst us, he will be much more so now, being ascended " into heaven, at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all occasions " Dr South makes mention of an Independent divine, (*Sermons*, Vol I sermon iii. p 102 ) who, when Oliver was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, " That God revealed to him that he " should recover, and live thirty years longer , for that God had " raised him up for a work which could not be done in a less time " but

Who, in a false erroneous dream,  
 Mistook the New Jerusalem  
 Profanely for th' apocryphal  
 False Heaven at the end o' th' Ha  
 Whither it was decreed by Fate 225  
 His precious reliques to translate.  
 So Romulus was seen before  
 By' as orthodox a senator,  
 From whose divine illumination  
 He stole the Pagan revelation. 230  
 Next him his son and heir apparent  
 Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent,

Who

“ but Oliver's death being published two days after, the said  
 “ divine publicly, in his prayers, expostulated with God the  
 “ defeat of his prophecy in these words, “ Thou hast lied unto  
 “ us, yea, thou hast lied unto us ”

So familiar were those wretches with God Almighty, that Dr  
 Echard observes of one of them, “ That he pretended to have  
 “ got such an interest in Christ, and such an exact knowledge of  
 “ affairs above, that he could tell the people that he had just  
 “ before received an express from Jesus upon such a business, and  
 “ that the ink was scarce dry upon the paper

Ver 224 ] After the Restoration Oliver's body was dug up,  
 and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster-hall,  
 near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is  
 commonly known by the name of *Heaven*

Ver. 231, 232 ] Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him,  
 before his death, declared his successor, and, by order of the  
 Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the com-  
 pliments of congratulation and condolence, at the same time,  
 from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, and addressees were

presented

Who first laid by the Parliament,  
 The only crutch on which he leant,  
 And then sunk underneath the State,  
 That rode him above horseman's weight.

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presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognized him Lord Protector, yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partizans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

What opinion the world had of him, we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his visit *incog* to the Prince of Conti at Pezenas, who received him civilly, as he did all strangers, and particularly the English, and, after a few words (not knowing who he was) the Prince began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the king, and whether all men were ~~submitted~~ submitted obediently to him? which the other answered according to the truth. "Well," said the Prince, Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command but for that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, he was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool? How is it possible he could be such a sot?" He answered, "That he was betrayed by those he most trusted, and had been most obliged to his father." So being weary of his visit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was that very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly, and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated so well. Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Vol III p 519. See a curious anecdote of Richard Cromwell in Dr. Maty's *Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield*.

And

And now the Saints began their reign,  
 For which they 'ad yearn'd so long in vain,  
 And felt such bowel hankerings,  
 To see an empire all of kings, 240  
 Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe  
 Of justice, government, and law,  
 And free t' erect what spiritual cantons  
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,  
 To edify upon the ruins 245  
 Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,  
 Who, for a weather cock hung up  
 Upon their mother church's top,  
 Was made a type by Providence,  
 Of all their revelations since, 250

Ver 237 ] A sneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon observes) " was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe himself " inspired, which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, " that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed " to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years "

Ver 241, 242 ] Dr James Young observes, " That two " Jesuitical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so confident, anno 1652, of the total subversion of the law and " gospel-ministry, that in their scurulous prognostications they " predicted the downfall of both, and, in 1654, they foretold " that the law should be pulled down to the ground,—the Great " Charter, and all our liberties, destroyed, as not suiting with, " Englishmen in these blessed times, that the crab-tree of the " law should be pulled up by the roots, and grow no more, there, " being no reason now we should be governed by them "



And now fulfill'd by his successors,  
 Who equally mistook their measures  
 For, when they came to shape the model,  
 Not one could fit another's noddle,  
 But found their Light and Gifts more wide 255  
 From fadging, than th' unsanctify'd,  
 While every individual Brother  
 Strove hand to fist against another,  
 And still the maddest, and most crackt,  
 Were found the busiest to transact, 260  
 For, though most hands dispatch apace  
 And make light work (the proverb says)  
 Yet many different intellects  
 Are found t' have contrary effects,  
 And many heads t' obstruct intrigues, 265  
 As slowest insects have most legs.  
 Some were for setting up a king,  
 But all the rest for no such thing,  
 Unless king Jesus others tamper'd  
 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert 270  
 Some

Ver 267, 268 ] Harry Martyn, in his speech, in the debate  
*Whether a King, or no King*, said, " That if they must have a  
 " King, they had rather have had the last than any gentleman  
 " in England He found no fault in his person, but office "

Ver 269 ] Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy-men, who had  
 formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and set up King Jesus

Ver 269, 270 *Others tamper'd—For Fleetwood, Desborough,*  
*and Lambert* ] Fleetwood was a lieutenant general he married  
 Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldest daughter, was made  
 Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-general of divers  
 counties,

Some for the Rump, and some, more crafty,  
 For Agitators, and the Safety  
 Some for the Gospel, and massacres  
 Of spiritual Affidavit-makers,  
 That swore to any human regence 275  
 Oaths of supremacy and allegiance,

counties, one of Oliver's upper house his salary supposed to be 6600*l* a year — Desborough, a yeoman of 60 or 70*l* *per annum*, some say a plowman Bennet, speaking to Desborough, says, "When your Lordship was a plowman, and wore high shoon—" "Ha! how the Lord raiseth some men, and depresseth others" — Desborough married Cromwell's sister, cast away his spade, and took up a sword, and was made a colonel, was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the Protectorship, upon which he was made one of his council, a General at sea, and Major general of divers counties of the west, and was one of Oliver's upper house. His annual income was 3236*l* 13*s* 4*d*

Ibid *Lambert* ] *Lambard*, in the first edition 1678 Altered 1684 He was one of the Rump Generals, and a principal opposer of General Monk in the Restoration of King Charles II The writer of the *Narrative of the late Parliament so called*, 1657, p 9 observes, "That Major-general Lambert, as one of " Oliver's council, had 1000*l* *per annum*, which, with his other " places, in all amounted to 6512*l* 3*s* 4*d*

Ver 272 *Agitators* ] In 1647, the Army made choice of a set number of officers, which they called *the General Council of Officers*, and the common soldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, mostly corporals and serjeants, who were called by the name of *Agitators*, and were to be a House of Commons to the council of officers these drew up a Declaration, that they would not be disbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full provision made for liberty of conscience.

Yea, though the ablest swearing Saint,  
 That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant  
 Others for pulling down th' high-places  
 Of Synods and Provincial Claſſes, 280  
 That us'd to make ſuch hoſtile inroads  
 Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods.  
 Some for fulfilling Prophecies,  
 And th' extirpation of th' Exciſe,  
 And ſome againſt th' Egyptian bondage 285  
 Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage  
 Some for the cutting down of Groves,  
 And rectifying bakers' Loaves,  
 And ſome for finding out expedients  
 Againſt the ſlavery of Obedience. 290  
 Some were for Goſpel-miniſters,  
 And ſome for Red-coat ſeculars,  
 As men moſt fit t' hold forth the Word,  
 And wield the one and th' other ſword  
 Some were for carrying on the Work 295  
 Againſt the Pope, and ſome the Turk.  
 Some for engaging to ſuppreſs  
 The camifado of Surplices,  
 That Gifts and Diſpenſations hinder'd,  
 And turn'd to th' outward man the inward; 300  
 More proper for the cloudy night  
 Of Popery than Goſpel light.  
 Others were for abolishing  
 That tool of matrimony, a Ring,  
 With which th' unſanctify'd bridegroom 305  
 Is marry'd only to a thumb  
 (As

{As wife as ringing of a pig,  
That us'd to break up ground, and dig},  
The bride to nothing but her will,  
That nulls her after marriage still 310  
So were for th' utter extirpation  
Of Linsey woolsey in the nation,  
And some against all idolising  
The Crofs in shop-books, or Baptising  
Others, to make all things recant 315  
The Christian or surname of Saint,  
And force all churches, streets, and towns,  
The holy title to renounce  
Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,  
And bringing down the price of Coals - 320  
Some for abolishing black-pudding,  
And eating nothing with the blood in,  
To abrogate them roots and branches,  
While others were for eating Haunches

Of

Ver 308. *That us'd to* ] *That is to*, edition 1678. *That* uses  
re, editions 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Altered 1710, as  
it stands here

Ver 317, 318 ] The mayor of Colchester banished one of that  
town for a malignant and a cavalier, in the year 1643, whose  
name was Parsons, and gave this learned reason for this exem-  
plary piece of justice, that it was an ominous name:

Ver 323 ] This was the spirit of the times. There was a  
proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fair-  
fax's army, to 'expose them to the fire of the enemy, and one  
Gourdon moved, "That the Lady Capel, and her children, and  
" the Lady Norwich, might be sent to the General with the

Of warriors, and, now and then,  
 The Flesh of kings and mighty men  
 And some for breaking of their Bones  
 With rods of iron, by secret ones,

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" same directions, saying, their husbands would be careful of  
 " their safety, and when divers opposed so barbarous a motion,  
 " and alleged that Lady Capel was great with child, near her  
 " time, Gourdon pressed it the more eagerly, as if he had taken  
 " the General for a man-midwife " Nay, it was debated at a  
 " council of war, to massacre and put to the sword all the King's  
 " party the question put was carried in the negative but by  
 " two votes " Their endeavour was, how to diminish the num  
 " ber of their opposites, the Royalists and Presbyterians, by a  
 " massacre, for which purpose many dark-lanterns were pro  
 " vided last winter, 1649, which coming to the common rumour  
 " of the Town, put them in danger of the infamy and hatred  
 " that would overwhelm them, so this was laid aside " A bill  
 " was brought in, 1656, for decimating the Royalists, but thrown  
 " out And this spirit was but too much encouraged by their  
 " clergy Mr Caryl, in a *Thanksgiving Sermon* before the Com  
 " mons, April 23, 1644, p 46 says, " If Christ will set up his  
 " kingdom upon the carcases of the slain, it well becomes all  
 " elders to rejoice and give thanks Cut them down with the  
 " sword of justice, root them out, and consume them as with  
 " fire, that no root may spring up again "

Of this spirit was Mr George Swathe, minister of Denham  
 in Suffolk, who, in a prayer, July 13, 1641, or 1642, has the  
 following remarkable words, " Lord, if no composition will end  
 " the controversy between the King and the Parliament, but the  
 " King and his party will have blood, let them drink of their  
 " own cup, let their blood be spilled like water, let their blood  
 " be sacrificed to thee, O God, for the sins of our nation "

For thrashing mountains, and with spells  
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells, 330  
Things that the legend never heard of,  
But made the Wicked fore afraid of.

The quacks of government (who fate  
At th' unregarded helm of state,  
And understood this wild confusion  
Of fatal madness and delusion, 335

Must, sooner than a prodigy,  
Portend destruction to be nigh)  
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,  
And save their wind-pipes from the law, 340  
For one rencounter at the bar  
Was worse than all they 'ad 'scap'd in war,

And therefore met in consultation  
To cant and quack upon the nation,  
Not for the sickly patient's sake,  
Nor what to give, but what to take, 345  
To feel the pulses of their fees,  
More wise than fumbling arteries;

Prolong the snuff of life in pain,  
And from the grave recover—Gain. 350  
'Mong these there was a politician  
With more heads than a beast in vision,  
And more intrigues in every one  
Than all the whores of Babylon,

So pohtic, as if one eye  
Upon the other were a spy, 355

Ver 351 ] This was Sir Anthony-Ashley Cooper, who com-  
plied with every change in those times.

That, to trepan the one to think  
 The other blind, both strove to blink,  
 And in his dark pragmatic way  
 As busy as a child at play. 360  
 He 'ad seen three governments run down,  
 And had a hand in every one,  
 Was for them, and against them all,  
 But barbarous when they came to fall:  
 For, by trepanning th' old to ruin, 365  
 He made his interest with the new one,  
 Play'd true and faithful, though against  
 His conscience, and was still advanc'd -  
 For, by the witchcraft of rebellion  
 'Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion, 370  
 By giving aim from side to side,  
 He never fail'd to save his tide,  
 But got the start of every state,  
 And, at a change, ne'er came too late;  
 Could turn his word, and oath, and faith, 375  
 As many ways as in a lath,  
 By turning wriggle, like a screw,  
 Int' highest trust, and out, for new  
 For when he 'ad happily incurr'd,  
 Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd, 380  
 And pass'd upon a government,  
 He play'd his trick, and out he went,  
 But being out, and out of hopes  
 To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,  
 Would strive to raise himself upon 385  
 The public ruin, and his own,

So little did he understand  
 The desperate feats he took in hand,  
 For, when he 'ad got himself a name  
 For frauds and tricks, he spoil'd his game ; 390  
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,  
 To shew his play at fast and loose ,  
 And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,  
 For art and subtlety, his luck.  
 So right his judgment was cut fit, 395  
 And made a tally to his wit,  
 And both together most profound  
 At deeds of darkness under ground ,  
 As th' earth is easiest undermin'd,  
 By vermin impotent and blind. 400  
 By all these arts, and many more  
 He 'ad practis'd long and much before,  
 Our state-artificer foresaw  
 Which way the world began to draw :  
 For, as old sinners have all points 405  
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints ,  
 Can by their pangs and aches find  
 All turns and changes of the wind,  
 And, better than by Napier's bones,  
 Feel in their own the age of moons , 410  
 So guiky sinners, in a state,  
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,  
 And in their consciences feel pain  
 Some days before a shower of rain :  
 He, therefore, wisely cast about 415  
 All ways he could, t' insure his throat,  
 And



And hither came, t' observe and smoke  
 What courses other riskers took,  
 And to the utmost do his best  
 To save himself, and hang the rest.

420

To match this Saint there was another,  
 As busy and perverse a Brother,  
 An haberdasher of small wares  
 In politics and state affairs,  
 More Jew than Rabbi Achithophel,  
 And better gifted to rebel,

425

For

Ver 420 ] Sir A. Ashley Cooper was of the miller's mind who was concerned in the Cornish rebellion in the year 1558 he, apprehending that Sir William Kingston, Provost-marshal, and a rigorous man upon that occasion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree before he went off, told his servant that he expected some gentlemen would come a-fishing to the mill, and, if they inquired for the miller, he ordered him to say that *he* was the miller. Sir William came according to expectation, and inquiring for the miller, the poor harmless servant said he was the miller. Upon which the Provost ordered his servant to seize him, and hang him upon the next tree, which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out, I am not the miller, but the miller's man. The Provost told him, "That he would take him  
 " at his word if (says he) thou art the miller, thou art a busy  
 " knave and rebel,—and if thou art the miller's man, thou art  
 " a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service  
 " than to hang for him:" and, without more ceremony, he was executed

Ver 421 ] This character exactly suits John Lilburn, and no other, especially the 437, 438, 439, and 440th lines for it was said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, "That if the world

" was

For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse  
 The Cause, aloft upon one house,  
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,  
 But try'd another, and went further; 430  
 So suddenly addicted still  
 To 's only principle, his will,  
 'I hat, whatfoe'er it chanc'd to prove,  
 Nor force of argument could move,  
 Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born, 435  
 Could render half a grain less stubborn;  
 For he at any time would hang,  
 For th' opportunity t' harangue,  
 And rather on a gibbet dangle,  
 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle, 440  
 In which his parts were so accomplish'd,  
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust;  
 But still his tongue ran on, the less  
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease,  
 And with its everlasting clack 445  
 Set all men's ears upon the rack.

" was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with  
 " John, and John with Lilburn " which part of his character  
 gave occasion for the following lines at his death,

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?  
 Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.  
 Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,  
 Let them not both in one grave buried be  
 Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,  
 For if they both should meet they would fall out.

No sooner could a hint appear,  
 But up he started to picquer,  
 And made the stoutest yield to mercy,  
 When he engag'd in controversy, 450  
 Not by the force of carnal reason,  
 But indefatigable teasing;  
 With volleys of eternal babbie,  
 And clamour, more unanswerable.  
 For though his topics, frail and weak, 455  
 Could ne'er amount above a freak,  
 He still maintain'd them, like his faults,  
 Against the desperat'ft assaults,  
 And back'd their feeble want of sense  
 With greater heat and confidence, 460  
 As bones of Hectors, when they differ,  
 The more they 're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer.  
 Yet, when his profit moderated,  
 The fury of his heat abated,  
 For nothing but his interest 465  
 Could lay his devil of contest  
 It was his choice, or chance, or curse,  
 T' espouse the Cause for better or worse,  
 And with his worldly goods and wit,  
 And soul and body, worship'd it 470  
 But when he found the sullen trapes  
 Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps,  
 The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,  
 Not half so full of jadish tricks,  
 Though squeamish in her outward woman, 475  
 As loose and rampant as Dol Common,  
 He

He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,  
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater,  
 And still, the skittisher and looser  
 Her freaks appear'd, to fit the closer. 480  
 For fools are stubborn in their way,  
 As coins are harden'd by th' alloy,  
 And obstinacy 's ne'er so stiff,  
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.  
 These two, with others, being met, 485  
 And close in consultation set,  
 After a discontented pause,  
 And not without sufficient cause,  
 The orator we nam'd of late,  
 Less troubled with the pangs of state 490  
 Than with his own impatience  
 To give himself first audience,  
 After he had a while look'd wise,  
 At last broke silence, and the ice.  
 Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt 495  
 Our last Outgoings brought about,  
 More than to see the characters  
 Of real jealousies and fears,

Ver 485, 486 ] This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the  
 very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London  
 I heartily wish the Poet had introduced the worthy Sir Hudibras  
 into this grand assembly, his presence would have continued an  
 uniformity in this Poem, and been very pleasing to the spectator  
 His natural propension to loquacity would certainly have exerted  
 itself on so important an occasion, and his rhetoric and jargon  
 would not have been less politic or entertaining than that of the  
 two orators here characterised.

Not

Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,  
 Scor'd upon every Member's forehead, 500  
 Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,  
 And threaten sudden change of weather,  
 Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,  
 And revolutions in their corns,  
 And, since our Workings-out are crost, 505  
 Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.  
 Was it to run away we meant  
 When, taking of the Covenant,  
 The lamest cripples of the Brothers  
 Took oaths to run before all others, 510  
 But, in their own sense, only swore  
 To strive to run away before,  
 And now would prove, that words and oath  
 Engage us to renounce them both?  
 'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch, 515  
 Between a right and mongrel-church,  
 The Presbyter and Independent,  
 That stickle which shall make an end on 't,  
 As 'twas made out to us the last  
 Expedient,—(I mean Margaret's fast) 520  
 When Providence had been suborn'd  
 What answer was to be return'd  
 Else why should tumults fright us now,  
 We have so many times gone through

Ver 521 ] Alluding to the impudence of those pretended  
 saints, who frequently directed God Almighty what answers he  
 should return to their prayers Mr. Simeon Ash was called the  
*God-challenger*

And

And understand as well to tame 525  
 As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?  
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable  
 Are all engagements of the rabble;  
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd  
 With drums and rattles, like a child, 530  
 But never prov'd so prosperous,  
 As when they were led on by us,  
 For all our scouring of religion  
 Began with tumults and sedition,  
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion 535  
 Became strong motives to devotion  
 (As carnal seamen, in a storm,  
 Turn pious converts, and reform),  
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,  
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges, 540  
 And brown bills, levy'd in the City,  
 Made bills to pass the Grand Committee,  
 When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,  
 Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,  
 And made the Church, and State, and Laws, 545  
 Submit t' old iron, and the Cause  
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,  
 So might be better now again,  
 If we knew how, as then we did,  
 To use them rightly in our need. 550  
 Tumults, by which the mutinous  
 Betray themselves instead of us,  
 The hollow-hearted, disaffected,  
 And close malignant are detected;

Who

Who lay their lives and fortunes down, 555  
 For pledges to secure our own,  
 And freely sacrifice their ears  
 T' appease our jealousies and fears  
 And yet for all these providences  
 W' are offer'd, if we had our senses, 560  
 We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,  
 Our hands committed to our pockets,  
 And nothing but our tongues at large,  
 To get the wretches a discharge  
 Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts, 565  
 Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts,  
 Or fools besotted with their crimes,  
 That know not how to shift betimes,  
 That neither have the hearts to stay,  
 Nor wit enough to run away, 570  
 Who, if we could resolve on either,  
 Might stand or fall at least together,  
 No mean nor trivial solaces  
 To partners in extreme distress,  
 Who use to lessen their despairs 575  
 By parting them int' equal shares,  
 As if, the more they were to bear,  
 They felt the weight the easier,  
 And every one the gentler hung,  
 The more he took his turn among. 580  
 But 'tis not come to that, as yet,  
 If we had courage left, or wit,  
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,  
 Are fitted for the bravest course,

Have

Have time to rally, and prepare 585  
 Our last and best defence, despair:  
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats  
 Have been atchiev'd in greatest straits,  
 And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,  
 By being courageously outbrav'd, 590  
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,  
 And poisons by themselves expell'd  
 And so they might be now again,  
 If we wert, what we should be, men;  
 And not so dully desperate, 595  
 To side against ourselves with Fate  
 As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,  
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.  
 'Tis his comes of breaking Covenants,  
 And setting up exauns of Saints, 600  
 That sine, like aldermen, for grace,  
 To be excus'd the efficacy  
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,  
 'Tis that mount their banks, for independent,  
 To hang, like Mahomet, in the air, 605  
 Or St Ignatius, at his prayer,  
 By pure geometry, and hate  
 Dependence upon church or state:  
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,  
 And, since obedience is better 610

Ver 600.] *And setting up exauns of Saints.* This is false printed, it should be written *exemts*, or *exempts*, which is a French word, pronounced *exauns*.



(The Scripture says) than sacrifice,  
 Presume the less on 't will suffice,  
 And scorn to have the moderat'ft stints  
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,  
 Or any opinion, true or false, 615  
 Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,  
 But left at large to make their best on,  
 Without being call'd t' account or question  
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,  
 As Whittington explain'd the bells, 620  
 And bid themselves turn back again  
 Lord Mayors of New Jerusalem,  
 But look so big and overgrown,  
 They scorn their edifiers to own,  
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons, 625  
 Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions,  
 Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,  
 Like charity, on those that want,  
 And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots  
 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes, 630  
 For which they scorn and hate them worse  
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders  
 For who first bred them up to pray,  
 And teach the House of Commons' way ?  
 Where had they all their gifted phrases 635  
 But from our Calamies and Cases ?  
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,  
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen ?

Ver 636 ] Calamy and Case were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were amongst the Independents

Their

Their Dispensations had been stifled,  
 But for our Adoniram Byfield, 640  
 And, had they not begun the war,  
 They 'ad ne'er been fainter as they are  
 For Saints in peace degenerate,  
 And dwindle down to reprobate,  
 Their zeal corrupts, like standing water, 645  
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter,  
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,  
 Without the power of sacrilege,  
 And though they 've tricks to cast their sins,  
 As easy as serpents do their skins, 650  
 That in a while grow out again,  
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,  
 And, from the most refin'd of Saints,  
 As naturally grow miscreants  
 As barnacles turn soland geese 655  
 In th' islands of th' Orcades.  
 Their Dispensation 's but a ticket  
 For their conforming to the Wicked,

Ver 640 ] *Adoniram Byfield*. He was a broken apothecary, a  
 zealous Covenanter, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Di-  
 vines, and, no doubt, for his great zeal and pains taking in  
 his office, he had the profit of printing the *Directory*, the copy  
 whereof was sold for 400*l* though, when printed, the price was  
 but three-pence

Ver 648 ] It is an observation made by many writers upon  
 the Assembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the Bible  
 they cautiously avoid speaking upon the subject of sacrilege

With whom the greatest difference  
 Lies more in words and shew than sense 66a  
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate  
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state,  
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,  
 Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well,  
 And, if the world has any troth, 66j  
 Some have been canoniz'd in both  
 But that which does them greatest harm,  
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,  
 Which puts the overheated fots  
 In fever still, like other goats; 67o  
 For though the Whore bends hereticks  
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,  
 Our Schismatics so vastly differ,  
 Th' hotter they 're they grow the stiffer,  
 Still setting off their spiritual goods 67j  
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds,  
 For Zeal 's a dreadful termagant,  
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant,  
 And Independents to profess  
 The doctrine of Dependences, 68o  
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,  
 To Rawheads fierce and Bloodybones,  
 And, not content with endless quarrels  
 Against the Wicked and their morals,  
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs, 68j  
 Dir't their rage upon themselves,  
 the war is not between  
 the Men of Sin,

But

But Saint and Saint, to spill the blood  
 Of one another's Brotherhood, 690  
 Where neither side can lay pretence  
 To liberty of conscience,  
 Or, zealous suffering for the Cause,  
 To gain one groat's-worth of applause ;  
 For, though endur'd with resolution, 695  
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution  
 Shall precious Saints, and secret ones,  
 Break one another's outward bones,  
 And eat the flesh of Brethren,  
 Instead of kings and mighty men ? 700  
 When fiends agree among themselves,  
 Shall they be found the greater elves ?  
 When Bell's at union with the Dragon,  
 And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon ,  
 When savage bears agree with bears, 705  
 Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,  
 And not atone their fatal wrath,  
 When common danger threatens both ?  
 Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,  
 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold ? 710  
 And Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,  
 No notice of the danger take ?  
 But though no power of heaven or hell  
 Can pacify fanatic zeal,  
 Who would not guess there might be hopes, 715  
 The fear of gallowses and ropes,  
 Before their eyes, might reconcile  
 Their animosities a while,

At least until they 'ad a clear stage,  
 And equal freedom to engage, 720  
 Without the danger of surprize  
 By both our common enemies ?

This none but we alone could doubt,  
 Who understand their workings-out,  
 And know them, both in soul and conscience, 725  
 Given up t' as reprobate a nonsense  
 As spiritual outlaws, whom the power  
 Of miracle can ne'er restore

We whom at first they fet-up under  
 In revelation only' of plunder, 730

Who since have had so many trials  
 Of their incroaching self-denials,  
 That rook'd upon us with design  
 To out reform and undermine,  
 Took all our interests and commands, 735

Perfidiously out of our hands,  
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,  
 Without the motive-gains allow'd,  
 And made us serve as ministerial,  
 Like younger sons of Father Belial 740

And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong  
 They 'ad done us and the Cause so long,  
 We never fail'd to carry on  
 The Work still, as we had begun,  
 But true and faithfully obey'd, 745

And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd,  
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,  
 Nor hang us, like the Cavaliers,

Nor

Nor put them to the charge of jails,  
 To find us pillories and carts'-tails, 750  
 Or hangman's wages, which the state  
 Was forc'd before them to be at,  
 That cut, like tallies to the stumps,  
 Our ears for keeping true accompts,  
 And burnt our vessels, like a new 755  
 Seal'd peck, or bushel, for being true;  
 But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,  
 Held for the Cause against all others,  
 Disdaining equally to yield  
 One syllable of what we held. 760  
 And, though we differ'd now and then  
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,  
 Our inward men, and constant frame  
 Of spirit, still were near the same,  
 And till they first began to cant,  
 And sprinkle down the Covenant,  
 We ne'er had call in any place,  
 Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace,  
 But join'd our Gifts perpetually  
 Against the common enemy, 770  
 Although 'twas our and their opinion,  
 Each other's church was but a Rammon,  
 And yet for all this Gospel-union,  
 And outward shew of Church-communion,  
 They'd ne'er admit us to our shares, 775  
 Of ruling church or state affairs,  
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence  
 T' our own conditions of repentance,

But shar'd our dividend o' the Crown  
 We had so painfully preach'd down, 780  
 And forc'd us, though against the grain,  
 T' have calls to teach it up again,  
 For 'twas but justice to restore  
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before,  
 And, when 'twas held forth in our way, 785  
 We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay,  
 Who, for the right we've done the nation,  
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation,  
 And put our vessels in a way,  
 Once more, to come again in play : 790  
 For if the turning of us out  
 Has brought this providence about,  
 And that our only suffering  
 Is able to bring-in the King,  
 What would our actions not have done, 795  
 Had we been suffer'd to go on ?  
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,  
 At least, in carrying on th' affair  
 But whether that be so or not,  
 We've done enough to have it thought, 800  
 And that 's as good as if we 'ad done 't,  
 And easier pass'd upon account  
 For if it be but half deny'd,  
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.  
 The world is naturally averse 805  
 To all the truth it sees or hears,  
 But swallows nonsense, and a lye,  
 With greediness and gluttony,  
 And

And though it have the pique, and long,  
 'Tis still for something in the wrong, 810  
 As women long, when they 're with child,  
 For things extravagant and wild,  
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,  
 But seldom any thing that 's wholesome,  
 And, like the world, men's jobbernoles 815  
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles,  
 And what they 're confidently told,  
 By no sense else can be control'd

And this, perhaps, may prove the means  
 Once more to hedge-in Providence. 820  
 For, as relapses make diseases  
 More desperate than their first accesses,  
 If we but get again in power,  
 Our work is easier than before,  
 And we more ready and expert 825  
 I' th' mystery, to do our part.  
 We, who did rather undertake  
 The first war to create than make,  
 And, when of nothing 'twas begun,  
 Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on, 830  
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,  
 With plots and projects of our own,  
 And if we did such feats at first,  
 What can we, now we 're better vers'd?  
 Who have a freer latitude, 835  
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd,  
 And therefore likeliest to bring-in,  
 On fairest terms, our Discipline,

To



To which it was reveal'd long since  
 We were ordain'd by Providence, 840  
 When three Saints' ears, our predecessors,  
 The Cause's primitive confessors,  
 Being crucify'd, the nation stood  
 In just so many years of blood,  
 That, multiply'd by Six, express'd 845  
 The perfect number of the Beast,  
 And prov'd that we must be the men  
 To bring this work about again,  
 And those who laid the first foundation,  
 Complete the thorough Reformation. 850  
 For who have gifts to carry on  
 So great a work, but we alone?  
 What Churches have such able pastors,  
 And precious, powerful, preaching Masters?  
 Possess'd with absolute dominions 855  
 O'er Brethren's purses and opinions?  
 And, trusted with the double keys  
 Of heaven and their warehouses,  
 Who, when the Cause is in distress,  
 Can furnish out what sums they please, 860  
 That brooding lie in banker's hands,  
 To be dispos'd at their commands,  
 And daily' increase and multiply  
 With Doctrine, Use and Usury,

Ver 841 ] Burton, Prynne, and Bastwicke, three notorious  
 ingleaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the late horrid  
 Rebellion.

Can fetch-in parties (as, in war, 865  
 All other heads of cattle are)  
 From th' enemy of all religions,  
 As well as high and low conditions,  
 And share them, from blue ribbands, down  
 To all blue aprons in the town 870  
 From ladies hurried in calleches,  
 With cornets at their footmen's breeches,  
 To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,  
 All guts and belly, like a crab,  
 Our party 's great, and better ty'd 875  
 With oaths, and trade, than any side,  
 Has one considerable improvement  
 To double fortify the Covenant,  
 I mean our Covenant to purchase  
 Delinquents' titles, and the Church's, 880  
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,  
 Among ourselves, for current land,  
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,  
 According to the rate of factions,  
 Our best reserve for Reformation, 885  
 When new Outgoings give occasion,  
 That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,  
 The Covenant (their creed) t' assert,  
 And, when they 've pack'd a Parliament,  
 Will once more try th' expedient 890  
 'Who can already muster friends  
 To serve for members to our ends,  
 'That represent no part o' th' nation,  
 But Fisher's-folly congregation,

Are

Are only tools to our intrigues, 893  
 And fit like geese to hatch our eggs ;  
 Who, by their precedents of wit,  
 T' outfast, outloiter, and outfit,  
 Can order matters underhand,  
 To put all business to a stand , 900  
 Lay public bills aside for private,  
 And make them one another drive out ,  
 Divert the great and necessary,  
 With trifles to contest and vary ,  
 And make the nation represent , 905  
 And serve for us in Parliament ,  
 Cut out more work than can be done  
 In Plato's year, but finish none,  
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,  
 That always pass'd for fundamental , 910  
 Can set up grandee against grandee,  
 To squander time away and bandy ,  
 Make Lords and Commons lay sieges  
 To one another's privileges ,  
 And, rather than compound the quarrel , 915  
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril

Ver 909 ] Mr Lenthal was Speaker to that House of Commons which begun the Rebellion, murdered the King, becoming then but the Rump, or rag-end of a House, and was turned out by Oliver Cromwell, restored after Richard was outed, and at last dissolved themselves at General Monk's command and as his name was set to the ordinances of this House, these ordinances are here called the *Bulls of Lenthal*, in allusion to the Pope's bulls, which are humorously described by the author of *A Tale of a Tub*.

Of both their ruins, th' only scope  
 And consolation of our hope,  
 Who, though we do not play the game,  
 Assist as much by giving aim, 920  
 Can introduce our ancient arts,  
 For heads of factions, t' act their parts,  
 Know what a leading voice is worth,  
 A seconding, a third, or fourth,  
 How much a casting voice comes to, 925  
 That turns up trump of *Aye* or *No*,  
 And, by adjusting all at th' end,  
 Share every one his dividend  
 An art that so much study cost,  
 And now 's in danger to be lost, 930  
 Unless our ancient virtuoso's,  
 That found it out, get into th' Houses.  
 These are the courses that we took  
 To carry things by hook or crook,  
 And piactis'd down from forty-four, 935  
 Until they turn'd us out of door.  
 Besides, the herds of Boutefeus  
 We set on work without the House,  
 When every knight and citizen  
 Kept legislative journeymen, 940  
 To bring them in intelligence,  
 From all points, of the rabble's sense,

Ver 934 ] Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of *ship money*, when it was argued in the *Exchequer*, which occasioned the wags to say, that the King carried it by *Howl*, but not by *Crook*

And

And fill the lobbies of both Houses  
 With politic important buzzes,  
 Set up committees of cabals, 945  
 To pack designs without the walls,  
 Examine, and draw up all news,  
 And fit it to our present use,  
 Agree upon the plot o' the farce,  
 And every one his part rehearse, 950  
 Make Q's of answers, to waylay  
 What th' other party 's like to say;  
 What repartees, and smart reflections,  
 Shall be return'd to all objections,  
 And who shall break the master-jest, 955  
 And what, and how, upon the rest  
 Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,  
 Of proper slanders and seditions,  
 And treason for a token fend,  
 By letter, to a country friend; 960  
 Disperse lampoons, the only wit  
 That men, like burglary, commit,  
 With falser than a padder's face,  
 That all its owner does betrays,  
 Who therefore dares not trust it, when 965  
 He 's in his calling to be seen,  
 Disperse the dung on barren earth,  
 To bring new weeds of discord forth,  
 Be sure to keep up congregations,  
 In spite of laws and proclamations 970  
 For charlatans can do no good,  
 Until they 're mounted in a crowd,  
And

And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt  
 Is but to fare the better for 't,  
 As long as confessors are sure 975  
 Of double pay for all th' endure,  
 And what they earn in persecution,  
 Are paid t' a groat in contribution  
 Whence some tub-holders-forth have made  
 In powdering-tubs their richest trade, 980  
 And, while they kept their shops in prison,  
 Have found their prices strangely risen,  
 Disdain to own the least regret  
 For all the Christian blood we 've let,  
 'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985  
 Our title to do so again,  
 That needs not cost one dram of sense,  
 But pertinacious impudence  
 Our constancy to our principles,  
 In time, will wear out all things else, 990  
 Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces  
 'With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses,  
 While those who turn and wind their oaths,  
 Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths,  
 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long 995  
 Before from world to world they swung,

Ver 995, 996 ] Dr South remarks upon the Regicides,  
 " That so sure did they make of heaven, and so fully reckoned  
 " themselves in the high road thither, that they never so much  
 " as thought that their Saintships should take Tyburn in the  
 " way "

As they had turn'd from side to side,  
And as the changelings liv'd they dy'd.

This said, th' impatient Statesmonger  
Could now contain himself no longer, 1000  
Who had not spar'd to shew his piques  
Against th' haranguer's politics

With smart remarks of leering faces,  
And annotations of grimaces,  
After h' had administer'd a dose 1005  
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,

And powder'd th' inside of his scull,  
Instead of the outward jobbernoil,  
He shook it with a scornful look  
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke: 1010

In dressing a calf's head, although  
The tongue and brains together go,  
Both keep so great a distance here,  
'Tis strange if ever they come near, 1015  
For who did ever play his gambols

With such insufferable rambles,  
To make the bringing in the King  
And keeping of him out one thing?  
Which none could do, but those that swore  
T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore, 1020

That to defend was to invade,  
And to assassinate to aid

Ver 1004.] *Grimaces*, edition 1674. Altered 1684

Ver 1007.] *Inside of his soul*, in the first edition of 1678  
Altered to *scull*, 1684, four years after Mr. Butler's death

Unless,

Unless, because you drove him out,	
(And that was never made a doubt)	
No power is able to restore	1025
And bring him in, but on your score :	
A spiritual doctrine, that conduces	
Most properly to all your uses.	
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said	
To cure the wounds the vermin made ;	1030
And weapons dress'd with salves restore	
And heal the hurts they gave before .	
But whether Presbyterians have	
So much good-nature as the salve,	
Or virtue in them as the vermin,	1035
Those who have try'd them can determin	
Indeed 'tis pity you should miss	
Th' arrears of all your services,	
And, for th' eternal obligation	
Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation,	1040
Be us'd so unconscionably hard,	
As not to find a just reward	
For letting rapine loose, and murder,	
To rage just so far, but no further,	
And, setting all the land on fire,	1045
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher,	
For venturing to assassinate	
And cut the throats of Church and State,	
And not be allow'd the fittest men	
To take the charge of both again .	1050
Especially that have the grace	
Of self denying gifted face ,	
Vol. XIV. E	Who,



Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,  
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,  
 On those you painfully trepann'd, 1064  
 And sprinkled in at second-hand,  
 As we have been, to share the guilt  
 Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt,  
 For so our ignorance was flamm'd,  
 To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd, 1066  
 Till, finding your old foe, the hangman,  
 Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,  
 And win your necks upon the fet,  
 As well as ours, who did but bet  
 (For he had drawn your ears before, 1068  
 And nick'd them on the self same score),  
 We threw the box and dice away,  
 Before y' had lost us at foul play,  
 And brought you down to rook and lye,  
 And fancy only on the bye, 1070  
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,  
 From perching upon lofty poles,  
 And rescued all your outward traitors  
 From hanging up, like aligators,  
 For which ingenuously ye 've shew'd 1075  
 Your Presbyterian gratitude,  
 Would freely have paid us home in kind,  
 And not have been one rope behind.  
 Those were your motives to divide,  
 And scruple, on the other side, 1080

Ver 1065 ] Alluding to the case of Mr Prynne, who had his  
 ears cut off twice for his seditious writings

To

To turn your zealous frauds, and force,  
 To fits of conscience and remorse,  
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,  
 And face about for new again  
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes, 1085  
 Than maggots are convinc'd to flies,  
 And therefore all your Lights and Calls  
 Are but apocryphal and false,  
 To charge us with the consequences  
 Of all your native insolences, 1090  
 That to your own imperious will  
 Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels,  
 Corrupted the Old Testament,  
 To serve the New for precedent,  
 T' amend its errors and defects 1095  
 With murder and rebellion texts,  
 Of which there is not any one  
 In all the book to sow upon,  
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews  
 Held Christian doctrine forth, and use, 1100  
 As Mahomet (your chief) began  
 To mix them in the Alcoran,

Ver 1086 *Than maggots are convinc'd to flies* ] Thus it  
 stands in all editions to 1710, exclusive, and then altered, *Than*  
*maggots* when they turn to *flies*

Ver 1093 ] This was done by a fanatical printer, in the  
 seventh commandment, who printed it, *Thou shalt commit*  
*adultery*, and was fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High com-  
 mission Court

Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,  
 And bended elbows on the cushion,  
 Stole from the beggars all your tones, 1105  
 And gifted mortifying groans,  
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,  
 As pigs are said to see the wind,  
 Fill'd Bedlam with predetermination,  
 And Knightbridge with illumination, 1110  
 Made chil'dren, with your tones, to run for 't,  
 As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford  
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd,  
 For being to malignants marry'd

Ver 1112 *Or Lunsford* ] It was one of the artifices of the  
 Male-contents in the Civil war, to raise false alarms, and to fill  
 the people full of frightful apprehensions. In particular they  
 raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived  
 from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford Lilburn glories,  
 upon his trial, for being an incendiary on such occasions, and  
 mentions the tumult he raised against the innocent Colonel as a  
 meritorious action "I was once arraigned (says he) before the  
 " House of Peers, for sticking close to the liberties and privileges  
 " of this nation, and those that stood for them, being one of  
 " those two or three men that first drew their swords in West-  
 " minster-hall against Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his  
 " associates at that time it was supposed they intended to cut  
 " the throats of the chiefest men then sitting in the House of  
 " Peers " And, to render him the more odious, they reported  
 that he was of so brutal an appetite that he would eat children  
 And, to make this gentleman the more detestable, they made  
 horrid pictures of him Colonel Lunsford, after all, was a per-  
 son of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and was  
 killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643

Transform'd

Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs, 1115  
 Whose husbands were not for the Cause,  
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,  
 Because they came not out to battle,  
 Made taylors' 'prentices turn heroes,  
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz, 1120  
 And rather forfeit their indentures,  
 Than not espouse the Saints' adventures :  
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,  
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus,  
 Inchant the King's and Church's lands, 1125  
 T' obey and follow your commands,  
 And settle on a new freehold,  
 As Marcly-hill had done of old,  
 Could turn the Covenant, and translate  
 The Gospel into spoons and plate, 1130  
 Expound upon all merchants' cashes,  
 And open th' intricatest places,  
 Could catechise a money-box,  
 And prove all pouches orthodox,  
 Until the Cause became a Damon, 1135  
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon  
 And yet, in spite of all your charms  
 To conjure Legion up in arms,  
 And raise more devils in the rout,  
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out, 1140  
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools  
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools,  
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,  
 Have made it plain they have more wit,

By whom you 've been so oft trepann'd, 1145  
 And held forth out of all command,  
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out done,  
 And out reveal'd at Carryings on,  
 Of all your Dispensations worm'd,  
 Out providenc'd, and out-reform'd, 1150  
 Ejected out of Church and State,  
 And all things but the people's hate;  
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments  
 Of precious, edifying employments,  
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155  
 Like better bowlers, in your places  
 All which you bore with resolution,  
 Charg'd on th' account of persecution,  
 And though most righteously oppress'd,  
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd, 1160  
 And never humm'd and hah'd Sedition,  
 Nor snuffled Treason, nor Misprision  
 That is, because you never durst,  
 For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,  
 Alas! you were no longer able 1165  
 To raise your posse of the rabble  
 One single red coat centinel  
 Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,  
 And, with his squirt fire, could disperse  
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse. 1170  
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,  
 To leave it ever in your powers,  
 Or trust our safeties or undoings  
 To your disposing of Outgoings,

Or, to your ordering Providence, 1175  
 One farthing's-worth of consequence.  
 For had you power to undermine,  
 Or wit to carry a design,  
 Or correspondence to trepan,  
 Inveigle, or betray one man, 1180  
 There 's nothing else that intervenes,  
 And bars your zeal to use the means,  
 And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,  
 To bring in kings, or keep them out  
 Brave undertakers to restore, 1185  
 That could not keep yourselves in power,  
 T' advance the interests of the Crown,  
 That wanted wit to keep your own  
 'Tis true ye have (for I'd be loth  
 To wrong you) done your parts in both, 1190  
 To keep him out, and bring him in,  
 As Grace is introduc'd by Sin,  
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense,  
 And sanctify'd impertinence,  
 Your carrying business in a huddle, 1195  
 That forc'd our rulers to new model,  
 Oblig'd the State to tack about,  
 And turn you, root and branch, all out,  
 To refoimado, one and all,  
 T' your great Croyfado General - 1200  
 Your greedy slaving to devour,  
 Before 'twas in your clutches, power;  
 That sprung the game you were to set,  
 Before ye 'ad time to draw the net.

# BUTLER'S POEMS.

Your spite to see the Church's lands 1205  
 Divided into other hands,  
 And all your sacrilegious ventures  
 Laid out in tickets and debentures .  
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,  
 By under-churches in the Town, 1210  
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,  
 Nor th' Independents' spreading growths  
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true  
 None bring him in so much as you,  
 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots, 1215  
 Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots ,  
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,  
 Than all their own rash politics.  
 And this way you may claim a share  
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair , 1220  
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews  
 From Pharaoh and his brick kilns loose,  
 And flies and mange, that set them free  
 From task-masters and slavery,  
 Were likelier to do the feat, 1225  
 In any indifferent man's conceit .  
 For who e'er heard of Restoration,  
 Until your thorough Reformation ?  
 That is, the King's and Church's lands  
 Were sequester'd int' other hands . 1230  
 For only then, and not before,  
 Your eyes were open'd to restore ,  
 And, when the work was carrying on,  
 Who cross'd it but yourselves alone ?

As

As by a world of hints appears, 1235  
All plain, and extant, as your ears.

But first, o' th' first The Isle of Wight  
Will rise up, if you should deny 't,  
Where Henderson, and th' other Masses,  
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases : 1240  
To

Ver 1239 *Where Henderson* ] When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the English Parliament sent him some propositions, one of which was the abolition of Episcopacy, and the setting up Presbytery in its stead Mr Henderson, one of the chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to induce the King to agree to this proposition, it being what his Majesty chiefly stuck at Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpose the controversy was debated in writing, as well as by personal conference, and several papers passed between them, which have been several times published, from which it appears that the King, without books or papers, or any one to assist him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the Kirk (and, I think, it will be no hyperbole if I add, for all the then English and Scotch Presbyterian teachers put together), and made him so far a convert, that he departed, with great sorrow, to Edinburgh, with a deep sense of the mischief of which he had been the author and abettor, and not only lamented to his friends and confidants, on his death bed, which followed soon after, but likewise published a solemn declaration to the Parliament and Synod of England, in which he owned, " That they  
" had been abused with most false aspersions against his Majesty,  
" and that they ought to restore him to his full rights, royal  
" throne, and dignity, lest an endless character of ingratitude  
" lie upon them, that may turn to their ruin " As to the King himself, besides mentioning his justice, his magnanimity, his sobriety, his charity, and other virtues, he has these words " I do  
" declare,



To pass for deep and learned scholars,  
 Although but paltry Ob and Sollers  
 As if th' unseasonable fools  
 Had been a cousing in the schools,

" declare, before God and the world, whether in relation to the  
 " Kirk or State, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man  
 " that ever I spake with, as far beyond my expectation as expecta-  
 " tion—I protest I was oftentimes astonished with the quick-  
 " ness of his reasons and replies, wondered how he, spending  
 " his time in sports and recreation, could have attained to so  
 " great knowledge, and must confess that I was convinced in  
 " conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable  
 " satisfaction yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that  
 " whatever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met  
 " with any disputant of that mild and calm temper, which  
 " convinced me that his wisdom and moderation could not be  
 " without an extraordinary measure of divine grace I dare say,  
 " if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and  
 " all the rapine that has been committed, would have been  
 " prevented "

Ver 1242 *Ob and Sollers* ] Whoever considers the context, will find that Ob and Sollers are designed as a character of Mr Henderson and his fellow disputants, who are called *Masses* (as *Mas* is an abridgment of *Master*) that is, young masters in divinity, and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars, particularly such as had studied controversies, as they are handled by little books or systems (of the Dutch and Geneva cut) where the authors represent their adversaries' arguments by small objections, and subjoin their own pitiful solutions. In the margin of these books may be seen *Ob* and *Sol*. Such mushroom divines are ingeniously and compendiously called *Ob* and *Sollers*.

Until they 'ad prov'd the devil author, 1245  
 O' th' Covenant, and the Cause his daughter.  
 For, when they charg'd him with the guilt  
 Of all the blood that had been spilt,  
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion  
 In person, like Sir Pride or Hughson, 1250  
 But only those who first begun  
 The quarrel were by him set on,  
 And who could those be but the Saints,  
 Those Reformation termagants?  
 But ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255  
 Spent so much time it grew too late,  
 For Oliver had gotten ground,  
 I' inclose him with his warriors round,  
 Had brought his Providence about,  
 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260

Ver 1250 *Pride* ] *Pride* was a foundling He went into the  
 army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in se-  
 cluding the members, in order to the King's trial, which great  
 change was called Colonel *Pride's Purge* He was one of Oliver  
 Cromwell's upper house He is called Thomas Lord *Pride*, in  
 the commission for electing a High Court of Justice for the trial  
 of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr Hewit, &c Mr Butler calls him  
*Sir Pride*, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being  
 knighted, for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a taggot-stick  
 instead of a sword

Ibid *Hughson* ] He was a cobbler, went into the army, and  
 was made a colonel, knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help  
 to cobbler the crazy state of the nation, was made one of Oliver's  
 upper house.

Nor had the Uxbridge business less  
 Of nonsense in't, or sottishness,  
 When from a scoundrel holder-forth,  
 The scum as well as son o' th' earth,  
 Your mighty senators took law, 1265  
 At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,  
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation  
 To Doctrine, Use, and Application.  
 So when the Scots, your constant cronies,  
 Th' espousers of your cause and monies, 1270  
Who

Ver 1263 ] This was Mr Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King's commissioners met those of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there, on the 30th of January, against the treaty, and said, among other things, that "no good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning the King's commissioners) came from Oxford with hearts full of blood."

Ver 1269, 1270 ] The expence the English rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant sum, their receipts in money and free-quarter, 1,462,769 *l* 5s 3*d*. William Lilly, the *Sidrophel* of this Poem, observes of the Scots, "That they came into England purposely to steal our goods, ravish our wives, enslave our persons, inherit our possessions and birth rights, remain here in England, and everlastingly to inhabit among us."

Mr Bowlstrode, son of Colonel Bowlstrode, a factious rebel in Buckinghamshire, in his prayer before his sermon, at Hoxton, near Colebrook, used the following words "Thou hast, O Lord, of late, written bitter things against thy children, and forsaken thine own inheritance, and now, O Lord, in our misery and distress we expected aid from our brethren of our  
neigh-

Who had so often, in your aid,  
 So many ways been foundly paid,  
 Came in at last for better ends,  
 To prove themselves your trusty friends,  
 You basely left them, and the Church 1275  
 They train'd you up to, in the lurch,  
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians  
 To fall before, as true Philistines  
 This shows what utensils y' have been,  
 To bring the King's concernments in, 1280  
 Which is so far from being true,  
 That none but he can bring in you;  
 And if he take you into trust,  
 Will find you most exactly just,  
 Such as will punctually repay 1285  
 With double interest, and betray.

Not that I think those pantomimes,  
 Who vary action with the times,  
 Are less ingenious in their art,  
 Than those who dully act one part; 1290  
 Or those who turn from side to side,  
 More guilty than the wind and tide.  
 All countries are a wise man's home,  
 And so are governments to some,

“ neighbouring nation (the Scots I mean), but, good Lord, thou  
 “ knowest that they are a false, perfidious nation, and do all they  
 “ do for their own ends ”

By the author of a tract, entitled *Lex Talionis*, 1647, it is  
 proposed, as a preventing remedy, “ to let the Scots, in the name  
 “ of God, or of the devil that sent them, go home ”

Who

Who change them for the same intrigues 1295  
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues,  
 While others in old faiths and troths  
 Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,  
 And nastier in an old opinion,  
 Than those who never shift their linen. 1300

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,  
 Which way soever the game goes,  
 And, whether parties lose or win,  
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in  
 While power usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305  
 Is more bewitching than the right,  
 And, when the times begin to alter,  
 None rise so high as from the halter

And so may we, if we 'ave but sense  
 To use the necessary means, 1310

And not your usual stratagems  
 On one another—lights and dreams.  
 To stand on terms as positive,  
 As if we did not take, but give,  
 Set up the Covenant on crutches, 1315

'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,  
 And dream of pulling churches down,  
 Before we're sure to prop our own,  
 Your constant method of proceeding,  
 Without the carnal means of heeding, 1320  
 Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,  
 Are worse, than if y' had none, accounted.

I grant all courses are in vain,  
 Unless we can get in again,

The

'The only way that 's left us now, 1325  
 But all the difficulty 's how  
 'Tis true we 'ave money, th' only power  
 That all mankind falls down before,  
 Money, that, like the swords of kings,  
 Is the last reason of all things, 1330  
 And therefore need not doubt our play  
 Has all advantages that way,  
 As long as men have faith to sell,  
 And meet with those that can pay well,  
 Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice, 1335  
 One church and state will not suffice,  
 'T' expose to sale, besides the wages,  
 Of storing plagues to after ages.  
 Nor is our money less our own  
 Than 'twas before we laid it down, 1340  
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,  
 If we are brought in play upon 't,  
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,  
 What power can hinder us to win ?  
 We know the arts we us'd before, 1345  
 In peace and war, and something more,  
 And by th' unfortunate events  
 Can mend our next experiments,  
 For when we 're taken into trust,  
 How easy are the wisest chouse, 1350  
 Who see but th' outides of our feats,  
 And not their secret springs and weights,  
 And, while they 're busy at their ease,  
 Can carry what designs we please ?

How

How easy is 't to serve for agents 1355  
 To prosecute our old engagements ?  
 To keep the good old Cause on foot,  
 And present power from taking root ;  
 Inflame them both with false alarms  
 Of plots, and parties taking arms , 1360  
 To keep the nation's wounds too wide  
 From healing up of side to side ,  
 Profess the passionat'ft concerns  
 For both their interests by turns,  
 The only way t' improve our own, 1365  
 By dealing faithfully with none  
 (As bowls run true, by being made  
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd) ,  
 For if we should be true to either,  
 'Twould turn us out of both together , 1370  
 And therefore have no o'ter means  
 To stand upon our own defence,  
 But keeping up our ancient party  
 In vigour, confident and hearty :  
 To reconcile our late Dissenters, 1375  
 Our Brethren, though by other venters ,  
 Unite them, and their different maggots,  
 As long and short sticks are in faggots,  
 And make them join again as close,  
 As when they first began t' espouse , 1380  
 Erect them into separate  
 New Jewish tribes in Church and State ,

Ver 1362 ] For *healing up*, in all editions to 1704, exclusive.

Ver 1368 ] Of *purpose false*, in all editions to 1704, exclusive.

To

To join in marriage and commerce,  
 And only' among themselves converse,  
 And all that are not of their mind, 1385  
 Make enemies to all mankind  
 Take all religions in, and stickle  
 From Conclave down to Conventicle,  
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,  
 According to the Light in being. 1390  
 Sometimes for liberty of conscience,  
 And spiritual misrule in one sense,  
 But in another quite contrary,  
 As Dispensations chance to vary,  
 And stand for, as the times will bear it, 1395  
 All contradictions of the Spirit  
 Protect their emissaries, impower'd  
 To preach Sedition and the Word,  
 And, when they 're hamper'd by the laws,  
 Release the labourers for the Cause, 1400  
 And turn the persecution back  
 On those that made the first attack,  
 To keep them equally in awe  
 From breaking or maintaining law.  
 And, when they have their fits too soon, 1405  
 Before the full tides of the moon,  
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,  
 For sowing faction in and treason,  
 And keep them hooded, and their Churches,  
 Like hawks, from basting on their perches, 1410  
 That, when the blessed time shall come  
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,  
 VOL. XIV. F They



They may be ready to restore  
 Their own Fifth monarchy once more.

Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence 1415  
 Against revolts of Providence,  
 By watching narrowly, and snapping  
 All blind sides of it, as they happen  
 For, if success could make us Saints,  
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants, 1420  
 A scandal that would fall too hard  
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd

These are the courses we must run,  
 Spite of our hearts, or be undone,  
 And not to stand on terms and freaks, 1425  
 Before we have secur'd our necks

But do our work as out of fight,  
 As stars by day, and suns by night,  
 All licence of the people own,  
 In opposition to the Crown, 1430

Ver 1419, 1420 ] The author of the *Fourth Part of the History of Independency*, p 56, compares the governors of those times with the Turks, who ascribe the goodness of their cause to the keenness of their sword, denying that any thing may properly be called *nefas*, if it can but win the epithet of *prosperum*. Dr. Owen seems to have been in this way of thinking "Where," says he (*Eben Ezer*, p 13 *Leftiange's Dissenter's Sayings*, part II p 11), is the God of Marston Moor, and the God of "Nazeby" is an acceptable expostulation in a glorious day. "O! what a catalogue of mercies has this nation to plead by in a time of trouble? The God came from Nazeby, and the holy One from the West. *Selah.*"

And

And for the Crown as fiercely side,  
 The head and body to divide  
 The end of all we first design'd,  
 And all that yet remains behind.  
 Be sure to spare no public rapin,  
 1435  
 On all emergencies that happen,  
 For 'tis as easy to supplant  
 Authority, as men in want,  
 As some of us, in trusts, have made  
 The one hand with the other trade,  
 1440  
 Gun'd vastly by their joint endeavour,  
 The right a thief, the left receiver,  
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,  
 The other, by as sly, retail'd  
 For gain has wonderful effects,  
 1445  
 T' improve the factory of sects,  
 The rule of faith in all professions,  
 And great Diana of th' Ephesians,  
 Whence turning of religion's made  
 The means to turn and wind a trade,  
 1450  
 And though some change it for the worse,  
 They put themselves into a course,  
 And draw in store of customers,  
 To thrive the better in commerce  
 For all religions flock together,  
 1455  
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather,  
 To nab the riches of their sects,  
 As jades do one another's necks.  
 Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well  
 Will serve t' improve a Church as zeal,  
 1460

As perfecution, or promotion,  
Do equally advance devotion

Let bufinefs, like ill watches, go  
Sometime too faft, sometime too flow ,  
For things in order are put out 1465  
So eafy, eafe itfelf will do 't  
But, when the feat 's design'd and meant,  
What miracle can bar th' event ?  
For 'tis more eafy to betray,  
Than ruin any other way. 1470

All poffible occasions ftart,  
The weightieft matters to divert ,  
Obftruct, perplex, diftract, intangle,  
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle ,  
But in affairs of lefs import, 1475  
That neither do us good nor hurt,  
And they receive as little by,  
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply,  
And feem as fcrupuloufly juft,  
To bait our hooks for greater truft. 1480  
But ftill be careful to cry down  
All public actions, though our own ,  
The leaft mifcarriage aggravate,  
And charge it all upon the State  
Exprefs the horrid'ft deteftation, 1485  
And pity the diftracted nation ,  
Tell ftories fcandalous and falfe,  
I' th' proper language of cabals,  
Where all a fubtle ftatesman fays,  
Is half in words, and half in face 1490

(As

{As Spaniards talk in dialogues  
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs},  
Intrust it under solemn vows  
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,  
To be retail'd again in whispers, 1495  
For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the Statesman—When a shout,  
Heard at a distance, put him out,  
And strait another, all aghast,  
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste, 1500  
Who star'd about, as pale as death,  
And, for a while, as out of breath,  
Till, having gather'd up his wits,  
He thus began his tale by fits

That beastly rabble—that came down 1505  
From all the garrets—in the Town,  
And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,  
With new chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,

Ver 1504 ] We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell Sir Martyn tells his story naturally, and begins like a man in a fright and out of breath, and continues to make breaks and stops till he naturally recovers it, and then proceeds fluently, and without impediment This is a beauty in the Poem not to be disregarded, and let the reader make an experiment, and shorten his breath, or, in other words, put himself into Sir Martyn's condition, and then read this relation, and he will soon be convinced that the breaks are natural and judicious

Ver. 1505 ] This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the excluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

The acti'ft member of the five,  
 As well as the moft primitive,  
 Who, for his faithful fervice then,  
 Is chofen for a fifth again 1540  
 (For fince the State has made a quint  
 Of Generals, he 's lifted in 't)  
 This worthy, as the world will fay,  
 Is paid in fpecie his own way,  
 For, moulded to the life, in clouts 1545  
 They 've pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,  
 He 's mounted on a hazel bavin,  
 A cropp'd malignant baker gave them,  
 And to the largeft bonfire riding,  
 They 've roasted Cook already' and Pride in, 1550

Ver 1540 ] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the Houfe of Commons, was impeached 1641 2, was Governor of Newcastle upon Tyne, had the Bifhop of Durham's houfe, park, and manor of Auckland, and 6500*l* in money given him. He died in the Tower of London, Jan 8, 1661.

Ver 1541, 1542 ] The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalfhip fhould be vefted in five commiffioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk fhould be of that quorum, but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued fole General notwithstanding.

Ver 1550 ] The wicked wretch, who acted as folicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of high treafon againft him, and had drawn up a formal plea againft him, in cafe he had fubmitted to the jurifdiction of the Court. At his own trial he pleaded that what he did was as a lawyer for his fee. He defervedly fuffered at Tyburn as a Regicide.

On whom, in equipage and state,  
 His scarecrow fellow members wait,  
 And march in order, two and two,  
 As at Thanksgivings th' us'd to do,  
 Each in a tatter'd talisman,  
 Like vermin in effigie fla n 1555

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)  
 Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,  
 Set up by Popish engineers,  
 As by the crackers plainly' appears , 1560  
 For none, but Jesuits, have a mission  
 To preach the faith with ammunition,  
 And propagate the Church with powder,  
 Their founder was a blown-up soldier.  
 These spiritual pioneers o' th' Whore's, 1565  
 That have the charge of all her stores,  
 Since first they fail'd in their designs,  
 To take in heaven by springing mines,  
 And with unanswerable barrels  
 Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels, 1570  
 Now take a course more practicable,  
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,  
 And blow us up, in th' open streets,  
 Disguis'd in rumps, like sambenites,  
 More like to ruin and confound, 1575  
 Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,  
 For symbols of State-mysteries,  
 Though some suppose 'twas but to shew  
 How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few, 1580  
 Who,

Who, 'cause they 're wasted to the stumps,  
 Are represented best by rumps.  
 But Jesuits have deeper reaches  
 In all their politic far fetches,  
 And from the Coptic priest Kircherus, 1585  
 Found out this mystic way to jeer us.  
 For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees  
 T' exprefs their antique Ptolomies,  
 And by their stings, the swords they wore,  
 Held forth authority and power, 1590  
 Because these subtle animals  
 Bear all their interests in their tails,  
 And when they 're once impair'd in that,  
 Are banish'd their well-order'd state,  
 They thought all governments were best 1595  
 By hieroglyphic rumps exprest.

For as, in bodies natural,  
 The rump 's the fundament of all,  
 So, in a common wealth or realm,  
 The government is call'd the Helm, 1600  
 With which, like vessels under sail,  
 They 're turn'd and winded by the tail,  
 The tail, which birds and fishes steer  
 Their courses with through sea and air,  
 To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605  
 The same thing with the stern and compass.

Ver 1585. *Kircherus* ] Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath  
 written largely on the Egyptian mystical learning *Kircherus*, in  
 the two first editions.

This

This shews how perfectly the rump  
 And commonwealth in Nature jump  
 For as a fly, that goes to bed,  
 Rests with his tail above his head, 1610  
 So, in this mongrel state of ours,  
 The rabble are the supreme powers,  
 That lors'd us on their backs, to show us  
 A Jewish trick at last, and throw us  
 The learned Rabbins of the Jews 1615  
 Write, there's a bone, which they call *Liez*,  
 I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,  
 No force in nature can do hurt to,  
 And therefore, at the last great day,  
 All th' other members shall, they say, 1620  
 Spring out of this, as from a seed  
 All sorts of vegetables proceed,  
 From whence the learned sons of Art  
*Os sacrum* justly style that part.  
 Then what can better represent, 1625  
 Than this rump-bone, the Parliament,  
 That, after several rude ejections,  
 And as prodigious resurrections,  
 With new reversions of nine lives,  
 Starts up, and, like a cat, revives? 1630  
 But now, alas! they're all expir'd,  
 And th' House, as well as members, fir'd;  
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout,  
 With which they other fires put out,  
 Condemn'd to ungovern'd distrest,  
 And paltry, private wretchedness, 1635

Worse



Worse than the devil to privation,  
 Beyond all hopes of restoration,  
 And parted, like the body and soul,  
 From all dominion and control 1640

We, who could lately, with a look,  
 Enact, establish, or revoke,  
 Whose arbitrary nods gave law,  
 And frowns kept multitudes in awe,  
 Before the bluster of whose huff, 1645

All hats, as in a storm, flew off,  
 Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,  
 Down to the footman and valet,  
 Had more bent knees than chapel mats,  
 And prayers, than the crowns of hats, 1650  
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,

For ruin 's just as low as high  
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all  
 The horror that attends our fall,  
 For some of us have scores more large 1655  
 Than heads and quarters can discharge;

And others, who, by restless scraping,  
 With public frauds, and private rapine,  
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,  
 Would gladly lay down all at last, 1660  
 And, to be but undone, entail  
 Their vessels on perpetual jail,

And

Ver 1661, 1662 ] Thus the Regicides, in general, would  
 have done gladly, but the ringleaders of them were executed *in*  
*terrorum*. Those that came in upon proclamation were brought

And blefs the devil to let them farms  
Of forfeit foul, on no worſe terms.

This ſaid, a near and louder ſhout  
Put all th' aſſembly to the rout,  
Who now began to outrun their fear,  
As horſes do, from thoſe they bear,  
But crowded on with ſo much haſte,  
Until they 'd block'd the paſſage faſt.

1665

1670

to the bar of the Houſe of Lords, 25th Nov 1661, to answer what they could ſay for themſelves why judgment ſhould not be executed againſt them? They ſeverally alleged, " That, upon  
" his Majeſty's gracious Declaration from Breda, and the votes  
" of the Parliament, &c they did render themſelves, being  
" adviſed that they ſhould thereby ſecure their lives, and humbly  
" crav'd the benefit of the proclamation, &c " And Harry Martyn briefly added, " That he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped he ſhould not be hanged for  
" taking the King's word now " A bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but afterwards dropt, and ſo they were all ſent to their ſeveral priſons, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and ſome others, eſcaped by flying among the Swiſs Cantons

Ver 1665, 1666 ] When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple bar, but, by the time he had concluded his diſcourſe, they were advanced near Whitehall and Weſtminſter. This alarmed our caballiers, and perhap terrified them with the apprehenſion of being hanged or burned in reality, as ſome of them that very inſtant were in eſſigy No wonder, therefore, they broke up ſo precipitately, and that each endeavoured to ſecure himſelf The manner of it is deſcribed with a poetical licence, only to embellish this Canto with a diverting cataſtrophe.

And

And barricadoed it with haunches  
 Of outward mer, and bulks and paunches,  
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,  
 And rather save a crippled piece  
 Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675  
 Than have them gillied on the embers,  
 Still pressing on with heavy packs  
 Of one another on their backs,  
 The van-guard could no longer bear  
 The charges of the forlorn rear, 1680  
 But, borne down headlong by the rout,  
 Were trampled forely under foot,  
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable  
 As th' horrid cookery of the rabble,  
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685  
 As lesser pains are by the gout,  
 Reliev'd them with a fresh supply  
 Of rallied force, enough to fly,  
 And beat a Tuscan running-horse,  
 Whose jockey rider is all spurs. 1690

## H U D I B R A S.

## PART III. CANTO III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight  
 To quit th' enchanted bower by night.  
 He plods to turn his amorous suit,  
 T' a plea in law, and prosecute  
 Repairs to counsel, to advise  
 'Bout managing the enterprize,  
 But first resolves to try by letter,  
 And one more fair address, to get her.

WHO would believe what strange bugbears  
 Mankind creates itself, of fears,  
 That spring, like fern, that insect weed,  
 Equivocally, without feed,  
 And have no possible foundation,  
 But merely in th' imagination ?

5

Our Poet now resumes his principal subject and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is, because we had lost sight of our heroes for the space of the longest Canto in the whole Poem this respite might probably occasion forgetfulness in some readers, whose attention had been so long suspended it was therefore necessary that a repetition should be made of the dark adventure, and that it should be made clear and intelligible to the reader

And

And yet can do more dreadful feats  
 Than hags, with all their imps and teats,  
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,  
 Than all their nurseries of elves 10  
 For fear does things so like a witch,  
 'Tis hard to unriddle which is which;  
 Sets up communities of senses,  
 To chop and change intelligences,  
 As Rosicrucian virtuoso's 15  
 Can see with ears, and hear with noses,  
 And, when they neither see nor hear,  
 Have more than both supplied by fear,  
 That makes them in the dark see visions,  
 And hag themselves with apparitions, 20  
 And, when their eyes discover least,  
 Discern the subtlest objects best,  
 Do things not contrary, alone,  
 To th' course of Nature, but its own,  
 The courage of the bravest daunt, 25  
 And turn pultrons as valiant  
 For men as resolute appear  
 With too much, as too little fear,  
 And, when they're out of hopes of flying,  
 Will run away from death by dying, 30  
 Or turn again to stand it out,  
 And those they fled, like lions, rout  
 This Hudibras had prov'd too true,  
 Who, by the Furies left *perdue*,  
 And haunted with detachments, sent 35  
 From Marshal Legion's regiment,

# BUTLER'S POEMS.

Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,  
Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat,  
When nothing but himself, and fear,  
Was both the imps and conjurer, 40  
As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,  
It follows in due form of poesie.

Disguis'd in all the masks of night,  
We left our champion on his flight,  
At blindman's buff, to grope his way, 45  
In equal fear of night and day,  
Who took his dark and desperate course,  
He knew no better than his horse,  
And, by an unknown devil led,  
(He knew as little whither) fled, 50  
He never was in greater need,  
Nor less capacity of speed,  
Disabled, both in man and beast,  
To fly and run away, his best,  
To keep the enemy, and fear, 55  
From equal falling on his rear.  
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd  
The further and the nearer side,  
(As seamen ride with all their force,  
And tug as if they row'd the horse, 60  
And, when the hackney fails most swift,  
Believe they lag, or run a drift),

Ver 36.] Alluding to Stephen Marshal's bellowing out treason from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the Rebels. He was called the *Geneva Bull*.

So,

So, though he posted e'er so fast,  
His fear was greater than his haste  
For fear, though fleetest than the wind, 65  
Believes 'tis always left behind.

But when the moon began t' appear,  
And shift t' another scene his fear,  
He found his new officious shade,  
That came so timely to his aid, 70  
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,  
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,  
So like in person, garb, and pitch,  
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told 75  
The Lady all he had t' unfold,  
But she convey'd him out of sight,  
To entertain the approaching Knight,  
And, while he gave himself diversion,  
T' accommodate his beast and person, 80  
And put his beard into a posture  
At best advantage to accost her,  
She order'd th' antimasquerade  
(For his reception) afore said

Ver 67 ] I have before observed, that we may trace our heroes morning and night This particular is always essential in poetry, to avoid confusion and disputes among the critics How would they have calculated the number of days taken up in the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, if the poets had not been careful to lead them into the momentous discovery? Mr Butler is as clear on this point as any of them for, from opening of these Adventures, every morning and night have been poetically described; and now we are arrived at the third day

But, when the ceremony was done, 85  
 The lights put out, the Furies gone,  
 And Hudibras, among the rest,  
 Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,  
 The wretched carter, all alone,  
 (As he believ'd) began to moan, 90  
 And tell his story to himself,  
 The Knight mistook him for an elf,  
 And did so still, till he began  
 To scruple at Ralpho's outward man,  
 And thought, because they oft agreed 95  
 T' appear in one another's stead,  
 And act the saint's and devil's part,  
 With undistinguishable art,  
 They might have done so now, perhaps,  
 And put on one another's shapes, 100  
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,  
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,  
 What art ? My Squire, or that bold sprite  
 That took his place and shape to-night ?

Some

Ver 88 ] *But she convey'd him,* &c First edit 1678 Altered,  
 1684, to *convey'd*

Ver 102, 103, 104.] Here is an amazing discovery opened  
 The Knight's dreadful apprehensions vanish with night no sooner  
 does the day break, but with joy he perceives his mistake, he  
 finds Ralpho in his company instead of an elf or a ghost, upon  
 this he is agreeably surprized, as he was before terribly affrighted  
 But let us examine whether this meeting, and the reconciliation  
 that follows it, are naturally brought about, since, the day before,  
 they had mutually resolved to abandon each other. I think he

hath



Some busy independent pug, 105  
 Retainer to his synagogue ?  
 Alas ! quoth he, I 'm none of those  
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose,  
 But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,  
 Who 'as dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire, 110  
 And from th' enchantments of a Widow,  
 Who 'a turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you,  
 And, though a prisoner of war,  
 Have brought you safe, where now you are,

hath judiciously formed this incident for it is plain the Knight and the Squire were conscious they had wronged one another, the one by his base intentions, and the other by his treachery and gross imposition, but very fortunately they were ignorant of each other's designs, and, consequently, each thought himself the offender it is, therefore, natural and probable that they should easily come to a good understanding The Knight compounds with the Squire for his imposition as a ghost, not only from a sense of his own base intentions, but for the happy escape from witches, spirits, and elves, from which the Squire pretends to have freed him On the other hand, the Squire is willing to re-enter into the Knight's service, and to attend him once more in his peregrinations, when he found this sham meritorious action had deluded him into a suspension of that resentment which he might justly have exerted thus are they fortunately reconciled, and thus are these momentous Adventures continued, to the satisfaction of the reader, and applause of the Poet

Ver 103 ] *Sprite*, in all the editions to 1726, inclusive  
*Spring*, edition 1739

Ver 110 ] *Dunship*, in all editions to 1710. *Denship*, in later editions.

Which you would gratefully repay, 115  
Your constant Presbyterian way.  
That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger,  
Who gave thee notice of my danger?  
Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer  
Pursu'd, and took me prisoner, 120  
And, knowing you were hereabout,  
Brought me along, to find you out.  
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,  
Have noted all they said or did  
And, though they lay to him the pageant, 125  
I did not see him, ne~~er~~ agent,  
Who play'd their forceries out of sight,  
T' avoid a fiercer, second fight  
But didst thou see no devils then?  
Not one (quoth he) but carnal men, 130  
A little worse than fiends in hell,  
And that she-devil Jezabel,  
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,  
To see them take your deposition  
What then (quoth Hudibras) was he 135  
That play'd the devil to examine me?  
A rallying weaver in the town,  
That did it in a parson's gown,  
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,  
But for my part I ne'er believ'd it 140  
In which you told them all your feats,  
Your conscientious frauds and cheats,  
Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd  
The naked truth of all the rest,

More

# H U D I B R A S, PART III. CANTO III.

More plainly than the reverend writer  
That to our Churches veil'd his mitre,  
All which they took in black and white,  
And cudgel'd me to underwrite.

What made thee, when they all were gone,  
And none but thou and I alone, 150  
To act the devil, and forbear  
To rid me of my hellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,  
And frame of spirit too obstinate,  
To be by me prevail'd upon, 155  
With any motives of my own,  
And therefore strove to counterfeit  
The devil a while, to nick your wit,  
The devil, that is your constant crony,  
That only can prevail upon ye, 160

Ver 145, 146 ] Though there were more than one in those times that this character would have suited, yet it is probable that Mr George Graham, Bishop of Orkney, is sneered at in this place by Mr Butler. He was so base as to renounce and abjure Episcopacy, signing the abjuration with his own hand, at Brecknesh, in Strones, Feb 11, 1639. To this remarkable incident Bishop Hall alludes (Epistle Dedicatory prefixed to his *Episcopacy by Divine Right*, &c 1640, p 1.) where he observes, "That he craved pardon for having accepted his Episcopal function, as if he had thereby committed some heinous offence." Upon which he uses the following exclamation, "Good God! what is this I have lived to hear? That a bishop, in a Christian assembly, should renounce his Episcopal function, and cry 'Mercy for his now abandoned calling'."

we might still have been disputing,  
 they with weighty drubs confuting.  
 The Knight, who now began to find  
 They 'ad left the enemy behind,  
 And saw no farther harm remain 165  
 But feeble weariness and pain,  
 Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,  
 They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,  
 And, by declining of the road,  
 They had, by chance, their fear made good, 170  
 He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,  
 That partings wont to rant and tear,  
 And give the desperat'ft attack  
 To danger still behind its back  
 For, having paus'd to recollect, 175  
 And on his past success reflect,  
 T' examine and consider why,  
 And whence, and how, he came to fly;  
 And, when no devil had appear'd,  
 What else it could be said he fear'd, 180  
 It put him in so fierce a rage,  
 He once resolv'd to re-engage;  
 Toss'd, like a foot-ball, back again  
 With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.  
 Quoth he, It was thy cowardice 185  
 That made me from this leaguer rise,  
 And, when I 'ad half reduc'd the place,  
 To quit it infamously base  
 Was better cover'd by the new-  
 arriv'd detachment, than I knew, 190  
 To

To flight my new acquits, and run,  
 Victoriously, from battles won,  
 And, reckoning all I gain'd or lost,  
 To sell them cheaper than they cost,  
 To make me put myself to flight, 195  
 And, conquering, run away by night,  
 To drag me out, which th' haughty foe  
 Durst never have presum'd to do  
 To mount me in the dark, by force,  
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse, 200  
 Expos'd in querto to their rage,  
 Without my arms and equipage,  
 Left, if they ventur'd to pursue,  
 I might th' unequal fight renew,  
 And, to preserve thy outward man, 205  
 Assum'd my place, and led the van  
 All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,  
 Not to preserve myself, but you  
 You, who were damn'd to baser drubs  
 Than wretches feel in powdering-tubs, 210  
 To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse  
 Than managing a wooden horse,  
 Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,  
 Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers,  
 Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain, 215  
 Had had no reason to complain,  
 But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome  
 To blame the hand that paid your ransom,  
 And rescued your obnoxious bones  
 From unavoidable battoons. 220

The enemy was reinforc'd,  
 And we disabled and unhors'd,  
 Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,  
 And no way left but hasty flight,  
 Which, though as desperate in th' attempt, 225  
 Has given you freedom to condemn 't  
 But, were our bones in fit condition  
 To reinforce the expedition,  
 'Tis now unseasonable and vain  
 To think of falling on again 230  
 No martial project to surprize  
 Can ever be attempted twice,  
 Nor cast design serve afterwards,  
 As gamesters tear their losing cards  
 Beside, our bangs of man and beast 235  
 Are fit for nothing now but rest,  
 And for a while will not be able  
 To rally, and prove serviceable  
 And therefore I, with reason, chose  
 This stratagem t' amuse our foes, 240  
 To make an honourable retreat,  
 And wave a total sure defeat,  
 For those that fly may fight again,  
 Which he can never do that's slain  
 Hence timely running's no mean part 245  
 Of conduct, in the martial art,  
 By which some glorious feats achieve,  
 As citizens by breaking thrive,  
 And cannons conquer armies while  
 They seem to draw off and recoil, 250  
 Is

Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,  
 To great exploits, as well as safest,  
 That spares th' expence of time and pains,  
 And dangerous beating out of brains,  
 And, in the end, prevails as certain 255  
 As those that never trust to Fortune,  
 But make their fear do execution  
 Beyond the stoutest resolution,  
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,  
 And, only trembling, overthrow. 260  
 If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest men,  
 That only sav'd a citizen,  
 What victory could e'er be won,  
 If every one would save but one ?  
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265  
 Where all resolve to save the most ?  
 By this means, when a battle 's won,  
 The war 's as far from being done,  
 For those that save themselves, and fly,  
 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory, 270  
 And sometime, when the loss is small,  
 And danger great, they challenge all,  
 Print new additions to their feats,  
 And emendations in Gazettes,  
 And when, for furious haste to run, 275  
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,  
 Have done 't with bonfires, and at home  
 Made squibs and crackers overcome ;  
 To set the rabble on a flame,  
 And keep their governors from blame, 280

Disperse

Disperse the news the pulpit tells,  
 Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells,  
 And, though reduc'd to that extreme,  
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*,  
 Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285  
 By flattering Heaven with a lye,  
 And, for their beating, giving thanks,  
 They 'ave rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks,  
 For those who run from th' enemy,  
 Engage them equally to fly, 290  
 And, when the fight becomes a chace,  
 Those win the day that win the race,  
 And that which would not pass in fights,  
 Has done the feat with easy flights,  
 Recover'd many a desperate campaign 295  
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign,  
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty  
 With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ,  
 And made them stoutly overcome  
 With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum; 300  
 With th' uncontrol'd decrees of Fate  
 To victory necessitate,  
 With which, although they run or burn,  
 They unavoidably return,  
 Or else their sultan populaces 305  
 Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand  
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,

Ver 300 *With Bacrack* ] Or *Bacbrack* *Each*, edition  
 1684, and following editions.

And



And who those were that run away,  
 And yet gave out they 'ad won the day, 310  
 Although the rabble fous'd them for 't,  
 O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.  
 'Tis true, our modern way of war  
 Is grown more politic by far,  
 But not so resolute and bold, 315  
 Nor ty'd to honour, as the old  
 For now they laugh at giving battle,  
 Unless it be to herds of cattle,  
 Or fighting convoys of provision,  
 The whole design o' th' expedition, 320  
 And not with downright blows to rout  
 The enemy, but eat them out  
 As fighting in all beasts of prey,  
 And eating, are perform'd one way,  
 To give defiance to their teeth, 325  
 And fight their stubborn guts to death,  
 And those atchieve the high't renown,  
 That bring the other stomachs down  
 There 's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,  
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine, 330  
 And feats of arms, to plot, design,  
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine,  
 But have no need nor use of courage,  
 Unless it be for glory' or foirage  
 For if they fight, 'tis but by chance, 335  
 When one side vent. ring to advance,

Ver 328 ] *The other s stomachs*, edition 1700, and following ones

And

And come uncivilly too near,  
 Are charg'd unmercifully 'i' th' rear,  
 And forc'd, with terrible resistance,  
 To keep hereafter at a distance, 340  
 To pick out ground t' incamp upon,  
 Where store of largest rivers run,  
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,  
 To part th' engagements of their warriors,  
 Where both from side to side may skip, 345  
 And only' encounter at bo peep  
 For men are found the stouter hearted,  
 The certainer they 're to be parted,  
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,  
 As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs, 350  
 And made their mortal enemy,  
 The water rat, their strict ally.  
 For 'tis not now who's stout and bold ?  
 But who bears hunger best, and cold ?  
 And he 's approv'd the most deserving, 355  
 Who longest can hold out at starving,  
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,  
 The formidablest man of prowess,  
 So th' Emperor Caligula,  
 That triumph'd o'er the British sea, 360  
 Took crabs and oysters pisoners,  
 And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers,  
 Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,  
 With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels,  
 And led his troops with furious gallops, 365  
 To charge whole regiments of scallops,  
 Not

Not like their ancient way of war,  
 To wait on his triumphal car,  
 But, when he went to dine or sup,  
 More bravely ate his captives up, 370  
 And left all war, by his example,  
 Reduc'd to victualling of a camp well

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,  
 And twice as much that I could add,  
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse 375

Than take this out-of-fashion'd course,  
 To hope, by stratagem, to wooe her,  
 Or waging battle to subdue her,  
 Though some have done it in romances,  
 And bang'd them into amorous fancies; 380

As those who won the Amazons,  
 By wanton drubbing of their bones;  
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride  
 By courting of her back and side.

But, since those times and feats are over, 385  
 They are not for a modern lover,  
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd  
 By such addressees to be gain'd,

And if they were, would have it out  
 With many another kind of bout. 390

Therefore I hold no course so infeasible,  
 As this of force, to win the Jezabel,  
 To storm her heart, by th' antic charms  
 Of ladies errant, force of arms,  
 But rather strive by law to win her, 395  
 And try the title you have in her,

Your

Your case is clear, you have her word  
 And me to witness the accord ,  
 Besides two more of her retinue  
 To testify what pass'd between you , 400  
 More probable, and like to hold,  
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,  
 For which so many, that renounc'd  
 Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,  
 And bills upon record been found, 405  
 That forc'd the ladies to compound ;  
 And that, unless I miss the matter,  
 Is all the business you look after.  
 Besides, encounters at the bar  
 Are braver now than those in war, 410  
 In which the law does execution,  
 With less disorder and confusion ;  
 Has more of honour in 't, some hold,  
 Not like the new way, but the old,  
 When those the pen had drawn together, 415  
 Decided quarrels with the feather,  
 And winged arrows kill'd as dead,  
 And more than bullets now of lead  
 So all their combats now, as then,  
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen , 420  
 That does the feat, with braver vigours,  
 In words at length, as well as figures ,  
 Is judge of all the world performs  
 In voluntary feats of arms,  
 And, whatsoe'er 's atchiev'd in fight, 425  
 Determines which is wrong or right ,  
 For,

For, whether you prevail or lose,  
 All must be try'd there in the close,  
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun  
 What you must trust to ere ye 've done. 430

The law, that settles all you do,  
 And marries where you did but woo,  
 That makes the most perfidious lover,  
 A lady, that 's as false, recover,  
 And, if it judge upon your side, 435  
 Will soon extend her for your bride,  
 And put her person, goods, or lands,  
 Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law 's the wisdom of all ages,  
 And manag'd by the ablest sages, 440  
 Who, though their business at the bar  
 Be but a kind of civil war,  
 In which they' engage with fiercer dudgeons  
 Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,  
 They never manage the contest 445  
 T' impair their public interest,  
 Or by their controversies lessen  
 The dignity of their profession  
 Not like us Brethren, who divide  
 Our Common-wealth, the Cause, and side, 450  
 And, though we're all as near of kinde  
 As th' outward man is to the inward,  
 We agree in nothing, but to wrangle  
 About the slightest fingle-fangle,  
 While lawyers have more sober sense, 455  
 Than t' argue at their own expence,

But

But make their best advantages  
 Of others' quarrels, like the Swifs,  
 And, out of foreign controversies,  
 By aiding both sides, fill their purses, 460  
 But have no interest in the cause  
 For which they' engage, and wage the laws,  
 Nor further prospect than their pay,  
 Whether they lose or win the day.  
 And, though they' abounded in all ages 465  
 With fundry learned clerks and sages,  
 Though all their business be dispute,  
 Which way they canvass every suit,  
 They've no disputes about their art,  
 Nor in polemics controvert; 470  
 While all professions else are found  
 With nothing but disputes t' abound  
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,  
 Philosophers, mathematicians,  
 The Galenist and Paracelsian, 475  
 Condemn the way each other deals in;  
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle,  
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,  
 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes; 480  
 And heralds fuddle who got who,  
 So many hundred years ago.

Ver 475 ] Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the  
 year 200 Paracelsus was born in the latter-end of the 15th,  
 and lived almost to the middle of the 16th century.

But

But lawyers are too wise a nation  
 T' expose their trade to disputation,  
 Or make the busy rabble judges 485  
 Of all their secret piques and grudges,  
 In which, whoever wins the day,  
 The whole profession 's fure to pay.  
 Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,  
 Dare undertake to do their feats, 490  
 When in all other sciences  
 They swarm like insects, and increase.

For what bigot durst ever draw,  
 By inward Light, a deed in law?  
 Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495  
 An answer to a Declaration?  
 For those that meddle with their tools  
 Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools.  
 And if you follow their advice,  
 In bills, and answers, and replies, 500  
 They 'll write a love-letter in Chancery,  
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,  
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,  
 Or make her weary of her life

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts 505  
 To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,  
 But in appearance cry'd him down,  
 To make them better seem his own  
 (All plagiaries' constant course  
 Of sinking, when they take a purse), 510

Ver 507 ] *Cry d him down*, edition 1678, 1684. *Cry d them down*, 1700, and following editions

Resolv'd to follow his advice,  
 But kept it from him by disguise,  
 And, after stubborn contradiction,  
 To counterfeit his own conviction,  
 And, by transition, fall upon  
 The resolution as his own

513

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest  
 Is, of all others, the unwiseſt,  
 For, if I think by law to gain her,  
 There 's nothing ſilher nor vainer.

520

'Tis but to hazard my pretence,  
 Where nothing 's certain but th' expence;  
 To act againſt myſelf, and traverse  
 My ſuit and title to her favours,  
 And if ſhe ſhould, which Heaven forbid,

525

O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,  
 What after-courſe have I to take,  
 'Gainſt loſing all I have at ſtake?  
 He that with injury is griev'd,  
 And goes to law to be reliev'd,

530

Is ſilher than a ſottiſh chouse,  
 Who, when a thief has robb'd his houſe,  
 Applies himſelf to cunning-men,  
 To help him to his goods again,  
 When all he can expect to gain,  
 Is but to ſquander more in vain.

535

And yet I have no other way,  
 But is as difficult, to play  
 For to reduce her by main force  
 Is now in vain, by fair means, worſe,  
 But

540  
But



But worst of all to give her over,  
 Till she 's as desperate to recover  
 For bad games are thrown up too soon,  
 Until they 're never to be won  
 But, since I have no other course, 545  
 But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,  
 He that complies against his will,  
 Is of his own opinion still,  
 Which he may' adhere to, yet disown,  
 For reasons to himself best known, 550  
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now,  
 For Sidrophel resolves to sue,  
 Whom I must answer, or begin,  
 Inevitably, first with him,  
 For I've receiv'd advertisement, 555  
 By times enough, of his intent,  
 And, knowing he that first complains  
 Th' advantage of the business gains,  
 For courts of justice understand  
 The plaintiff to be eldest hand; 560  
 Who what he please may aver,  
 The other nothing till he swear,  
 Is freely' admitted to all grace,  
 And lawful favour, by his place,  
 And, for his bringing custom in, 565  
 Has all advantages to win  
 I, who resolve to oversee  
 No lucky opportunity,  
 Will go to counsel, to advise  
 Which way t' encounter or surprize; 570  
 H 2 And,

And, after long consideration,  
Have found out one to fit th' occasion,  
Most apt for what I have to do,  
As counsellor, and justice too.  
And truly so, no doubt, he was, 573  
A lawyer fit for such a case.

An old dull sot, who told the clock,  
For many years, at Bridewell-dock,  
At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,  
And *bicinus doctus* play'd in all; 580

Where, in all governments and times,  
He 'ad been both friend and foe to crimes,  
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,  
By hindering justice, or maintaining.  
To many a whore gave privilege, 585

And whipp'd, for want of quarterage,  
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,  
For being behind a fortnight's rent,  
And many a trusty pimp and crony  
To Puddle-dock, for want of money. 590

Engag'd the constable to seize  
All those that would not break the peace;  
Nor give him back his own foul words,  
Though sometimes commoners or lords,  
And kept them prisoners of course, 595  
For being sober at ill hours,

That in the morning he might free,  
Or bind them over, for his fee.  
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,  
For leave to practise in their ways, 600

Farm'd

Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share  
 With th' headborough and scavenger,  
 And made the dirt i' th' streets compound  
 For taking up the public ground,  
 The kennel, and the king's highway, 605  
 For being unmolested, pay,  
 Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,  
 And cage, to those that gave him most,  
 Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,  
 And, for false weights, on chandeleers, 610  
 Made victualers and vintners fine  
 For arbitrary ale and wine,  
 But was a kind and constant friend  
 To all that regularly' offend;  
 As residentiary bawds, 615  
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods,  
 That cheat in lawful mysteries,  
 And pay church-duties and his fees,  
 But was implacable and awkward  
 To all that interlop'd and hawker'd. 620  
 To this brave man the Knight repairs  
 For counsel in his law-affairs,  
 And found him mounted, in his pew,  
 With books and money plac'd for shew,  
 Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay, 625  
 And for his false opinion pay  
 To whom the Knight, with comely grace,  
 Put off his hat, to put his case,

Ver. 619.] *Altered*, editions 1678, 1684-

# BUTLER'S POEMS.

uch he as proudly entertain'd  
 th' other courteously strain'd , 636  
 d, to assure him 'twas not that  
 look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.  
 Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel  
 nom I have cudgel'd—Very well.  
 d now he brags to have beaten me. 637  
 Better, and better still, quoth he.  
 d vows to stick me to a wall,  
 ere'er he meets me—Best of all  
 s true the knave has taken 's oath  
 at I robb'd him—Well done, in troth. 640  
 en he 'as confes'd he stole my cloak,  
 d pick'd my fob, and what he took ,  
 hich was the cause that made me bang him,  
 d take my goods again—Marry, hang him.  
 ow, whether I should beforehand, 645  
 ear he robb'd me ?—I understand.  
 bring my action of conversion  
 id trover for my goods ?—Ah, whoresen.  
 , if 'tis better to indict,  
 id bring him to his trial ?—Right. 650  
 event what he designs to do,  
 id swear for th' state against him ?—True.  
 ; whether he that is defendant,  
 this case has the better end on 't ,  
 ho, putting in a new cross-bill, 655  
 ay traverse the action ?—Better still.  
 en there 's a lady, too—Aye, marry.  
 at 's easily prov'd accessory ,

A Widow,

A Widow, who, by solemn vows  
 Contracted to me, for my spouse, 660  
 Combin'd with him to break her word,  
 And has abetted all—Good Lord!  
 Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel  
 To tamper with the devil of hell,  
 Who put m' into a horrid fear, 665  
 Fear of my life—Make that appear.  
 Made an assault with fiends and men  
 Upon my body—Good again.  
 And kept me in a deadly fright,  
 And false imprisonment, all night. 670  
 Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,  
 And stole my saddle—Worse and worse.  
 And made me mount upon the bare ridge,  
 T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage  
 Sir (quoth the lawyer) not to flatter ye, 675  
 You have as good and fair a battery  
 As heart can wish, and need not shame  
 The proudest man alive to claim.  
 For if they've us'd you as you say,  
 Mairy, quoth I, God give you joy, 680  
 I would it were my case, I'd give  
 More than I'll say, or you'll believe.  
 I would so trounce her, and her purse,  
 I'd make her kneel for better or worse,  
 For matrimony and hanging, here, 685  
 Both go by destiny so clear,  
 That you as sure may pick and chuse,  
 As cross I win, and pile you lose.

if I durst, I would advance  
 As much in ready maintenance, 690  
 As upon any case I've known ;  
 But we that practise dare not own :  
 The law severely contrabands  
 Our taking business off men's hands ;  
 'Tis common barratry, that bears 695  
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,  
 And crops them till there is not leather,  
 To stick a pin in, left of either ;  
 For which some do the summer-fault,  
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault : 700  
 But you may swear, at any rate,  
 Things not in nature, for the state ;  
 For in all courts of justice here  
 A witness is not said to swear,  
 But make oath ; that is, in plain terms, 705  
 To forge whatever he affirms.

(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,  
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat—)  
 For Justice, though she's painted blind,  
 Is to the weaker side inclin'd, 710  
 Like Charity, else right and wrong  
 Could never hold it out so long,  
 And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight  
 Convey men's interest and right  
 From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, 715  
 As easily as *Hocus Pocus* ;  
 Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious ;  
 And clear again, like *baccius doctus*.

Then,

Then, whether you would take her life,  
 Or but recover her for your wife, 720  
 Or be content with what she has,  
 And let all other matters pass,  
 The business to the law's alone,  
 The proof is all it looks upon;  
 And you can want no witnesses, 725  
 To swear to any thing you please,  
 That hardly get their mere expences  
 By th' labour of their consciences,  
 Or letting out, to hire, their ears  
 To Affidavit-customers, 730  
 At inconsiderable values,  
 To serve for jurymen, or tales,  
 Although retain'd in th' hardest matters  
 Of trustees and administrators.  
 For that (quoth he), let me alone; 735  
 We've store of such, and all our own,  
 Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,  
 The ablest of conscience-stretchers.  
 That's well (quoth he), but I should guess,  
 By weighing all advantages, 740  
 Your surest way is first to pitch  
 On Bongey for a water-witch;  
 And

Ver. 723 ] *Alone*, in all editions to 1704, inclusive, *All one*,  
 in later editions

Ver 742 ] Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the  
 end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford,  
 and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant  
 age

And when ye 've hang'd the conjurer,  
 Ye 've time enough to deal with her,  
 In th' interim spare for no trepans  
 To draw her neck into the banns, 746  
 Ply her with love-letters and billets,  
 And bait them well, for quirks and quillets,  
 With trains t' inveigle and surprize  
 Her heedless answers and replies, 750  
 And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,  
 They 'll serve for other bye-designs,  
 And make an artist understand  
 To copy out her seal, or hand,  
 Or find void places in the paper, 754  
 To steal in something to entrap her,  
 Till with her worldly goods, and body,  
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye.  
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,  
 That ply i' th' Temples, under trees, 758  
 Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,  
 About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts,  
 Or wait for customers between  
 The pillar-rows in Lincoln s-inn,

age every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also, publishing a treatise of natural magic, confirmed some well-meaning credulous people in this opinion, but it was altogether groundless, for Bongey was chosen Provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

Where



Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, 765  
 And Affidavit-men, ne'er fail  
 T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,  
 According to their ears and clothes,  
 Their only necessary tools,  
 Besides the Gospel, and their souls, 770  
 And, when ye 're furnish'd with all purveys,  
 I shall be ready at your service  
 I would not give (quoth Hudibras)  
 A straw to understand a case,  
 Without the admirable skill 775  
 To wind and manage it at will,  
 To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,  
 Against the weather-gage of laws  
 And ring the changes upon cases,  
 As plain as noses upon faces, 780  
 As you have well instructed me,  
 For which you 've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee

Ver 782.] The beggar's prayer for the lawyer would have suited this gentleman very well See the works of J Taylor, the Water-poet, p 101 "May the Terms be everlasting to thee, thou man of tongue, and may contentions grow and multiply may actions beget actions, and cases engender cases, as thick as hops, may every day of the year be a Shrove-Tuesday, let proclamations forbid fighting, to encrease actions of battery, that thy cassock may be three piled, and the welts of thy gown may not grow thread-bare!"

I long

A N

## HEROICAL EPISTLE \*

O F

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

**I** WHO was once as great as Cæsar,  
 Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;  
 And, from as fam'd a conqueror  
 As ever took degree in war,  
 Or did his exercise in battle, 5  
 By you turn'd out to grafs with cattle.  
 For, since I am deny'd access  
 To all my earthly happiness,  
 Am fallen from the paradise  
 Of your good graces, and fair eyes; 10

\* This Epistle was to be the result of all the fair methods the Knight was to use in gaining the Widow, it therefore required all his wit and dexterity to draw from this artful Lady an unwaity answer. If the plot succeeded, he was to compel her immediately, by law, to a compliance with his desires. But the Lady was too cunning to give him such a handle as he longed for on the contrary, her Answer silenced all his pretensions

Loft

Lost to the world and you, I 'm sent  
 To everlasting banishment,  
 Where all the hopes I had to 've won,  
 Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.

Yet, if you were not so severe 15  
 To pass your doom before you hear,  
 You 'd find, upon my just defence,  
 How much you 've wrong'd my innocence.  
 That once I made a vow to you,  
 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true, 20  
 But not because it is unpaid,  
 'Tis violated, though delay'd :  
 Or, if it were, it is no fault,  
 So heinous as you 'd have it thought ;  
 To undergo the loss of ears, 25  
 Like vulgar hackney perjurers :  
 For there 's a difference in the case,  
 Between the noble and the base ,  
 Who always are observ'd to 've done 't  
 Upon as different an account , 30  
 The one for great and weighty cause,  
 To save, in honour, ugly flaws ,  
 For none are like to do it sooner,  
 Than those who 're nicest of their honour  
 The other, for base gain and pay, 35  
 Forswear and perjure by the day,  
 And make th' exposing and retailing  
 Their souls and consciences a calling.

It is no scandal nor aspersion,  
 Upon a great and noble person, 40  
 To

To say he naturally abhor'd  
 Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,  
 Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,  
 In meaner men, to do the same :  
 For to be able to forget, 45  
 Is found more useful to the great,  
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,  
 To make them pass for wondrous wise.  
 But though the law, on perjurers,  
 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears, 50  
 It is not just, that does exempt  
 The guilty, and punish th' innocent,  
 To make the ears repair the wrong  
 Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue,  
 And, when one member is forsworn, 55  
 Another to be cropt or torn.  
 And if you should, as you design,  
 By course of law, recover mine,  
 You 're like, if you consider right,  
 To gain but little honour by 't. 60  
 For he that for his lady's sake  
 Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,  
 Does not so much deserve her favour,  
 As he that pawns his soul to have her  
 This ye 've acknowledg'd I have done, 65  
 Although you now disdain to own,  
 But sentence what you rather ought  
 T' esteem good service than a fault.  
 Besides, oaths are not bound to bear  
 That literal sense the words infer, 70  
 But,

But, by the practice of the age,  
 Are to be judg'd how far they' engage ;  
 And, where the sense by custom 's checkt,  
 Are found void and of none effect,  
 For no man takes or keeps a vow, 75  
 But just as he sees others do ,  
 Nor are they' oblig'd to be so brittle,  
 As not to yield and bow a little .  
 For as best-temper'd blades are found,  
 Before they break, to bend quite round , 80  
 So truest oaths are still most tough,  
 And, though they bow, are breaking proof.  
 'Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd  
 In love a greater latitude ?  
 For, as the law of arms approves 85  
 All ways to conquest, so should Love's ,  
 And not be ty'd to true or false,  
 But make that justest that prevails :  
 For how can that which is above  
 All empire, high and mighty Love, 90  
 Submit its great prerogative  
 To any other power alive ?  
 Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,  
 Become the subject of a case ?  
 The fundamental law of Nature 95  
 Be over rul'd by those made after ?  
 Commit the censure of its cause  
 To any but its own great laws ?  
 Love, that 's the world's preservative,  
 That keeps all souls of things alive , 100

Controls the mighty power of Fate,  
 And gives mankind a longer date,  
 The life of Nature, that restores  
 As fast as Time and Death devours,  
 To whose free-gift the world does owe 10,  
 Not only earth, but heaven too  
 For Love 's the only trade that 's driven,  
 The interest of state in heaven,  
 Which nothing but the soul of man  
 Is capable to entertain, 110  
 For what can earth produce, but Love,  
 To represent the joys above ?  
 Or who, but Lovers, can converse,  
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse ?  
 Address and compliment by vision, 115  
 Make love and court by intuition ?  
 And burn in amorous flames as fierce  
 As those celestial ministers ?  
 Then how can any thing offend,  
 In order to so great an end ? 120  
 Or Heaven itself a sin resent,  
 That for its own supply was meant ?  
 That merits, in a kind mistake,  
 A pardon for th' offence's sake ?  
 Or if it did not, but the cause 125  
 Were left to th' injury of laws,  
 What tyranny can disapprove  
 There should be equity in love ?  
 For laws that are inanimate,  
 And feel no sense of love or hate, 130  
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 I har

That have no passion of their own,  
 Nor pity to be wrought upon,  
 Are only proper to inflict  
 Revenge, on criminals as strict :  
 But to have power to forgive, 135  
 Is empire and prerogative,  
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem  
 To grant a pardon than condemn.  
 Then, since so few do what they ought,  
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault, 140  
 For why should he who made address  
 All humble ways, without success,  
 And met with nothing in return  
 But insolence, affronts, and scorn,  
 Not strive by wit to countermine, 145  
 And bravely carry his design ?  
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,  
 Blown up with philtres of love powder ?  
 And, after letting blood, and purging,  
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging, 150  
 Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,  
 And claw'd by goblins in the night,  
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,  
 With rude invasion of his beard,  
 And, when your sex was foully scandal'd, 155  
 As foully by the rabble handled ;  
 Attack'd by despicable foes,  
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows,  
 And, after all, to be debarr'd  
 So much as standing on his guard, 160  
 When

When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,  
Have leave to kick for being kick'd ?

Or why should you, whose mother-wits  
Are furnish'd with all perquisites,  
That with your breeding teeth begin, 165  
And nursing babies that lie in,

B' allow'd to put all tricks upon  
Our cully sex, and we use none ?  
We, who have nothing but frail vows,  
Against your stratagems t' oppose, 170

Or oaths more feeble than your own,  
By which we are no less put down ?  
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
And kill with a retreating eye,

Retire the more, the more we press, 175  
To draw us into ambushes

As pirates all false colours wear,  
T' intrap th' unwary mariner,  
So women, to surprize us, spread  
The borrow'd flags of white and red ; 180

Display them thicker on their cheeks,  
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts ;  
And raise more devils with their looks,  
Than conjurers' less subtle books

Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185  
In towers, and curls, and perriwigs,  
With greater art and cunning rear'd,  
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard,  
Preposterously t' entice and gain

Those to adore them they disdain, 190  
And



And only draw them in to clog,  
 With idle names, a catalogue  
 A lover is, the more he's brave,  
 T' his mistress but the more a slave,  
 And whatsoever she commands, 195  
 Becomes a favour from her hands,  
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,  
 Whether it be unjust or just  
 Then when he is compell'd by her  
 T' adventures he would else forbear, 200  
 Who, with his honour, can withstand,  
 Since force is greater than command?  
 And when necessity's obey'd,  
 Nothing can be unjust or bad.  
 And therefore when the mighty powers 205  
 Of Love, our great ally, and your's,  
 Join'd forces, not to be withstood  
 By frail inamour'd flesh and blood,  
 All I have done, unjust or ill,  
 Was in obedience to your will, 210  
 And all the blame that can be due  
 Falls to your cruelty and you.  
 Nor are those scandals I confess,  
 Against my will and interest,  
 More than is daily done, of course, 215  
 By all men, when they're under force.  
 Whence some, upon the rack, confess  
 What th' hangman and their prompters please,  
 But are no sooner out of pain,  
 Than they deny it all again. 220  
 But

But when the devil turns confessor,  
Truth is a crime he take no pleasure  
To hear or pardon, like the founder  
Of liars, whom they all claim under :  
And therefore, when I told him none, 225  
I think it was the wiser done.

Nor am I without precedent,  
The first that on th' adventure went ,  
All mankind ever did of course,  
And daily does, the same, or worse 230  
For what romance can shew a lover,  
That had a lady to recover,  
And did not steer a nearer course,  
To fall aboard in his amours ?  
And what at first was held a crime, 235  
Has turn'd to honourable in time

To what height did Infant Rome,  
By ravishing of women, come ?  
When men upon their spouses flur'd,  
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd, 240  
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,  
Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd,  
Nor took the pains t' address and sue,  
Nor play'd the masquerade, to wooe  
Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents, 245  
Nor juggled about settlements ,

Ver 230 ] *And daily does*, in all editions to 1716, inclusive  
*Daily do*, 1726, &c.

Did need no license, nor no priest,  
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,  
 Nor lawyers, to join land and money  
 In th' holy state of matrimony, 250  
 Before they settled hands and hearts,  
 Till alimony or death departs,  
 Nor would endure to stay until  
 They 'ad got the very bride's good will,  
 But took a wife and shorter course 255  
 To win the ladies, downright force,  
 And justly made them prisoners then,  
 As they have, often since, us men,  
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,  
 The luckiest of all Love's intrigues, 260  
 And, when they had them at their pleasure,  
 They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;  
 For, after matrimony's over,  
 He that holds out but half a lover,  
 Deserves, for every minute, more 265  
 Than half a year of love before,  
 For which the dames, in contemplation  
 Of that best way of application,  
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known  
 By suit or treaty to be won, 270  
 And such as all posterity  
 Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,  
 Not men for them —It follows, then,  
 That men have right to every one, 275  
 And they no freedom of their own,

And

And therefore men have power to chuse,  
 But they no charter to refuse  
 Hence 'tis apparent that, what course  
 Soe'er we take to your amours, 280  
 Though by the indirectest way,  
 'Tis no injustice nor foul play,  
 And that you ought to take that course,  
 As we take you, for better or worse,  
 And gratefully submit to those 285  
 Who you, before another, chose.  
 For why should every savage beast  
 Exceed his great Lord's interest?  
 Have freer power than he, in Grace  
 And Nature, o'er the creature has? 290  
 Because the laws he since has made  
 Have cut off all the power he had,  
 Retrench'd the absolute dominion  
 That Nature gave him over women,  
 When all his power will not extend 295  
 One law of Nature to suspend,  
 And but to offer to repeal  
 The smallest clause, is to repel  
 This, if men rightly understood  
 Their privilege, they would make good, 300  
 And not, like fops, permit their wives  
 T' incroach on their prerogatives,  
 For which sin they deserve to be  
 Kept, as they are, in slavery.

And this some precious Gifted Teachers, 305  
 Unreverently reputed Leachers,  
 And disobey'd in making love,  
 Have vow'd to all the world to prove,  
 And make ye suffer, as you ought,  
 For that uncharitable fault 310  
 But I forget myself, and rove  
 Beyond th' instructions of my love.  
 Forgive me, Fair, and only blame  
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,  
 Since 'tis too much at once to show 315  
 Excess of love and temper too,  
 All I have said that 's bad and true,  
 Was never meant to aim at you,  
 Who have so sovereign a control  
 O'er that poor slave of your's, my foul, 320

Ver 305, 306 ] Sir Roger L'Estrange (*Key to Hudibras*)  
 mentions Mr Case as one, and Mr Butler, in his Posthumous  
 works \*, mentions Dr Burgess and Hugh Peters and the writer  
 of a letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, p 9 observes of  
 Peters, " That it was offered to be publicly proved that he got  
 " both mother and daughter with child — " I am glad, says an  
 " anonymous person (*Thurloe's State Papers*, vol IV p 734 )  
 " to hear that Mr Peters shews his head again, it was reported  
 " here (Amsterdam, May 5, 1655) that he was found with a  
 " whore a-bed, and he grew mad, and said nothing but O blood,  
 " O blood, that troubles me '

\* It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Butler  
 left no genuine poems besides those in the possession of Mr  
 Longueville, and published by Mr Thyer in 1759, which are all  
 inserted in this volume.

That,

That, rather than to forfeit you,  
 Has ventured loss of heaven too;  
 Both with an equal power possst,  
 To render all that serve you blest;  
 But none like him, who 's destin'd either 325  
 To have or lose you both together;  
 And, if you 'll but this fault release  
 (For so it must be, since you please),  
 I 'll pay down all that vow, and more,  
 Which you commanded, and I swore, 330  
 And expiate, upon my skin,  
 Th' arrears in full of all my sin:  
 For 'tis but just that I should pay  
 Th' accruing penance for delay,  
 Which shall be done, until it move 335  
 Your equal pity and your love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,  
 Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whistle,  
 And read it, like a jocund lover,  
 With great applause, t' himself, twice over, 340  
 Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit  
 And humble distance, to his wit,  
 And dated it with wondrous art,  
 Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;  
 Then seal'd it with his coat of love, 345  
 A smoking faggot—and above,  
 Upon a scroll—I burn and weep,  
 And near it—For her Ladyship,  
 Of all her sex most excellent,  
 These to her gentle hands present, 350  
 Then

Then gave it to his faithful Squire,  
With lessons how to observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,  
To send it back, or burn the letter  
But, guessing that it might import,  
Though nothing else, at least her sport,  
She open'd it, and read it out,  
With many a smile and leering flout,  
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,  
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

355

360

THE  
LADY'S ANSWER  
TO  
THE KNIGHT.

**T**HAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grafs,  
 Is no strange news, nor ever was,  
 At least to me, who once, you know,  
 Did from the pound replevin you,  
 When both your sword and spurs were won 5  
 In combat by an Amazon,  
 That sword that did, like Fate, determine  
 Th' inevitable death of vermin,  
 And never dealt its furious blows,  
 But cut the throats of pigs and cows, 10  
 By Trulla was, in single fight,  
 Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,  
 Your heels degraded of your spurs,  
 And in the stocks close prisoners,  
 Where still they 'ad lain, in base restraint, 15  
 If I, in pity' of your complaint,  
 Had not, on honourable conditions,  
 Releas'd them from the worst of prisons,  
 And



And what return that favour met  
 You cannot (though you would) forget, 20  
 When, being free, you strove t' evade  
 The oaths you had in prison made,  
 Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,  
 But after own'd, and justify'd it,  
 And, when ye 'ad falsely broke one vow, 25  
 Absolv'd yourself by breaking two  
 For, while you sneakingly submit,  
 And beg for pardon at our feet,  
 Discourag'd by your guilty fears,  
 To hope for quarter for your ears, 30  
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,  
 You claim us boldly as your due,  
 Declare that treachery and force,  
 To deal with us, is th' only course,  
 We have no title nor pretence 35  
 To body, soul, or conscience,  
 But ought to fall to that man's share  
 That claims us for his proper ware  
 These are the motives which, t' induce,  
 Or fright us into love, you use, 40  
 A pretty new way of gallanting,  
 Between soliciting and ranting !  
 Like sturdy beggars, that intreat  
 For charity at once, and threat.  
 But, since you undertake to prove 45  
 Your own propriety in love,  
 As if we were but lawful prize  
 In war between two enemies,

Or

Or forfeitures, which every lover,  
 That would but sue for, might recover, 50  
 It is not hard to understand  
 The mystery of this bold demand,  
 That cannot at our persons aim,  
 But something capable of claim  
 'Tis not those paltry counterfeit 55  
 French stones, which in our eyes you set,  
 But our right diamonds, that inspire  
 And set your amorous hearts on fire  
 Nor can those false St Martin's beads,  
 Which on our lips you lay for reds, 60  
 And make us wear like Indian Dames,  
 Add fuel to your scorching flames ;  
 But those two rubies of the rock,  
 Which in our cabinets we lock  
 'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth, 65  
 That you are so transported with,  
 But those we wear about our necks,  
 Produce those amorous effects  
 Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,  
 The perriwigs you make us wear, 70  
 But those bright guineas in our chests,  
 That light the wildfire in your breasts.  
 These love-tricks I 've been vers'd in so,  
 That all their sly intrigues I know,  
 And can unriddle, by their tones, 75  
 Their mystic cabals, and jargones ;  
 Can tell what passions, by their sounds,  
 Pine for the beauties of my grounds ,

What

What raptures fond and amorous,  
 O' th' charms and graces of my house; 80  
 What ecstacy and scorching flame,  
 Burns for my money in my name,  
 What, from th' unnatural desire  
 To beasts and cattle takes its fire;  
 What tender sigh and trickling tear 85  
 Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;  
 And languishing transports are fond  
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall  
 Inamour'd, at first sight, withal, 90  
 To these they' address with serenades,  
 And court with balls and masquerades,  
 And yet, for all the yearning pain  
 Ye 'ave suffer'd for their loves in vain,  
 I fear they 'll prove so nice and coy, 95  
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy,  
 That, all your oaths and labour lost,  
 They 'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.  
 This is not meant to disapprove  
 Your judgment, in your choice of love, 100  
 Which is so wise, the greatest part  
 Of mankind study 't as an art,  
 For love should, like a deodand,  
 Still fall to th' owner of the land,  
 And, where there 's substance for its ground, 105  
 Cannot but be more firm and sound,  
 Than that which has the slighter basis  
 Of airy virtue, wit, and graces,

Which

Which is of such thin subtlety,  
It steals and creeps in at the eye, 110  
And, as it can't endure to stay,  
Steals out again as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns  
From solid gold and precious stones,  
Must, like its shining parents, prove 115  
As solid, and as glorious love.  
Hence 'tis you have no way t' express  
Our charms and graces but by these,  
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,  
Which beauty' invades and conquers with, 120  
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,  
With which a philtre love commands ?

This is the way all parents prove  
In managing their children's love,  
That force them t' intermarry and wed, 125  
As if th' were burying of the dead,  
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,  
To join in wedlock all they have,  
And, when the settlement 's in force,  
Take all the rest for better or worse, 130  
For money has a power above  
The stars, and fate, to manage love,  
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,  
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.  
And, though some say the parents' claims 135  
To make love in their children's names,  
Who, many times, at once provide  
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,

Feel

Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,  
 And wooe and contract in their names, 140  
 And, as they christen, use to marry them,  
 And, like their gossips, answer for them,  
 Is not to give in matrimony,  
 But sell and prostitute for money,  
 'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145  
 Who often do 't for worse than nothing,  
 And, when they 're at their own dispose,  
 With greater disadvantage chuse.  
 All this is right, but, for the course  
 You take to do 't, by fraud or force, 150  
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon  
 As told, 'tis never to be done,  
 No more than fetters can betray,  
 That tell what tricks they are to play.  
 Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155  
 Which all men either break or bow,  
 Then what will those forbear to do,  
 Who perjure when they do but wooe?  
 Such as beforehand swear and lye,  
 For earnest to their treachery, 160  
 And, rather than a crime confess,  
 With greater strive to make it less?  
 Like thieves, who, after sentence past,  
 Maintain their innocence to the last,  
 And, when their crimes were made appear, 165  
 As plain as witnesses can swear,  
 Yet, when the wretches come to die,  
 Will take upon their death a lye.

Nor are the virtues you confess'd  
 T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170  
 So slight as to be justify'd,  
 By being as shamefully deny'd,  
 As if you thought your word would pass,  
 Point blank, on both sides of a case,  
 Or credit were not to be lost 175  
 B' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,  
 That eats perfidiously his word,  
 And swears his ears through a two-inch board,  
 Can own the same thing, and disown,  
 And perjure booty *pro* and *con*, 180  
 Can make the Gospel serve his turn,  
 And help him out, to be forsworn,  
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,  
 To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.

Ver 183 ] The way of taking an oath is by laying the right hand upon the four Evangelists, which denominates it A corporal oath This method was not always complied with in those iniquitous times In the trial of Mr Christopher Love, in the year 1651, one *Jaquel*, an evidence, laid his hand upon his buttons, and not upon the book, when the oath was tendered him, and, when he was questioned for it, he answered, " I am as good " as under an oath " In the trial of the brave Colonel Morrice (who kept Pontefract Castle for the King) at York, by Thorp and Puleston, when he challenged one *Brook*, his professed enemy, the Court answered, He spoke too late, Brook was sworn already Brook being asked the question, whether he were sworn or no, replied, " He had not yet kissed the book " The Court answered, That was no matter, it was but a ceremony, he was recorded sworn, and there was no speaking against a record

These are the virtues in whose name 185  
 A right to all the world you claim,  
 And boldly challenge a dominion,  
 In Grace and Nature, o'er all women,  
 Of whom no less will satisfy,  
 Than all the sex, your tyranny 190  
 Although you 'll find it a hard province,  
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,  
 To govern such a numerous crew,  
 Who, one by one, now govern you,  
 For, if you all were Solomons, 195  
 And wise and great as he was once,  
 You 'll find they 're able to subdue  
 (As they did him) and baffle you.  
 And if you are impos'd upon,  
 'Tis by your own temptation done, 200  
 That with your ignorance invite,  
 And teach us how to use the sleight,  
 For, when we find ye 're still more taken  
 With false attracts of our own making,  
 Swear that 's a rose, and that's a stone, 205  
 Like sots, to us that laid it on,  
 And, what we did but slightly prune,  
 Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,  
 You force us, in our own defences,  
 To copy beams and influences, 210  
 To lay perfections on the graces,  
 And draw attracts upon our faces,  
 And, in compliance to your wit,  
 Your own false jewels counterfeit.

For

For by the practice of those arts 215  
 We gain a greater share of hearts,  
 And those deserve in reason most,  
 That greatest pains and study cost  
 For great perfections are, like heaven,  
 Too rich a present to be given. 220  
 Nor are those master-strokes of beauty  
 To be perform'd without hard duty,  
 Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,  
 The simple natural excel  
 How fair and sweet the planted rose 225  
 Beyond the wild in hedges grows !  
 For, without art, the noblest feeds  
 Of flowers degenerate into weeds  
 How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground  
 And polish'd, looks a diamond ? 230  
 Though Paradise were e'er so fair,  
 It was not kept so without care  
 The whole world, without art and drefs,  
 Would be but one great wilderness,  
 And mankind but a savage herd, 235  
 For all that Nature has conferr'd  
 This does but rough-hew and design,  
 Leaves Art to polish and refine.  
 Though women first were made for men,  
 Yet men were made for them again 240  
 For when (out-witted by his wife)  
 Man first turn'd tenant but for life,  
 If women had not interven'd,  
 How soon had mankind had an end !



And that it is in being yet, 245  
To us alone you are in debt  
And where 's your liberty of choice,  
And our unnatural No-voice ?  
Since all the privilege you boast,  
And falsely' usurp'd, or vainly lost, 250  
Is now our right, to whose creation  
You owe your happy restoration  
And if we had not weighty cause  
To not appear, in making laws,  
We could, in spite of all your tricks, 255  
And shallow formal politics,  
Force you our managements t' obey,  
As we to yours (in shew, give way  
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive  
T' advance your high prerogative, 260  
You basely after all your braves,  
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves ,  
And, 'cause we do not make it known,  
Nor publicly our interests own,  
Like fots, suppose we have no shares 265  
In ordering you and your affairs,  
When all your empire and command  
You have from us, at second hand ,  
As if a pilot, that appears  
To sit still only, while he steers, 270  
And does not make a noise and stir,  
Like every common mariner,  
Knew nothing of the card, nor star,  
And did not guide the man of war  
Nor

Nor we, because we don't appear 275  
 In Councils, do not govern there,  
 While, like the mighty Prester John,  
 Whose person none dares look upon,  
 But is preserv'd in close disguise,  
 From being made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280  
 W' enjoy as large a power, unseen,  
 To govern him, as he does men,  
 And, in the right of our Pope Joan,  
 Make emperors at our feet fall down,  
 Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name, 285  
 Our right to arms and conduct claim,  
 Who,

Ver 277 ] Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission

Ver 285 ] Joan of Arc, called also *The Pucelle*, or *Maid of Orleans* She was born at the town of Damremi, on the Meuse, daughter of James de Arc and Isabella Romee, was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English, and defended by John Comte de Dennis, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles VII when he was almost ruined She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity, and members of parliament, openly declared that there was something supernatural in her conduct She sent for a sword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catherine de Forbois, upon the blade of which the *cross* and *fleur de lis* were engraven, which put the king in a very great surprise,

Who, though a spinster, yet was able  
To serve France for a Grand Constable.

We make and execute all laws,  
Can judge the Judges, and the Cause; 290  
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,  
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,  
Gainst which the world has no defence,  
But our more powerful eloquence.  
We manage things of greatest weight, 295  
In all the world's affairs of state,  
Are ministers of war and peace,  
That sway all nations how we please.  
We rule all churches, and their flocks,  
Heretical and orthodox, 300  
And are the heavenly vehicles  
O' th' spirits in all Conventicles.  
By us is all commerce and trade  
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd,

surprise, in regard none besides himself knew of it. upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a sally at Champagne, in 1430, and tried for a witch or sorceress, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1430.

Ver 288 ] All this is a satire on King Charles II. who was governed so much by his mistresses particularly this line seems to allude to his French mistress, the Dutches of Portsmouth, given by that Court, whom she served in the important post of governing King Charles as they directed,

For

THE LADY'S ANSWER 135

For nothing can go off so well, 305

Nor bears that price, as what we sell

We rule in every public meeting,

And make men do what we judge fitting,

Are magistrates in all great towns,

Where men do nothing but wear gowns. 310

We make the man of war strike fail,

And to our braver conduct veil,

And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,

Submit to us upon his knees.

Is there an officer of state, 315

Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,

That 's haughty and imperious ?

He 's but a journeyman to us,

That, as he gives us cause to do 't,

Can keep him in, or turn him out. 320

We are your guardians, that increase,

Or waste your fortunes how we please,

And, as you humour us, can deal '

In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose, alone, 325

Whether your heirs shall be your own,

To whose integrity you must,

In spite of all your caution, trust,

And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,

Can fit you with what heirs we please, 330

And force you t' own them, though begotten

By French valets, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigorouslest course

Prevail, unless to make us worse ;

Who still, the harsher we are us'd, 335  
 Are further off from being reduc'd,  
 And scorn t' abate, for any ills,  
 The least punctilios of our wills  
 Force does but whet our wits to apply  
 Arts, born with us, for remedy, 340  
 Which all your politics, as yet,  
 Have ne'er been able to defeat  
 For, when ye 've try'd all forts of ways,  
 What fools d' we make of you in plays ?  
 While all the favours we afford, 345  
 Are but to girt you with the sword,  
 To fight our battles in our steads,  
 And have your brains beat out o' your heads ,  
 Encounter, in despite of Nature,  
 And fight, at once, with fire and water, 350  
 With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,  
 Our pride and vanity t' appease ,  
 Kill one another, and cut throats,  
 For our good graces, and best thoughts ,  
 To do your exercise for honour, 355  
 And have your brains beat out the sooner ,  
 Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon  
 Things that are never to be known ,  
 And still appear the more industrious,  
 The more your projects are preposterous , 360  
 To square the circle of the arts,  
 And run stark mad to shew your parts ;  
 Expound the oracle of laws,  
 And turn them which way we see cause ,

THE LADY'S ANSWER. 137

Be our solicitors and agents, 365  
 And stand for us in all engagements  
 And these are all the mighty powers  
 You vainly boast to cry down ours,  
 And, what in real value 's wanting,  
 Supply with vapouring and ranting 370  
 Because yourselves are terrify'd,  
 And stoop to one another's pride,  
 Believe we have as little wit  
 To be out-hector'd, and submit  
 By your example, lose that right 375  
 In treaties which we gain'd in fight,  
 And, terrified into an awe,  
 Pass on ourselves a Salique law,  
 Or, as some nations use, give place,  
 And truckle to your mighty race, 380  
 Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,  
 As if they were the better women.

THE END OF HUDIBRAS.



THE  
GENUINE REMAINS  
OF  
MR. BUTLER.





## P R E F A C E.

IT would be very unjust to the memory of a writer so much and so justly esteemed as Butler, to suppose it necessary to make any formal apology for the publication of these *Remains*. Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his class, cannot fail of recommending itself to every reader of taste, and all that can be required from the Publisher is, to satisfy the World that it is not imposed upon by false and spurious pretensions.

This has already been attempted in the printed Proposals for the subscription, but as the perishing form of a loose paper seems too frail a monument to preserve a testimony of so much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged impertinent to repeat the substance of what I observed upon that occasion—That the Manuscripts, from which this work is printed, are Butler's own hand-writing, as evidently appears from some original letters of his found amongst them—That, upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. W Longueville, of the Temple, who, as the writer of Butler's life informs us, was at the charge of burying him—That, upon Mr Longueville's decease, they became the property of his son, the late Charles Longueville, Esq, who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, Esq, and that this gentleman has been prevailed

prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to insert the following certificate of their authenticity.

“ I do hereby certify, That the Papers now proposed to be published by Mr Thyer are the *original manuscripts* of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Esq.

*Walgherton, Cheshire,*  
Nov. 20, 1754

JOHN CLARKE.”

Although, from evidence of such a nature, there cannot remain the least doubt about the genuineness of this Work, and it be very certain that every thing in it is the performance of Butler, yet it must be owned, at the same time, that there is not the same degree of perfection and exactness in all the compositions here printed. Some are finished with the utmost accuracy, and were fairly transcribed for the press, as far as can be judged from outward appearance, others, though finished, and wrote with the same spirit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguishes him from all other writers, seem as if, upon a second review, he would have retouched and amended in some little particulars, and some few are left unfinished, or at least parts of them are lost or perished. This acknowledgment I think due to the Poet's character and memory, and necessary to bespeak that candid allowance from the reader which the Posthumous Works of every writer have a just claim to.

It is, I know, a common observation, that it is doing injustice to a departed genius to publish fragments, or such pieces as he had not given the last hand to — Without controverting the justness of this remark in general, one may, I think, venture to affirm, that it is not to be extended to every particular case, and that a writer of so extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of *Hudibras* is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of foolish fondness to purchase at a great expence, or preserve with a particular care, the unfinished works of every tolerable painter, and yet it is esteemed a mark of fine taste to procure, at almost any price, the rough sketches and half-formed designs of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated master. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman statuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity, and the learned world thinks itself obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half-intelligible scraps of an ancient classic, no reason can, I think, be assigned why a genius of more modern date should not be entitled to the same privilege, except we will absurdly and enthusiastically fancy that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals — It may be added, also, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almost singular, too, in his manner of writing, every thing of his must acquire a proportionable degree of value and curiosity

I shall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment, by indulging my own sentiments upon these

these *remains*, and shall rather chuse to wait for the judgment of the Public, than impertinently to obtrude my own It is enough for me that I have faithfully discharged the office of an Editor, and shall leave to future critics the pleasure of criticising and remarking, approving or condemning The Notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only such as were necessary to let him into the Author's meaning, by reciting and explaining some circumstances, not generally known, to which he alludes, and he cannot but observe that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondness for scribbling, too common upon such occasions \*.

Although my Author stands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following sheets, the world may probably think that the Publisher does, for not permitting him to do it sooner —All that I have to say, and to persons of candour I need to say no more, is, that the delay has been owing to a bad state of health, and a consequent indisposition for a work of this nature, and not to indolence, or any selfish narrow views of my own

\* In the present edition, such only are retained as are necessary to bring the reader acquainted with the several less usual allusions

T H E  
ELEPHANT IN THE MOON

**A** Learn'd society of late,  
 The glory of a foreign state,  
 Agreed upon a summer's night,  
 To search the Moon by her own light,  
 To take an inventory of all 5  
 Her real estate, and personal,  
 And make an accurate survey  
 Of all her lands, and how they lay,  
 As true as that of Ireland, where  
 The fly surveyors stole a shire 10  
 T' observe her country, how 'twas planted,  
 With what sh' abounded most, or wanted,  
 And make the proper'st observations  
 For settling of new plantations,  
 If the Society should incline 15  
 T' attempt so glorious a design  
 This was the purpose of their meeting,  
 For which they chose a time as fitting,  
 When, at the full, her radiant light  
 And influence too were at their height 20

\* This Poem was intended by the Author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuosi taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history

Than those rude peasants that are found  
 To live upon the upper ground,  
 Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are  
 Perpetually in open war;  
 And now both armies, highly' enrag'd, 55  
 Are in a bloody fight engag'd,  
 And many fall on both sides slain,  
 As by the glass 'tis clear and plain,  
 Look quickly then, that every one  
 May see the fight before 'tis done. 60

With that a great philosopher,  
 Admir'd, and famous far and near,  
 As one of singular invention,  
 But universal comprehension,  
 Apply'd one eye, and half a nose, 65  
 Unto the optic engine close  
 For he had lately undertook  
 To prove, and publish in a book,  
 That men, whose natural eyes are out,  
 May, by more powerful art, be brought 70  
 'To see with th' empty holes, as plain  
 As if their eyes were in again,  
 And if they chanc'd to fail of those,  
 To make an optic of a nose,  
 As clearly' it may, by those that wear 75  
 But spectacles, be made appear,  
 By which both senses being united,  
 Does render them much better sighted  
 This great man, having fix'd both sights  
 To view the formidable fights, 80

Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,  
 The battle's desperately fought,  
 The gallant Subvolvans rally,  
 And from their trenches make a fally  
 Upon the stubborn enemy, 85  
 Who now begin to rout and fly.

These filly ranting Privolvans,  
 Have every summer their campaigns,  
 And muster, like the warlike sons  
 Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones, 90  
 As numerous as Soland geese  
 I' th' islands of the Orcades,  
 Courageously to make a stand,  
 And face their neighbours hand to hand,  
 Until the long'd for winter's come, 95  
 And then return in triumph home,  
 And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,  
 And vapouring of their victories  
 From th' old Arcadians they're believ'd  
 To be, before the Moon, deriv'd, 100  
 And when her orb was new created,  
 To people her were thence translated  
 For as th' Arcadians were reputed  
 Of all the Grecians the most stupid,  
 Whom nothing in the world could bring 105  
 To civil life, but fiddling,  
 They still retain the antique course  
 And custom of their ancestors,  
 And always sing and fiddle to  
 Things of the greatest weight they do. 110

While



While thus the learn'd man entertains  
 Th' assembly with the Privolvans,  
 Another, of as great renown,  
 And solid judgment, in the Moon,  
 That understood her various soils, 115  
 And which produc'd best genet-movles,  
 And in the register of fame  
 Had enter'd his long-living name,  
 After he had por'd long and hard  
 I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd— 120  
 Quoth he, A stranger sight appears  
 Than e'er was seen in all the spheres,  
 A wonder more unparallel'd,  
 Than ever mortal tube beheld,  
 An Elephant from one of those 125  
 Two mighty armies is broke loose,  
 And with the horror of the fight  
 Appears amaz'd, and in a fright  
 Look quickly, lest the sight of us  
 Should cause the startled beast t' imboise 130  
 It is a large one, far more great  
 Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,  
 From which we boldly may infer,  
 The Moon is much the fruitfuller.  
 And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought 135  
 Those living castles first, 'tis thought,  
 Against the Romans, in the field,  
 It may an argument be held  
 (Arcadia being but a piece,  
 As his dominions were, of Greece) 140

To

To prove what this illustrious person  
Has made so noble a discourse on,  
And amply satisfy'd us all  
Of the Privolvans' original.

That Elephants are in the Moon, 145  
Though we had now discover'd none,  
Is easily made manifest,

Since, from the greatest to the least,  
All other stars and constellations  
Have cattle of all sorts of nations, 150  
And heaven, like a Tartar's hord,

With great and numerous droves is stor'd :  
And if the Moon produce by Nature,  
A people of so vast a stature,

'Tis consequent she should bring forth 155  
Far greater beasts, too, than the earth  
(As by the best accounts appears  
Of all our great'st discoverers),

And that those monstrous creatures there  
Are not such rarities as here 160

Meanwhile the rest had had a sight  
Of all particulars o' th' fight,  
And every man, with equal care,  
Perus'd of th' Elephant his share,  
Proud of his interest in the glory 165  
Of so miraculous a story,

When one, who for his excellence  
In heightening words and shadowing sense,  
And magnifying all he writ  
With curious microscopic wit,

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON 151

Was magnify'd himself no less  
 In home and foreign colleges,  
 Began, transported with the twang  
 Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue  
 Most excellent and virtuous Friends, 175  
 This great discovery makes amends  
 For all our unsuccessful pains,  
 And lost expence of time and brains  
 For, by this sole phænomenon,  
 We've gotten ground upon the Moon, 180  
 And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute  
 With all the planets that stand out,  
 To carry this most virtuous war  
 Home to the door of every star,  
 And plant th' artillery of our tubes 185  
 Against their proudest magnitudes,  
 To stretch our victories beyond  
 Th' extent of planetary ground,  
 And fix our engines, and our ensigns,  
 Upon the fix'd stars' vast dimensions, 190  
 (Which Archimede, so long ago,  
 Durst not presume to wish to do)  
 And prove if they are other suns,  
 As some have held opinions,  
 Or windows in the empyreum, 195  
 From whence those bright effluvia come  
 Like flames of fire (as others guess)  
 That shine i' th' mouths of furnaces.  
 Nor is this all we have achiev'd,  
 But more, henceforth to be believ'd, 200  
 L 4 And

And have no more our best designs,  
Because they 're ours, believ'd ill signs.  
T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,  
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge,  
Nor shall our ablest virtuosos 205  
Prove arguments for coffee-houses,  
Nor those devices, that are laid  
Too truly on us, nor those made  
Hereafter, gain belief among  
Our strictest judges, right or wrong, 210  
Nor shall our past misfortunes more  
Be charg'd upon the ancient score,  
No more our making old dogs young  
Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong,  
Nor new-invented chariots draw 215  
The boys to course us without law,  
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,  
To turn them into mungrel-curs,  
Make them suspect our sculls are brittle,  
And hold too much wit, or too little, 220  
Nor shall our speculations, whether  
An elder-stick will save the leather  
Of schoolboys' breeches from the rod,  
Make all we do appear as odd.  
This one discovery 's enough 225  
To take all former scandals off—  
But since the world 's incredulous  
Of all our scrutinies, and us,  
And with a prejudice prevents  
Our best and worst experiments, 230  
{ As

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON. 153

(As if they' were destin'd to miscarry,  
 In comfort try'd, or solitary)  
 And since it is uncertain when  
 Such wonders will occur again,  
 Let us as cautiously contrive 235  
 To draw an exact Narrative  
 Of what we every one can swear  
 Our eyes themselves have seen appear,  
 That, when we publish the Account,  
 We'll may take our oaths upon 't 240  
 This said, they all with one consent  
 Agreed to draw up th' Instrument,  
 And, for the general satisfaction,  
 To print it in the next Tranfaction.  
 But whilst the chiefs were drawing up 245  
 This strange Memoir o' th' telescope,  
 One, peeping in the tube by chance,  
 Beheld the Elephant advance,  
 And from the west side of the Moon  
 To th' east was in a moment gone 250  
 This being related, gave a stop  
 To what the rest were drawing up,  
 And every man, amaz'd anew  
 How it could possibly be true,  
 That any beast should run a race 255  
 So monstrous, in so short a space,  
 Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,  
 At least as possible as he could,  
 And rather his own eyes condemn,  
 Than question what he 'ad seen with them. 260  
 While

While all were thus resolv'd, a man  
Of great renown there thus began—  
'Tis strange, I grant ! but who can say  
What cannot be, what can, and may ?  
Especially' at so hugely vast 265  
A distance as this wonder's plac'd,  
Where the least error of the sight  
May shew things false, but never right ;  
Nor can we try them, so far off,  
By any sublunary proof 270  
For who can say that Nature there  
Has the same laws she goes by here ?  
Nor is it like she has infus'd,  
In every species there produc'd,  
The same efforts she does confer 275  
Upon the same productions here,  
Since those with us, of several nations,  
Have such prodigious variations,  
And she affects so much to use  
Variety in all she does. 280  
Hence may b' infer'd that, though I grant  
We 'ave seen 1' th<sup>e</sup> Moon an Elephant,  
'That Elephant may differ so  
From those upon the earth below,  
Both in his bulk, and force, and speed, 285  
As being of a different breed,  
That though our own are but slow pac'd,  
Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,  
And yet be Elephants, no less  
'T han those of Indian pedigrees. 290  
This

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON. 155

This said, another of great worth,  
 Fam'd for his learned works put forth,  
 Look'd wise, then said—All this is true,  
 And learnedly observ'd by you  
 But there 's another reason for 't, 295  
 That falls but very little short  
 Of mathematic demonstration,  
 Upon an accurate calculation,  
 And that is—As the earth and moon  
 Do both move contrary upon 300  
 Their axes, the rapidity  
 Of both their motions cannot be  
 But so prodigiously fast,  
 That vaster spaces may be past  
 In less time than the beast has gone, 305  
 Though he 'ad no motion of his own,  
 Which we can take no measure of,  
 As you have clear'd by learned proof.  
 This granted, we may boldly thence  
 Lay claim t' a nobler inference, 310  
 And make this great phenomenon  
 (Were there no other) serve alone  
 To clear the grand hypothesis  
 Of th' motion of the earth from this.  
 With this they all were satisfy'd, 315  
 As men are wont o' th' bias'd side,  
 Applauded the profound dispute,  
 And grew more gay and resolute,  
 By having overcome all doubt,  
 Than if it never had fall'n out, 320  
 And,

And, to complete their Narrative,  
 Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve  
 But while they were diverted all  
 With wording the Memorial,  
 The footboys, for diversion too, 325  
 As having nothing else to do,  
 Seeing the telescope at leisure,  
 Turn'd virtuosos for their pleasure,  
 Began to gaze upon the Moon,  
 As those they waited on had done 330  
 With monkeys' ingenuity,  
 That love to practise what they see;  
 When one, whose turn it was to peep,  
 Saw something in the engine creep,  
 And, viewing well, discover'd more 335  
 Than all the learn'd had done before.  
 Quoth he, A little thing is slunk  
 Into the long star-gazing trunk,  
 And now is gotten down so nigh,  
 I have him just against mine eye. 340  
 This being overheard by one  
 Who was not so far overgrown  
 In any virtuous speculation,  
 To judge with mere imagination,  
 Immediately he made a guess 345  
 At solving all appearances,  
 A way far more significant  
 Than all their hints of th' Elephant,  
 And found, upon a second view,  
 His own hypothesis most true, 350  
 For



For he had scarce apply'd his eye  
 To th' engine, but immediately  
 He found a Mouſe was gotten in  
 The hollow tube, and, ſhut between  
 The two glaſs windows in reſtraint, 355  
 Was ſwell'd into an Elephant,  
 And prov'd the virtuous occaſion  
 Of all this learned diſſertation  
 And, as a mountain heretofore  
 Was great with child, they ſay, and bore 360  
 A filly mouſe, this mouſe, as ſtrange,  
 Brought forth a mountain in exchange  
 Meanwhile the reſt in conſultation  
 Had penn'd the wonderful Narration,  
 And ſet their hands, and ſeals, and wit, 365  
 T' atteſt the truth of what they 'ad writ,  
 When this accurs'd phænomenon  
 Confounded all they 'ad ſaid or done.  
 For 'twas no ſooner hinted at,  
 But they' all were in a tumult ſtrait, 370  
 More furiously enrag'd by far,  
 Than thoſe that in the Moon made war,  
 To find ſo admirable a hint,  
 When they had all agreed t' have ſeen 't,  
 And were engag'd to make it out, 375  
 Obſtructed with a paltry doubt  
 When one, whoſe taſk was to determine,  
 And ſolve th' appearances of vermin,  
 Who 'ad made profound diſcoveries  
 In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice, 380  
 (Though

(Though not so curious, 'tis true,  
 As many a wise rat-catcher knew)  
 After he had with signs made way  
 For something great he had to say,

\* This disquisition 385  
 Is, half of it, in my \* disquisition,  
 For though the Elephant, as beast,  
 Belongs of right to all the rest,  
 The Mouse, being but a vermin, none  
 Has title to but I alone, 390  
 And therefore hope I may be heard,  
 In my own province, with regard.

It is no wonder we 're cry'd down,  
 And made the talk of all the Town,  
 That rants and swears, for all our great 395  
 Attempts, we have done nothing yet,  
 If every one have leave to doubt,  
 When some great secret 's half made out,  
 And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,  
 Obstruct, and ruin all we do 400  
 As no great act was ever done,  
 Nor ever can, with truth alone,  
 If nothing else but truth w' allow,  
 'Tis no great matter what we do.  
 For truth is too reserv'd, and nice, 405  
 T' appear in mix'd societies,  
 Delights in solitary abodes,  
 And never shews herself in crowds,  
 A fullen little thing, below  
 All matters of pretence and show,

\* Sic Orig

410  
 That

That deal in novelty and change,  
 Not of things true, but rare and strange,  
 To treat the world with what is fit  
 And proper to its natural wit,  
 The world, that never sets esteem 415  
 On what things are, but what they seem,  
 And, if they be not strange and new,  
 They 're ne'er the better for being true.  
 For what has mankind gain'd by knowing  
 His little truth, but his undoing, 420  
 Which wisely was by Nature hidden,  
 And only for his good forbidden ?  
 And therefore with great prudence does  
 The world still strive to keep it close ;  
 For if all secret truths were known, 425  
 Who would not be once more undone ?  
 For truth has always danger in 't,  
 And here, perhaps, may cross some hint  
 We have already agreed upon,  
 And vainly frustrate all we 'ave done, 430  
 Only to make new work for Stubs,  
 And all the academic clubs  
 How much, then, ought we have a care  
 That no man know above his share,  
 Nor dare to understand, henceforth, 435  
 More than his contribution's worth,  
 That those who 'ave purchas'd of the college  
 A share, or half a share, of knowledge,  
 And brought in none, but spent repute,  
 Should not b' admitted to dispute, 440  
Nor

Nor any man pretend to know  
 More than his dividend come to ?  
 For partners have been always known  
 To cheat their public interest prone,  
 And if we do not look to ours, 445  
 'Tis sure to run the self-same course  
     This said, the whole assembly' allow'd  
 The doctrine to be right and good,  
 And, from the truth of what they 'ad heard,  
 Resolv'd to give Truth no regard, 450  
 But what was for their turn to vouch,  
 And either find or make it such  
 That 'twas more noble to create  
 Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,  
 Than with vexatious pains and doubt 455  
 To find, or think t' have found, her out  
     This being resolv'd, they, one by one,  
 Review'd the tube, the Mouse, and Moon,  
 But still the narrower they pry'd,  
 The more they were unsatisfy'd, 460  
 In no one thing they saw agreeing,  
 As if they 'ad several faiths of seeing  
 Some swore, upon a second view,  
 That all they 'ad seen before was true,  
 And that they never would recant 465  
 One syllable of th' Elephant,  
 Avow'd his snout could be no Mouse's,  
 But a true Elephant's proboscis  
 Others began to doubt and waver,  
 Uncertain which o' th' two to favour, 470  
 And

And knew not whether to espouse  
 The cause of th' Elephant or Mouse.  
 Some held no way so orthodox  
 To try it, as the ballot-box,  
 And, like the nation's patriots, 475  
 To find, or make, the truth by votes  
 Others conceiv'd it much more fit  
 T' unmount the tube, and open it,  
 And, for their private satisfaction,  
 To re examine the Transaction, 480  
 And after explicate the rest,  
 As they should find cause for the best.  
 To this, as th' only expedient,  
 The whole assembly gave consent,  
 But, ere the tube was half let down, 485  
 It clear'd the first phænomenon  
 For, at the end, prodigious swarms  
 Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,  
 Had all past muster, by mischance,  
 Both for the Sub- and Privolvans 490  
 This being discover'd, put them all  
 Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,  
 Aftam'd that men so grave and wise  
 Should be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,  
 And take the feeble insects' swarms 495  
 For mighty troops of men at arms,  
 As vain as those who, when the Moon  
 Bright in a crystal river shone,  
 Throw casting nets as subtly at her,  
 To catch and pull her out o' th' water 500  
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But when they had unscrew'd the glafs,  
 To find out where th' impostor was,  
 And saw the Mouse, that, by mishap,  
 Had made the telescope a trap,  
 Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted, 505  
 To be so openly convicted,  
 Immediately they get them gone,  
 With this discovery alone  
 That those who greedily pursue  
 Things wonderful instead of true; 510  
 That in their speculations chuse  
 To make discoveries strange news,  
 And natural history a Gazette  
 Of tales stupendous and far fet,  
 Hold no truth worthy to be known, 515  
 That is not huge and overgrown,  
 And explicate appearances,  
 Not as they are, but as they please,  
 In vain strive Nature to suborn,  
 And, for their pains, are paid with scorn. 520

Ver 509, 510 ] From this moral application of the whole, one may observe that the Poet's real intention, in this satire, was not to ridicule real and useful philosophy, but only that conceited and whimsical taste for the marvellous and surprizing, which prevailed so much among the learned of that age and though it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the many useful improvement. then made in natural knowledge, yet, in justice to the satirist, it must be confessed that these curious inquirers into Nature did sometimes, in their researches, run into a superstitious and unphilosophical credulity, which deserved very well to be laughed at, and which was afterwards so happily ridiculed in the *Tranfactioneer* of Dr Keble.

THE  
ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.  
IN LONG VERSE\*.

A Virtuous, learn'd society, of late,  
The pride and glory of a foreign state,  
Made an agreement, on a summer's night,  
To search the Moon at full by her own light;  
'To take a perfect inventory of all  
Her real fortunes, or her personal,

\* After the Author had finished this story in short verse, he took it in his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other, is manifest from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper and though in most places the Poet has done little more than filled up the verse with an additional foot, preserving the same thought and rhyme, yet as it is a singular instance in its way, and has besides, many considerable additions and variations, which tend to illustrate and explain the preceding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a curiosity in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's. This I mention only to obviate the objections of those who may think it inserted to fill up the volume. To the admirers of Butler, I am sure, no apology is necessary.

And make a geometrical survey  
 Of all her lands, and how her country lay,  
 As accurate as that of Ireland, where  
 The sly surveyor's said t' have funk a shire 10  
 T' observe her country's climate, how 'twas planted,  
 And what she most abounded with, or wanted,  
 And draw maps of her properest situations  
 For settling, and erecting new plantations,  
 If ever the Society should incline 15  
 T' attempt so great and glorious a design  
 " A task in vain, unless the German Kepler  
 " Had found out a discovery to people her,  
 " And stock her country with inhabitants  
 " Of military men and Elephants 20  
 " For th' Ancients only took her for a piece  
 " Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponnese,  
 " Till he appear'd, for which, some write, she sent  
 " Upon his tribe as strange a punishment "  
 This was the only purpose of their meeting, 25  
 For which they chose a time and place most fitting,  
 When, at the full, her equal shares of light  
 And influence were at their greatest height.  
 And now the lofty telescope, the scale,  
 By which they venture heaven itself t' assail, 30

Ver 17 ] This and the following verses, to the end of the  
 paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition, and are dis-  
 tinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed  
 with inverted commas



THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON. 165

Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,  
 And all the rest stood ready to fall on,  
 Impatient who should bear away the honour  
 To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her  
 When one, who for his solid deep belief 35  
 Was chosen virtuoso then in chief,  
 Had been approv'd the most profound and wise  
 At solving all impossibilities,  
 With gravity advancing, to apply  
 To th' optic glass his penetrating eye, 40  
 Cry'd out, O strange !—then reinforc'd his sight  
 Against the Moon with all his art and might,  
 And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,  
 As if he meant to stare and gaze her through,  
 While all the rest began as much t' admire, 45  
 And, like a powder train, from him took fire,  
 Surpriz'd with dull amazement beforehand,  
 At what they would, but could not understand,  
 And grew impatient to discover what  
 The matter was they so much wonder'd at 50  
 Quoth he, The old inhabitants o' th' Moon,  
 Who, when the sun shines hottest about noon,  
 Are wont to live in cellars under ground,  
 Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,  
 In which at once they use to fortify 55  
 Against the sunbeams and the enemy,  
 Are counted borough towns and cities there,  
 Because th' inhabitants are civiler  
 Than those rude country peasants that are found,  
 Like mountaineers to live on th' upper ground, 60

Nam'd Privetvans, with whom the others are  
 Perpetually in state of open war,  
 And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,  
 Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,  
 And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain,  
 As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain,  
 Look in it quickly then, that every one  
 May see his share before the battle 's done.

65

At this a famous great philosopher,  
 Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near,  
 As one of wondrous singular invention,  
 And equal universal comprehension,  
 " By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,  
 " For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,  
 " An universal canting idiom,  
 " To understand the swinging pendulum,  
 " And to communicate, in all designs,  
 " With th' Eastern virtuosi Mandarines,"  
 Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a nose,  
 To th' end and centre of the engine close  
 For he had very lately undertook  
 To vindicate, and publish in a book,  
 That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,  
 May by more admirable art be brought  
 To see with empty holes, as well and plain  
 As if their eyes had been put in again.  
 This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight  
 To observe the bloody formidable fight,  
 Consider'd-carefully, and then cry'd out,  
 'Tis true, the battle's desperately fought,

70

75

80

85

90

The

The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,  
 And from their trenches valiantly fall,  
 To fall upon the stubborn enemy,  
 Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.

These paltry domineering Privolvans, 95  
 Have, every summer-season, their campaigns,  
 And muster, like the military sons  
 Of Rawhead and victorious Bloodybones,  
 As great and numerous as Soland geese  
 I' th' summer islands of the Orcades, 100  
 Courageously to make a dreadful stand,  
 And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,  
 Until the peaceful, long'd for winter's come,  
 And then disband, and march in triumph home,  
 And spend the rest of all the year in lyes, 105  
 And vapouring of their unknown victories.  
 From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd  
 To be, before the Moon herself, derv'd,  
 And, when her orb was first of all created,  
 To be from thence to people her translated. 110  
 For, as those people had been long reputed,  
 Of all the Peloponnesians, the most stupid,  
 Whom nothing in the world could ever bring  
 T' endure the civil life, but fiddling,  
 They ever since retain the antique course 115  
 And native frenzy of their ancestors,  
 And always use to sing and fiddle to  
 Things of the most important weight they do.

While thus the virtuosso entertains  
 The whole assembly with the Privolvans, 120

" Another sophist, but of less renown,  
 " Though longer observation of the Moon,"  
 That understood the difference of her soils,  
 And which produc'd the fairest genet-moyles,  
 " But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension 125  
 " Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,"  
 Who, after poring tedious and hard  
 I' th' optic engine, gave a start, and star'd,  
 And thus began—A stranger sight appears  
 Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres ' 130  
 A greater wonder, more unparallel'd  
 Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld '

Ver 121, 122 ] In the shorter verse it stands thus

Another of as great renown,  
 And solid judgment in the Moon.

And though the variation in words is but small, it makes a considerable difference in the character

Ver 125, 126 ] These two verses are inserted instead of the following in the other copy in short measure

And in the register of Fame  
 Had enter'd his long living name

The Poet had added the two following lines in this character, but afterwards crossed them out,

And first found out the building Paul's,  
 And paving London with sea coals

I transcribe them, to gratify the curiosity of such as are desirous to investigate who the particular persons are that are delineated by these characters.

A mighty

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON. 169

A mighty Elephant from one of those  
Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,  
And, with the desperate horror of the fight 135  
Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright'  
Look quickly, lest the only sight of us  
Should cause the startled creature to imbofs.

It is a large one, and appears more great  
Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet, 140  
From which we confidently may infer,  
The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller  
And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought  
Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,  
Against the Roman army in the field, 145  
It may a valid argument be held,  
(The same Arcadia being but a piece,  
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)  
To vindicate what this illustrious person  
Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on, 150  
And given us ample satisfaction all  
Of th' ancient Privolvans' original

That Elephants are really in the Moon,  
Although our fortune had discover'd none,  
Is easily made plain, and manifest, 155  
Since, from the greatest orbs, down to the least,  
All other globes of stars and constellations  
Have cattle in them of all sorts and nations,  
And heaven, like a northern Tartar's hord,  
With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd 160  
And, if the Moon can but produce by Nature  
A people of so large and vast a stature,

'Tis

'Tis more than probable she should bring forth  
 A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth,  
 As, by the best accounts we have, appears 165  
 Of all our crediblest discoverers,  
 And that those vast and monstrous creatures there  
 Are not such far-fet rarities as here

Meanwhile th' assembly now had had a fight  
 Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight, 170  
 And every man, with diligence and care,  
 Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his share,  
 Proud of his equal interest in the glory  
 Of so stupendous and renown'd a story,  
 When one, who for his fame and excellence 175  
 In heightening of words and shadowing sense,  
 And magnifying all he ever writ  
 With delicate and microscopic wit,  
 Had long been magnify'd himself no less  
 In foreign and domestic colleges, 180  
 Began, at last (transported with the twang  
 Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue.

Most virtuous and incomparable Friends,  
 This great discovery fully makes amends  
 For all our former unsuccessful pains, 185  
 And lost expences of our time and brains  
 For, by this admirable phenomenon,  
 We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,  
 And gain'd a pass, t' engage and hold dispute  
 With all the other planets that stand out, 190  
 And carry on this brave and virtuous war  
 Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,

And

# THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON. 171

And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes  
 Against the proudest of their magnitudes ;  
 To stretch our future victories beyond 195  
 The uttermost of planetary ground,  
 And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns,  
 Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,  
 To prove if they are other suns or not,  
 As some philosophers have wisely thought , 200  
 Or only windows in the empyreum,  
 Through which those bright effluvia use to come ;  
 Which Archimede, so many years ago,  
 Durst never venture but to wish to know  
 Nor is this all that we have now atchiev'd, 205  
 But greater things !—henceforth to be believ'd,  
 And have no more our best or worst designs,  
 Because they 're ours, suspected for ill signs  
 T' out throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,  
 Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge , 210  
 Nor shall our best and ablest virtuosos  
 Prove arguments again for coffee-houses ,  
 “ Nor little stories gain belief among  
 “ Our criticallest judges, right or wrong ”

Nor

Ver 203, 204 ] These two lines are here inserted in a different  
 and better place than they were in the shorter verse, where they  
 made a sort of parenthesis, and the two following lines are also  
 omitted

Like flames of fire, as others guefs,  
 That shine i' th' mouths of turnaces

Ver 213 ] In this latter part of the speech, Butler makes a  
 considerable

Not shall our new-invented chariots draw 215  
 The boys to course us in them without law ,  
 " Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,  
 " Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries  
 " No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)  
 " With butter only harden'd in the sun - 220  
 " Or men that use to whistle loud enough  
 " To be heard by others plainly five miles off,  
 " 'Cause all the rest, we own and have avow'd,  
 " To be believ'd as desperately loud "  
 Nor shall our future speculations, whether 225  
 An elder-stick will render all the leather  
 Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,  
 Make all we undertake appear as odd  
 This one discovery will prove enough  
 To take all past and future scandals off. 230  
 But since the world is so incredulous  
 Of all our usual scrutinies and us,  
 And with a constant prejudice prevents  
 Our best as well as worst experiments,  
 As if they were all destin'd to miscarry, 235  
 As well in comfort try'd as solitary ,  
 And that th' assembly is uncertain when  
 Such great discoveries will occur again ,  
 'Tis reasonable we should, at least, contrive  
 To draw up as exact a Narrative 240

considerable variation, by adding, omitting, and altering, which  
 it would be both tedious and unnecessary minutely to point out,  
 as the reader may so easily compare the two Poems.



THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON. 173

Of that which every man of us can swear  
Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,  
That, when 'tis fit to publish the Account,  
We all may take our several oaths upon 't

This said, the whole assembly gave consent 245  
To drawing up th' authentic Instrument,  
And, for the nation's general satisfaction,  
To print and own it in their next Transaction.

But while their ablest men were drawing up  
The wonderful Memoir o' th' telescope, 250  
A member peeping in the tube by chance,  
Beheld the Elephant begun t' advance,  
That from the west by north side of the Moon  
To th' east-by-fourth was in a moment gone.

This being related, gave a sudden stop 255  
To all their grandees had been drawing up,  
And every person was amaz'd anew,  
How such a strange surprisal should be true,  
On any beast perform so great a race,  
So swift and rapid, in so short a space, 260  
Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,  
Or render all as fairly as they could,  
And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,  
Than question what they had beheld with them.

While every one was thus resolv'd, a man 265  
Of great esteem and credit thus began—  
'Tis strange, I grant ' but who, alas ' can say  
What cannot be, or justly can, and may ?  
Especially at so hugely wide and vast  
A distance as this miracle is plac'd, 270

Where

Where the least error of the glass, or sight,  
 May render things amiss, but never right;  
 Nor can we try them, when they 're so far off,  
 By any equal sublunary proof.

For who can justify that Nature there  
 Is ty'd to the same laws she acts by here? 275  
 Nor is it probable she has infus'd,  
 Int' every species in the Moon produc'd,  
 The same efforts she uses to confer

Upon the very same productions here, 280  
 Since those upon the earth, of several nations,  
 Are found t' have such prodigious variations,  
 And she affects so constantly to use  
 Variety in every thing she does.

From hence may be interr'd that, though I grant 285  
 We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant,  
 That Elephant may chance to differ so  
 From those with us upon the earth below,  
 Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,  
 As being of a different kind and breed, 290  
 That though 'tis true our own are but slow pac'd,  
 Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,  
 And yet be very Elephants, no less  
 Than those deriv'd from Indian families

This said, another member of great worth, 295  
 Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,  
 " In which the mannerly and modest author  
 " Quotes the Right Worshipful his elder brother,"  
 I ook'd wise a while, then said—All this is true,  
 And very learnedly observ'd by you, 300  
 But

# THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON. 175

But there 's another nobler reason for 't,  
 That, rightly' observ'd, will fall but little short  
 Of solid mathematic demonstration,  
 Upon a full and perfect calculation;  
 And that is only this—As th' earth and moon 305  
 Do constantly move contrary upon  
 Their several axes, the rapidity  
 Of both their motions cannot fail to be  
 So violent, and naturally fast,  
 That larger distances may well be past 310  
 In less time than the Elephant has gone,  
 Although he had no motion of his own,  
 Which we on earth can take no measure of,  
 As you have made it evident by proof  
 This granted, we may confidently hence 315  
 Claim title to another inference,  
 And make this wonderful phenomenon  
 (Were there no other) serve our turn alone  
 To vindicate the grand hypothesis  
 And prove the motion of the earth from this. 320  
 This said, th' assembly now were satisfy'd,  
 As men are soon upon the bias'd side,  
 With great applause receiv'd th' admir'd dispute,  
 And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,  
 By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt, 325  
 Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out,  
 Resolving to complete their Narrative,  
 And punctually insert this strange retrieve  
 But while their grandees were diverted all  
 With nicely wording the Memorial, 330  
 The

The footboys, for their own diversion, too,  
 As having nothing, now, at all to do,  
 And when they saw the telescope at leisure,  
 Turn'd virtuosos, only for their pleasure,  
 " With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity, 335  
 " That take delight to practise all they see,"  
 Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,  
 As those they waited on before had done  
 When one, whose turn it was by chance to peep,  
 Saw something in the lofty engine creep, 340  
 And, viewing carefully, discover'd more  
 Than all their masters hit upon before.  
 Quoth he, O strange! a little thing is slunk  
 On th' inside of the long star-gazing trunk,  
 And now is gotten down so low and nigh, 345  
 I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.  
 This chancing to be overheard by one  
 Who was not, yet, so hugely overgrown  
 In any philosophic observation,  
 As to conclude with mere imagination, 350  
 And yet he made immediately a guess  
 At fully solving all appearances  
 A plainer way, and more significant,  
 Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant,  
 And quickly found, upon a second view, 355  
 His own conjecture, probably, most true,  
 For he no sooner had apply'd his eye  
 To th' optic engine, but immediately  
 He found a small field-mouse was gotten in  
 The hollow telescope, and, shut between 360  
 The

The two glass-windows, closely in restraint,  
 Was magnify'd into an Elephant,  
 And prov'd the happy virtuous occasion  
 Of all this deep and learned dissertation.  
 And, as a mighty mountain, heretofore, 365  
 Is said t' have been got with child, and bore  
 A filly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,  
 Produc'd another mountain in exchange.

Meanwhile the grandees, long in consultation,  
 Had finish'd the miraculous Narration, 370  
 And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,  
 T' attest and vouch the truth of all they 'ad writ,  
 When this unfortunate phenomenon  
 Confounded all they had declar'd and done  
 For 'twas no sooner told and hinted at, 375  
 But all the rest were in a tumult strait,  
 More hot and furiously enrag'd by far,  
 Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,  
 To find so rare and admirable a hint,  
 When they had all agreed and sworn t' have seen 't,  
 And had engag'd themselves to make it out,  
 Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt.  
 When one, whose only task was to determine  
 And solve the worst appearances of vermin,  
 Who oft' had made profound discoveries 385  
 In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,  
 (Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true,  
 As many an exquisite rat catcher knew),  
 After he had a while with signs made way  
 For something pertinent he had to say, 390

At last prevail'd—Quoth he, This disquisition  
 Is, the one half of it, in my disquisition,  
 For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,  
 Belongs, of natural right, to all the rest,  
 The Mouse, that 's but a paltry vermin, none 395  
 Can claim a title to but I alone,  
 And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,  
 In my own province, freely, with regard.

It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,  
 And made the table-talk of all the Town, 400  
 That rants and vapours still, for all our great  
 Designs and projects, we 've done nothing yet,  
 If every one have liberty to doubt,  
 When some great secret 's more than half made out,  
 Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true, 405  
 And put a stop to all w' attempt to do.  
 As no great action ever has been done,  
 Nor ever 's like to be, by Truth alone,  
 If nothing else but only truth w' allow,  
 'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do. 410  
 " For truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,  
 " T' endure to be, by all the Town embrac'd,  
 " A solitary anchorite, that dwells,  
 " Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,"  
 Disdains all great assemblies, and defies 415  
 The press and crowd of mix'd societies,  
 That use to deal in novelty and change,  
 Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange,  
 To entertain the world with what is fit  
 And proper for its genius and its wit, 420  
 The

The world, that 's never found to set esteem  
 On what things are, but what they' appear and seem,  
 And, if they are not wonderful and new,  
 They 're ne'er the better for their being true;  
 " For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind 425  
 " Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,  
 " A greediness and gluttony o' th' brain,  
 " That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,  
 " And grows more desperate, like the worst diseases  
 " Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes " 430  
 And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing  
 His little truth, unless his own undoing,  
 That prudently by Nature had been hidden,  
 And, only for his greater good, forbidden?  
 And therefore with as great discretion does 435  
 The world endeavour still to keep it close,  
 For if the secrets of all truths were known,  
 Who would not, once more, be as much undone?  
 For truth is never without danger in 't,  
 As here it has depriv'd us of a hint 440  
 The whole assembly had agreed upon,  
 And utterly defeated all we 'ad done,  
 " By giving footboys leave to interpose,  
 " And disappoint whatever we propose,"  
 For nothing but to cut out work for Stubs, 445  
 And all the busy academic clubs,  
 " For which they have deserv'd to run the risks  
 " Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks "  
 How much, then, ought we have a special care  
 That none presume to know above his share, 450

Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth,  
 More than his weekly contribution 's worth,  
 That all those that have purchas'd of the college  
 A half, or but a quarter share, of knowledge,  
 And brought none in themselves, but spent repute, 455  
 Should never be admitted to dispute,  
 Nor any member undertake to know  
 More than his equal dividend comes to ?  
 For partners have perpetually been known  
 T' impose upon their public interest prone, 460  
 And, if we have not greater care of ours,  
 It will be sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole Society allow'd  
 The doctrine to be orthodox and good,  
 And, from the apparent truth of what they 'ad heard,  
 Resolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard,  
 But what was for their interests to vouch,  
 And either find it out, or make it such  
 That 'twas more admirable to create  
 Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit, 470  
 Than with vexatious study, pains and doubt  
 To find, or but suppose t' have found, it out

This being resolv'd, th' assembly, one by one,  
 Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon,  
 But still the more and curiousest they pry'd, 475  
 They but became the more unsatisfy'd,  
 In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,  
 As if they 'ad different principles of seeing.  
 Some boldly swore, upon a second view,  
 That all they 'ad beheld before was true, 480  
 And



And damn'd themselves they never would recant  
 One syllable they 'ad seen of th' Elephant,  
 Avow'd his shape and saout could be no Mousé's,  
 But a true natural Elephant's proboscis.  
 Others began to doubt as much and waver, 485  
 Uncertain which to disallow or favour,  
 " Until they had as many crofs resolves,  
 " As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,"  
 And grew distracted, whether to espouse  
 The party of the Elephant or Mousé 495  
 Some held there was no way so orthodox,  
 As to refer it to the ballot-box,  
 And, like some other nation's patriots,  
 To find it out, or make the truth, by votes :  
 Others were of opinion 'twas more fit 495  
 T' unmount the telescope, and open it,  
 And, for their own and all men's satisfaction,  
 To search and re examine the Transaction.  
 And afterward to explicate the rest,  
 As they should see occasion, for the best 500  
 To this, at length, as th' only expedient,  
 The whole assembly freely gave consent,  
 But, ere the optic tube was half let down,  
 Th'eir own eyes clear'd the first phænomenon  
 For at the upper end, prodigious swarms 505  
 Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,  
 Had all past muster in the glass by chance,  
 For both the Peri- and the Subvolvans  
 This being discover'd, once more put them  
 Into a worse and desperate brawl,

Surpriz'd with shame, that men so grave and wise  
 Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,  
 And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms  
 For squadrons and reserves of men in arms  
 As politic as those who when the Moon 515  
 As bright and glorious in a river shone,  
 Threw casting-nets with equal cunning at her,  
 To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water  
 But when, at last, they had unscrew'd the glass,  
 To find out where the fly impostor was, 520  
 And saw 'twas but a Mouse, that by mishap  
 Had catch'd himself, and them, in th' optic trap,  
 Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted  
 To find themselves so openly convicted.

Ver 521, 522 ] Butler, to compliment his Mouse for affording him an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit, upon this occasion, has, to the end of this Poem, subjoined the following epigrammatical note

A Mouse, whose martial valour has so long  
 Ago been try'd, and by old Homer sung,  
 And purchas'd him more everlasting glory  
 Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,  
 Though he appears unequal matcht, I grant,  
 In bulk and stature by the Elephant,  
 Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle  
 To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,  
 When, having boldly enter'd the redoubt,  
 And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his snout,  
 The little vermin, like an errant-knight,  
 Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight

Immediately

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON. 183

Immediately made haste to get them gone, 525  
 With none but this discovery alone  
 That learned men, who greedily pursue  
 Things that are rather wonderful than true,  
 And, in their nicest speculations, chuse  
 To make their own discoveries strange news, 530  
 And natural history rather a Gazette  
 Of rarities stupendous and far fet,  
 Believe no truths are worthy to be known,  
 That are not strongly vast and overgrown,  
 And strive to explicate appearances, 535  
 Not as they 're probable, but as they please,  
 In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,  
 And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

## A S A T I R E

ON THE

ROYAL SOCIETY.

## A FRAGMENT\*.

A Learned man, whom once a week  
 A-hundred virtuosos seek,  
 And like an oracle apply to,  
 T' ask questions, and admire, and lye to ;  
 Who entertain'd them all of course  
 (As men take wives for better or worse)  
 And past them all for men of parts,  
 Though some but sceptics in their hearts ;

5

\* Butler formed a design of writing another satire upon the Royal Society, part of which I find amongst his papers, fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain. The Fragment, however, that is preserved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in some sort explanatory of the preceding Poem. And, I am persuaded, that those who have a taste for Butler's turn and humour will think this too curious a Fragment to be lost, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally published.

For,

For, when they 're cast into a lump,  
 Their talents equally must jump, 10  
 As metals mixt, the rich and base  
 Do both at equal values pass

With these the ordinary debate  
 Was after news, and things of state,  
 Which way the dreadful comet went, 15  
 In sixty-four, and what it meant ?  
 What nations yet are to bewail

The operation of its tail ?  
 Or whether France or Holland yet,  
 Or Germany, be in its debt ? 20

What wars and plagues in Christendom  
 Have happen'd since, and what to come ?  
 What kings are dead, how many queens  
 And princesses are poison'd since ?

And who shall next of all by turn 25  
 Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn ?  
 What parties next of foot or horse,  
 Will rout, or routed be, of course ?

What German marches, and retreats,  
 Will furnish the next month's Gazettes ? 30  
 What pestilent contagion next,

And what part of the world, infects ?  
 What dreadful meteor, and where,  
 Shall in the heavens next appear ?

And when again shall lay embargo 35  
 Upon the Admiral, the good ship Argo ?

Why currents turn in seas of ice  
 Some thrice a day, and some but twice ?

And

And why the tides, at night and noon,  
 Court, like Caligula, the Moon ? 40  
 What is the natural cause why fish  
 That always drink, do never piss ?  
 Or whether in their home, the deep,  
 By night or day they ever sleep ?  
 If grass be green, or snow be white, 45  
 But only as they take the light ?  
 Whether possessions of the devil,  
 Or mere temptations, do most evil ?  
 What is 't that makes all fountains still  
 Within the earth to run up hill, 50  
 But on the outside down again,  
 As if th' attempt had been in vain ?  
 Or what 's the strange magnetic cause  
 The steel or loadstone 's drawn, or draws ?  
 The star the needle, which the stone 55  
 Has only been but touch'd upon ?  
 Whether the North-star's influence  
 With both does hold intelligence ?  
 (For red hot ir'n, held tow'ards the pole,  
 Turns of itself to 't when 'tis cool ) 60  
 Or whether male and female screws  
 In th' iron and stone th' effect produce ?  
 What makes the body of the sun,  
 That such a rapid course does run,  
 To draw no tail behind through th' air, 65  
 As comets do, when they appear,  
 Which other planets cannot do,  
 Because they do not burn, but glow ?

Whether

Whether the Moon be sea or land,  
 Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand ; 70  
 Or if the dark holes that appear,  
 Are only pores, not cities there ?  
 Whether the atmosphere turn round,  
 And keep a just pace with the ground,  
 Or loiter lazily behind, 75  
 And clog the air with gusts of wind ?  
 Or whether crescents in the wane  
 (For so an author has it plain)  
 Do burn quite out, or wear away  
 Their snuffs upon the edge of day ? 80  
 Whether the sea increase, or waste,  
 And, if it do, how long 'twill last ?  
 Or, if the sun approaches near  
 The earth, how soon it will be there ?  
 These were their learned speculations, 85  
 And all their constant occupations,  
 To measure wind, and weigh the air,  
 And turn a circle to a square,  
 To make a powder of the sun,  
 By which all doctors should b' undone, 90  
 To find the north-west passage out,  
 Although the farthest way about,  
 If chemists from a rose's ashes  
 Can raise the rose itself in glasses ?  
 Whether the line of incidence 95  
 Rise from the object or the sense ?  
 To stew th' elixir in a bath  
 Of hope, credulity, and faith ,

To explicate, by subtle hints,  
 The grain of diamonds and flints,  
 And in the braying of an ass  
 Find out the treble and the base,  
 If mares neigh alto, and a cow  
 A double diapason lowe—

100

REPORTEES



## R E P A R T E E S

B E T W E E N

## C A T A N D P U S S

A T A C A T E R W A U L I N G

In the modern Heroic way.

**I**T was about the middle age of night,  
 When half the earth stood in the other's light,  
 And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,  
 Gave weary'd Nature a restorative,  
 When Pufs, wrapt warm in his own native furs,      5  
 Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,  
 Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,  
 And sporting on delightful faggot-piles;  
 Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,  
 As ladies use at midnight in the Park,      10  
 Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,  
 For affignations in th' affairs of love

*Repartees* ] This poem is a satirical banter upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue at the time our Author lived, the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their subject, are carried on exactly in this strain, as any one may perceive that will consult the dramatic pieces of Dr den, Settle, and others

At

At once his passion was both false and true,  
 And the more false, the more in earnest grew.  
 He fancy'd that he heard those amorous charms 15  
 That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,  
 To which he always brought an equal flame,  
 To fight a rival, or to court a dame,  
 And, as in dreams love's raptures are more taking  
 Than all their actual enjoyments waking, 20  
 His amorous passion grew to that extreme,  
 His dream itself awak'd him from his dream  
 'Thought he, What place is this ' or whither art  
 Thou vanish'd from me, Mistress of my heart?  
 But now I had her in this very place, 25  
 Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,  
 And, while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,  
 I know not how, nor whither, thou 'rt escap'd.  
 Stay, and I 'll follow thee—With that he leapt  
 Up from the lazy couch on which he slept, 30  
 And, wing'd with passion, through his known purlieu,  
 Swift as an arrow from a bow, he flew,  
 Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd  
 Where many an assignation he 'ad enjoy'd,  
 Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame, 35  
 That long had stay'd and call'd before he came,  
 Impatient of delay, without one word,  
 'To lose no further time, he fell aboard,  
 But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,  
 While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd 40  
 C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address,  
 Canst thou, at once, both injure and carest?

P. Thou

*P.* Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy powerful charms,  
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.

*C* He that does love would set his heart a tilt, 45  
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt

*P* Your wounds are but without, and mine within,  
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin,  
And, while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,  
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cause 50

*C* How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade,  
Had it not first been by your own betray'd?

Hence 'tis my greatest crime has only been  
(Not in mine eyes, but your's) in being seen,

*P* I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt. 55

*C* That 's worse than making cruelty a sport.

*P* Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,  
That sets it off to a more noble height

*C* He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,  
That takes it up beforehand of his pain 60

*P* Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past.

*C* But grows intolerable if it last

*P* Love is too full of honour to regard  
What it enjoys, but suffers as reward

What Knight durst ever own a lover's name, 65

That had not been half murder'd by his flame,

Or lady, that had never lain at stake,

To death, or force of rivals, for his sake?

*C* When love does meet with injury and pain,  
Disdain 's the only medicine for disdain. 70

*P* At once I 'm happy, and unhappy too,  
In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.

C. Preposterous way of pleasure and of love,  
That contrary to its own end would move!

'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy,

75

Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.

P. Enjoying and destroying are all one,

As flames destroy that which they feed upon.

C. He never lov'd at any generous rate,

That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate,

80

As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make

The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,

So should fruition do the lover's fire,

Instead of lessening, inflame desire

P. What greater proof that passion does transport, 85

When what I would die for I 'm forc'd to hurt?

C. Death among lovers is a thing despis'd,

And far below a fullen humour priz'd,

That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,

When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds

90

But since you understand not what you do,

I am the judge of what I feel, not you.

P. Passion begins indifferent to prove,

When love considers any thing but love

C. The darts of love, like lightning wound within, 95

And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin,

They leave no marks behind them where they fly,

Though through the tenderest part of all, the eye,

But your sharp claws have left enough to shew

How tender I have been, how cruel you

100

P. Pleasure is pain, for when it is enjoy'd,

All it could wish for was but to b' allay'd.

C. Force

*C* Force as a rugged way of making love.

*P* What you like best, you always disapprove

*C* He that will wrong his love, will not be nice, 105

T' excuse the wrong he does, to wrong her twice.

*P*. Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.

*C*. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.

*P*. When you mistake that for an injury

I never meant, you do the wrong, not I. 110

*C*. You do not feel yourself the pain you give,

But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,

But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,

That can be cruel where you own a flame.

*P*. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty, 115

Which you at once outdo, and blame in me;

For, while you stifle and inflame desire,

You burn, and starve me in the self-same fire.

*C* It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,

Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for 't, 120

As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt fun and fun,

Make others pay for what themselves have done.

TO THE HONOURABLE  
EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ  
UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF  
THE BRITISH PRINCES\*.

S I R,

Y O U have oblig'd the British nation more  
Than all their bards could ever do before,  
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard  
Than brass or marble to their fame have rear'd  
For, as all warlike nations take delight  
To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,  
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,  
And no less virtuously improv'd your own  
For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,  
Or they have acted, at a nobler height  
You of their ancient princes have retriev'd  
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd,  
Describ'd their customs and their rites anew,  
Better than all their Druids ever knew,  
Unriddled their dark oracles as well  
As those themselves that made them could foretell  
For

\* Most of the celebrated wits in Charles the Second's reign addressed this gentleman, in a bantering way, upon his poem called *The British Princes*, and, among the rest, Butler

ON THE BRITISH PRINCES. 195

For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,  
 Arthur would come to govern them again,  
 You have fulfill'd their prophecy alone,  
 And in this poem plac'd him on his throne. 20  
 Such magic power has your prodigious pen,  
 To raise the dead, and give new life to men,  
 Make rival princes meet in arms and love,  
 Whom distant ages did so far remove,  
 For as eternity has neither past 25  
 Nor future (authors say) nor first nor last,  
 But is all instant, your eternal Muse  
 All ages can to any one reduce.  
 Then why should you, whose miracle of art  
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart, 30  
 Trouble in vain your better-busied head  
 T' observe what time they liv'd in, or were dead ?  
 For, since you have such arbitrary power,  
 It were defect in judgment to go lower,  
 Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd, 35  
 As use to take the vulgar latitude  
 There's no man fit to read what you have writ,  
 That holds not some proportion with your wit,  
 As light can no way but by light appear,  
 He must bring sense that understands it here. 40

## A PALINODIE

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF

THE BRITISH PRINCES.

**I**T is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muse  
 Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, sues,  
 For, having felt the dead weight of your wit,  
 She comes to ask forgiveness, and submit,  
 Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write,  
 Mourns in the black, does penance in the white,  
 But such is her belief in your just candor,  
 She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,  
 To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense  
 Of silly emulation or offence  
 No, your sufficient wit does still declare  
 Itself too amply, they are mad that dare  
 So vain and senseless a presumption own,  
 To yoke your vast parts in comparison  
 And yet you might have thought upon a way  
 T' instruct us how you 'd have us to obey,  
 And not command our praises, and then blame  
 All that 's too great or little for your fame.

For



For who could chuse but err, without some trick  
 To take your elevation to a nick ? 20  
 As he that was desir'd, upon occasion,  
 To make the Mayor of London an oration,  
 Desir'd his Lordship's favour, that he might  
 Take measure of his mouth to fit it right,  
 So, had you sent a scantling of your wit, 25  
 You might have blam'd us if it did not fit,  
 But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down  
 All that 's unequal to your huge renown,  
 For he that writes below your vast desert,  
 Betrays his own, and not your want of art. 30  
 Praise, like a robe of state, should not fit close  
 To th' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose,  
 Derives its comeliness from being unfit,  
 And such have been our praises of your wit,  
 Which is so extraordinary, no height 35  
 Of fancy but your own can do it right;  
 Witness those glorious poems you have writ,  
 With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,  
 And those stupendious discoveries  
 You 've lately made of wonders in the skies 40  
 For who, but from yourself, did ever hear  
 The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere ?  
 Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,  
 Or put a circle about *vacuum* ?  
 What should confine those undetermin'd crowds, 45  
 And yet extend no further than the clouds ?  
 Who ever could have thought, but you alone,  
 A sign and an ascendant were all one ?

Or how 'tis possible the moon should shrowd  
Her face, to peep at Mars behind a cloud, 50  
~~Since~~ clouds below are so far distant plac'd,  
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd ?  
Who ever did a language so enrich,  
To scorn all little particles of speech ?  
For though they make the sense clear, yet they're found  
To be a scurvy hindrance to the sound,  
Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,  
Or for the sense's sake to wave the rumble.  
Had Homer known this art, he 'ad ne'er been fain  
To use so many particles in vain, 60  
That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps  
To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.  
You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those  
Which in construction you o'ersee and lose ;  
And by this art do Priscian no wrong 65  
When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.  
These are your own discoveries, which none  
But such a Muse as your's could hit upon,  
That can, in spite of laws of art, or rules,  
Make things more intricate than all the schools . 70  
For what have laws of art to do with you,  
More than the laws with honest men and true ?  
He that 's a prince in poetry should strive  
To cry them down by his prerogative,  
And not submit to that which has no force 75  
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.  
Your poems will endure to be try'd  
I' th' fire, like gold, and come forth purify'd ;

Can

Can only to eternity pretend,  
 For they were never writ to any end. 80  
 All other books bear an uncertain rate,  
 But those you write are always sold by weight,  
 Each word and syllable brought to the scale,  
 And valued to a scruple in the sale  
 For when the paper 's charg'd with your rich wit, 85  
 'Tis for all purposes and uses fit,  
 Has an absterfivè virtue to make clean  
 Whatever Nature made in man obscene.  
 Boys find, b' experiment, no paper-kite,  
 Without your verse, can make a noble flight. 90  
 It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet,  
 In Paris they perfume their rooms with it  
 For, burning but one leaf of your's, they say,  
 Drives all their stinks and nastiness away.  
 Cooks keep their pyes from burning with your wit, 95  
 Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit,  
 And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,  
 When arsenick's only wrap'd up in the verse.  
 These are the great performances that raise  
 Your mighty parts above all reach of praise, 100  
 And give us only leave t' admire your worth,  
 For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,  
 Whose wondrous power 's so generally known,  
 Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

## A PANEGYRIC

UPON

SIR JOHN DENHAM'S

RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS \*.

SIR, you 've outliv'd so desperate a fit  
 As none could do but an immortal wit,  
 Had your's been less, all helps had been in vain,  
 And thrown away, though on a less sick brain,  
 But you were so far from receiving hurt,  
 You grew improv'd, and much the better for 't.  
 As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,  
 And burn himself in his own country's spice,  
 A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,  
 Which after does to a young phoenix turn

5

10

So

\* It must surprize the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in so severe and contemptuous a manner, the character of a poet so much esteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is, indeed, some room for satire, but still there is such a spirit of bitterness runs through the whole, besides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but some personal quarrel or disgust. How far this weakness may carry the greatest geniuses, we have a proof in what Pope has written of Addison.

A PANEGYRIC ON SIR JOHN DENHAM. 201

So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,  
 Did life renew'd and vigorous youth acquire,  
 And with so much advantage, some have guest,  
 Your after-wit is like to be your best,  
 And now expect far greater matters of ye 15  
 Than the bought Cooper's Hill, or borrow'd Sophy,  
 Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse,  
 Like those he made himself, or not much worse;  
 And Seneca's dry sand unmix'd with lime,  
 Such as you cheat the King with, botch'd in rhyme. 20  
 Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride  
 And native insolence quite laid aside,  
 And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont  
 All, that you durst with safety, to affront.  
 No China cupboard rudely overthrown, 25  
 Nor lady tipp'd, by being accosted, down,  
 No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,  
 With verses forty times more lewd than his  
 Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,  
 And hold it out, where you had built a scone, 30  
 Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,  
 For asking what in fruit and love you 'ad scor'd,  
 But all civility and complacence,  
 More than you ever us'd before or since.  
 Beside, you never over-reach'd the King 35  
 One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,  
 Nor brought-in false account, with little tricks,  
 Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks,  
 False mustering of workmen by the day,  
 Deduction out of wages, and dead pay 40  
 For

For those that never liv'd, all which did come,  
By thrifty management, to no small sum.  
You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse,  
Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,  
As you were wont, till all you built appear'd 45  
Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd  
For had the stones (like his) charm'd by your verse,  
Built up themselves, they could not have done worse.  
And sure, when first you ventur'd to survey,  
You did design to do 't no other way. 50

All this was done before those days began  
In which you were a wife and happy man  
For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,  
Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes ?  
Who ever greater treasure could command, 55  
Had nobler palaces, and richer land,  
Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast  
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,  
Or all those practis'd upon public money ?  
For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye. 60  
For ever are you bound to curse those quacks  
That undertook to cure your happy cracks,  
For, though no art can ever make them sound,  
The tampering cost you threescore thousand pound.  
How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and lost,  
Yet been no more undone by being chough,  
Nor forc'd upon the King's account to lay  
All that, in serving him, you lost at play !  
For nothing but your brain was ever found  
To suffer sequestration, and compound. 70

Yet

A PANEGYRIC ON SIR JOHN DENHAM. 203

Yet you 'ave an imposition laid on brick,  
For all you then laid out at Beast or Gleek;  
And when you 'ave rais'd a fum, strait let it fly,  
By understanding low, and venturing high,  
Until you have reduc'd it down to tick, 75  
And then recruit again from lime and brick.

U P O N

UPON  
CRITICS  
WHO JUDGE OF  
MODERN PLAYS

Precifely by the Rules of the Ancients \*.

WHO ever will regard poetic fury,  
When it is once found Idiot by a jury,  
And every pert and arbitrary fool  
Can all poetic licence over-rule;  
Assume a barbarous tyranny, to handle 5  
The Muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;  
Make them submit to verdict and report,  
And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?  
Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary  
Proceedings of a witless plagiary, 10  
That forges old records and ordinances  
Against the right and property of fancies,  
More false and nice than weighing of the weather,  
To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,  
Or

\* This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Rymer, Historiographer to Charles II. who censured three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's. The cold, severe critic may perhaps find some few inaccuracies to censure in this composition, but the reader of taste will either overlook or pardon them for the sake of the spirit that runs through it.



Or meafuring of air upon Parnaffus, 15  
 With cylinders of Torricellian glaffes ,  
 Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,  
 Back to its antique theatre, a cart,  
 And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads  
 Of reverend chorufes and episodes , 20  
 Reform and regulate a puppet play,  
 According to the true and ancient way,  
 That not an actor fhall prefume to squeak,  
 Unlefs he have a licence for 't in Greek ,  
 Nor Whittington henceforward fell his cat in 25  
 Plain vulgar Englifh, without mewing Latin .  
 No Pudding fhall be fuffer'd to be witty,  
 Unlefs it be in order to raife pity ,  
 Nor devil in the puppet play b' allow'd  
 To roar and fpit fire, but to fright the crowd, 30  
 Unlefs fome god or dæmon chance t' have piques  
 Againft an ancient family of Greeks ,  
 That other men may tremble, and take warning,  
 How fuch a fatal progeny they 're born in ,  
 For none but fuch for tragedy are fitted, 35  
 That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd ;  
 And only thofe held proper to deter,  
 Who 've had th' ill luck againft their wills to err.  
 Whence only fuch as are of middling fizes,  
 Between morality and venial vices, 40  
 Are qualify'd to be deftroy'd by Fate,  
 For other mortals to take warning at  
 As if the antique laws of Tragedy  
 Did with our own municipal agree,

And

And serv'd, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the weak, 45  
 And give diversion to the great to break,  
 To make a less delinquent to be brought  
 To answer for a greater person's fault,  
 And suffer all the worst the worst approver  
 Can, to excuse and save himself, discover. 50

No longer shall Dramatics be confin'd  
 To draw true images of all mankind,  
 To punish in effigie criminals,  
 Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false,  
 But a club-law to execute and kill, 55  
 For nothing, whomsoe'er they please, at will,  
 To terrify spectators from committing  
 The crimes they did, and suffer'd for, unwitting

These are the reformations of the Stage,  
 Like other reformations of the age, 60  
 On purpose to destroy all wit and sense,  
 As th' other did all law and conscience,  
 No better than the laws of British plays,  
 Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howell's days,  
 Who made a general council regulate 65  
 Men's catching women by the—you know what,  
 And set down in the rubric at what time  
 It should be counted legal, when a crime,  
 Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,  
 And on what days it went out or came in 70

An English poet should be try'd b' his peers,  
 And not by pedants and philosophers,  
 Incompetent to judge poetic fury,  
 As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury,

Besides

Besides the most intolerable wrong 75  
 To try their matters in a foreign tongue,  
 By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,  
 Or Tales falser than Euripides,  
 When not an English native dares appear  
 To be a witness for the prisoner, 80  
 When all the laws they use t' arraign and try  
 The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,  
 Were made b' a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,  
 To put an end to all poetic scruples,  
 And, by th' advice of virtuosi Tuscans, 85  
 Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins;  
 Gave judgment on all past and future plays,  
 As is apparent by Speroni's case,  
 Which Lope Vega first began to steal,  
 And after him the French filou Corneille; 90  
 And since our English plagiaries him  
 And steal their far-fet criticisms from him,  
 And, by an action falsely laid of Trover,  
 The lumber for their proper goods recover,  
 Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers 95  
 Of witty Beaumont's poetry and Fletcher's;  
 Who, for a few misprisions of wit,  
 Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit,  
 And, for misjudging some unhappy scenes,  
 Are censur'd for 't with more unlucky sense, 100  
 When all their worst miscarriages delight,  
 And please more than the best that pedants write.

P R O L O G U E  
T O T H E  
Q U E E N O F A R R A G O N,  
A C T E D B E F O R E T H E  
D U K E O F Y O R K, U P O N H I S B I R T H - D A Y \*.

S I R, while so many nations strive to pay  
The tribute of their glories to this day,  
That gave them earnest of so great a sum  
Of glory (from your future acts) to come,  
And which you have discharg'd at such a rate, 5  
That all succeeding times must celebrate,  
We, that subsist by your bright influence,  
And have no life but what we own from thence,  
Come humbly to present you, our own way,  
With all we have (beside our hearts), a play. 10  
But, as devoutest men can pay no more  
To deities than what they gave before,

\* It is pretty remarkable that, amongst such a variety of performances of our Poet's, this, and the Epilogue that follows, should be the only ones in the complimenting strain, and I dare say every reader will observe, with a smile, how soon, even in this, he deserts the region of panegyric, to resume his natural turn of satirical drollery upon the critics.

We bring you only what your great commands  
 Did rescue for us from ingrossing hands,  
 That would have taken out administration 15  
 Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation;  
 Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays  
 That come within their reach, as wefts and strays,  
 And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit,  
 But that your justice put a stop to it. 20  
 'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad  
 T' admit of all who now write new and bad,  
 For, still the wickedder some authors write,  
 Others to write worse are encourag'd by 't,  
 And though those fierce inquisitors of wit, 25  
 The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,  
 But, just as tooth-drawers, find, among the rout,  
 Their own teeth work in pulling others out;  
 So they, decrying all of all that write,  
 Think to erect a trade of judging by 't. 30  
 Small poetry, like other heresies,  
 By being persecuted multiplies;  
 But here they 're like to fail of all pretence;  
 For he that writ this play is dead long since,  
 And not within their power, for bears are said 35  
 To spare those that lie still and seem but dead.

## E P I L O G U E

## T O T H E S A M E.

## T O T H E D U T C H E S S.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,  
No less than to your royal Lord, to you ,  
And, while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,  
You have, what 's greater than them all, his heart ,  
That heart that, when it was his country's guard, 5  
The fury of two elements outdar'd,  
And made a stubborn haughty enemy  
The terror of his dreadful conduct fly ,  
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms  
Appear no less victorious than his arms , 10  
For which you oft' have triumph'd on this day,  
And many more to come Heaven grant you may !  
But, as great princes use, in solemn times  
Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,  
If we have sinn'd without an ill intent, 15  
And done below what really we meant,  
We humbly ask your pardon for 't, and pray  
You would forgive, in honour of the day

U P O N

U P O N  
P H I L I P N Y E ' S  
T H A N K S G I V I N G B E A R D \*.

A B E A R D is but the vizard of a face,  
That Nature orders for no other place;

\* As our Poet has thought fit to bestow so many verses upon this trumpeter of sedition, it may, perhaps, be no thankless office to give the reader some further information about him than what merely relates to his *beard* — He was educated at Oxford, first in Brazen nose College, and afterwards in Magdalen Hall; where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland, where he was not very likely to lessen those prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the Parliament, and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and spirit up the cause of the Covenant, in defence of which he wrote several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self interest and ambition, when the Independents began to have the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a strenuous preacher on that side, and in this situation he was when he fell under the lash of Butler's satire,

The fringe and tassel of a countenance,  
That hides his person from another man's,  
And, like the Roman habits of their youth, 5  
Is never worn until his perfect growth,  
A privilege no other creature has,  
To wear a natural mask upon his face,  
That shifts its likeness every day he wears,  
To fit some other persons' characters, 10  
And by its own mythology implies,  
That men were born to live in some disguise.  
This satisfy'd a reverend man, that clear'd  
His disagreeing conscience by his Beard  
He 'ad been prefer'd i' th' army, when the church 15  
Was taken with a Why not ? in the lurch ;  
When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,  
Were turn'd to officers of horse and zealots,  
From whom he held the most pluralities  
Of contributions, donatives, and salaries , 20  
Was held the chiefest of those spiritual trumpets,  
That founded charges to their fiercest combats,  
But in the desperate of defeats  
Had never blown as opportune retreats,  
Until the Synod order'd his departure 25  
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,  
To sit among them, as he had been chosen,  
And pass or null things at his own disposing  
Could clap up souls in limbo with a vote,  
And for their fees discharge and let them out , 30  
Which made some grandees bribe him with the place  
Of holding-forth upon Thanksgivingdays ,

Whither



Whither the Members, two and two abreast,  
 March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast,  
 But by the way repeated the oh-hones 35  
 Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones,  
 His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,  
 He practis'd only t' animate the Cause,  
 With which the Sisters were so prepossess'd,  
 They could remember nothing of the rest. 40

He thought upon it, and resolv'd to put  
 His Beard into as wonderful a cut,  
 And, for the further service of the women,  
 T' abate the rigidness of his opinion;  
 And, but a day before, had been to find 45  
 The ablest virtuoso of the kind,  
 With whom he long and seriously conferr'd  
 On all intrigues that might concern his Beard;  
 By whose advice he fate for a design  
 In little drawn, exactly to a line, 50  
 That if the creature chance to have occasion  
 To undergo a thorough reformation,  
 It might be borne conveniently about,  
 And by the meanest artist copy'd out

This done, he sent a journeyman sectary 55  
 He 'ad brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,  
 To find out one that had the greatest practice,  
 To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,  
 And set their most confus'd disorders right,  
 Not by a new design, but newer light, 60  
 Who us'd to shave the grandees of their sticklers,  
 And crop the worthies of their Conventiclers,

To whom he shew'd his new-invented draught,  
And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out

Quoth he, 'Tis but a false and counterfeit, 65  
And scandalous device of human wit,  
That 's absolutely forbidden in the Scripture,  
To make of any carnal thing the picture

Quoth th' other saint, You must leave that to us,  
T' agree what 's lawful, or what scandalous, 70  
For, till it is determin'd by our vote,  
'Tis either lawful, scandalous, or not,  
Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,  
Is left indifferent to avoid or own.

Quoth he, My conscience never shall agree 75  
To do it, till I know what 'tis to be,  
For though I use it in a lawful time,  
What if it after should be made a crime ?

'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience,  
'Gainst human constitutions, in our own sense, 80  
Which I 'm resolv'd perpetually t' avow,  
And make it lawful whatsoe'er we do,  
Then do your office with your greatest skill,  
And let th' event befall us how it will.

This said, the nice barbarian took his tools, 85  
To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles,  
Talk'd on as pertinently as he snipt,  
A hundred times for every hair he clipt,  
Until the Beard at length began t' appear,  
And reassume its antique character, 90  
Grew more and more itself, that art might strive,  
And stand in competition with the life,

For

ON P NYE'S THANKSGIVING BEARD 215

For some have doubted if 'twere made of snips  
 Of fables, glew'd and fitted to his lips,  
 And set in such an artificial frame, 95  
 As if it had been wrought in filograin,  
 More subtly fil'd and polish'd than the gin  
 That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in,  
 That Lachesis, that spins the threads of Fate,  
 Could not have drawn it out more delicate 100  
 But being design'd and drawn so regular,  
 T' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,  
 Who could imagine that it should be portal  
 To selfish, inward unconfirming mortal ?  
 And yet it was, and did abominate 105  
 The least compliance in the Church or State,  
 And from itself did equally dissent,  
 As from religion and the government \*

\* I find among Butler's manuscripts several other little sketches upon the same subject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought passable, by way of note.

This reverend brother, like a goat,  
 Did wear a tail upon his throat,  
 The fringe and tassell of a face,  
 That gives it a becoming grace,  
 But set in such a curious frame,  
 As if 'twere wrought in filograin,  
 And cut so even, as if 't had been  
 Drawn with a pen upon his chin  
 No topiary hedge of quickset  
 Was e'er so neatly cut or thick set

That made beholders more admire,  
Than China-plate that's made of wire,  
But being wrought so regular  
In every part, and every hair,  
Who would believe it should be mortal  
To unconforming-inward mortal ?  
And yet it was, and did dissent  
No less from its own government,  
Than from the Church's, and detest  
That which it held forth and profess,  
Did equally abominate  
Conformity in Church and State,  
And, like an hypocritic brother,  
Profess'd one thing and did another,  
As all things, where they're most profess'd,  
Are found to be regarded least.

## S A T I R E

UPON THE

## WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN\*.

**W**HO would believe that wicked earth,  
 Where Nature only brings us forth  
 To be found guilty and forgiven,  
 Should be a nursery for Heaven,  
 When all we can expect to do  
 Will not pay half the debt we owe,  
 And yet more desperately dare,  
 As if that wretched trifle were

\* In this composition the reader will have the pleasure of viewing Butler in a light in which he has not hitherto appeared. Every thing, almost, that he has wrote, is indeed satirical, but in an arch and droll manner, and he may be said rather to have laughed at the vices and follies of mankind, than to have railed at them. In this he is serious and severe, exchanges the *ridiculum* for the *acri*, and writes with the spirited indignation of a Juvenal or a Persius. Good-natured readers may perhaps think the invective too bitter, but the same good-nature will excuse the Poet, when it is considered what an edge must be given to his satirical wit by the age in which he lived, distinguished by the two extremes of hypocrisy and enthusiasm on the one part, and irreligion and immorality on the other.

Too

Too much for the eternal Powers,  
 Our great and mighty creditors, 10  
 Not only slight what they enjoin,  
 But pay it in adulterate coin ?  
 We only in their mercy trust,  
 To be more wicked and unjust,  
 All our devotions, vows, and prayers, 15  
 Are our own interest, not theirs,  
 Our offerings, when we come t' adore,  
 But begging presents to get more,  
 The purest business of our zeal  
 Is but to err, by meaning well, 20  
 And make that meaning do more harm  
 Than our worst deeds, that are less warm  
 For the most wretched and perverse  
 Does not believe himself he errs.  
 Our holiest actions have been 25  
 Th' effects of wickedness and sin,  
 Religious houses made compounders  
 For th' horrid actions of the founders,  
 Steeples that totter'd in the air,  
 By lechers sinn'd into repair, 30  
 As if we had retain'd no sign  
 Nor character of the divine  
 And heavenly part of human nature,  
 But only the coarse earthy matter.  
 Our universal inclination 35  
 Tends to the worst of our creation,  
 As if the stars conspir'd t' imprint,  
 In our whole species, by instinct,

A fatal brand and signature  
 Of nothing else but the impure. 40  
 The best of all our actions tend  
 To the preposterous end,  
 And, like to mongrels, we're inclin'd  
 To take most to th' ignobler kind,  
 Or monsters, that have always least 45  
 Of th' human parent, not the beast.  
 Hence 'tis we've no regard at all  
 Of our best half original,  
 But, when they differ, still assert  
 'The interest of th' ignobler part, 50  
 Spend all the time we have upon  
 The vain caprices of the one,  
 But grudge to spare one hour to know  
 What to the better part we owe  
 As, in all compound substances, 55  
 The greater still devours the less,  
 So, being born and bred up near  
 Our earthy gross relations here,  
 Far from the ancient nobler place  
 Of all our high paternal race, 60  
 We now degenerate, and grow  
 As barbarous, and mean, and low,  
 As modern Grecians are, and worse,  
 To their brave nobler ancestors.  
 Yet, as no barbarousness beside 65  
 Is half so barbarous as pride,  
 Nor any prouder insolence  
 Than that which has the least pretence,  
 We

We are so wretched to profess  
A glory in our wretchedness;  
To vapour fillily, and rant  
Of our own misery and want,  
And grow vain-glorious on a score  
We ought much rather to deplore,  
Who, the first moment of our lives,  
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves,  
And our great'st grace is not to know  
When we shall pay them back, nor how,  
Begotten with a vain caprich,  
And live as vainly to that pitch

Our pains are real things, and all  
Our pleasures but fantastical,  
Diseases of their own accord,  
But cures come difficult and hard.  
Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms,  
Are but outhouses to our tombs,  
Cities, though e'er so great and brave,  
But mere warehouses to the grave  
Our bravery 's but a vain disguise,  
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,  
The remedy of a defect,  
With which our nakedness is deckt,  
Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,  
As if we 'd gain'd by being lost.

All this is nothing to the evils  
Which men, and their confederate devils,  
Inflict, to aggravate the curse  
On their own hated kind much worse,



And fierce encounters at the bar  
Undo as fast as those in war,  
Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,  
Pimps, scriveners, silenc'd ministers,  
That get estates by being undone  
For tender conscience, and have none.  
Like those that with their credit drive  
A trade, without a stock, and thrive;  
Advance men in the church and state  
For being of the meanest rate,  
Rais'd for their double guilt'd deserts,  
Before integrity and parts,  
Produce more grievous complaints  
For plenty, than before for wants,  
And make a rich and fruitful year  
A greater grievance than a dear;  
Make jests of greater dangers far,  
Than those they trembled at in war;  
Till, unawares, they've laid a train  
To blow the public up again,  
Rally with horror, and, in sport,  
Rebellion and destruction court,  
And make Fanatics in despight  
Of all their madness, reason right,  
And vouch to all they have foreshewn,  
As other monsters oft have done,  
Although from truth and sense as far,  
As all their other maggots are  
For things said false, and never meant,  
Do oft prove true by accident.

That wealth that bounteous Fortune sends  
 As presents to her dearest friends, 160  
 Is oft laid out upon a purchase  
 Of two yards long in parish-churches,  
 And those too-happy men that bought it  
 Had liv'd, and happier too, without it:  
 For what does vast wealth bring but cheat, 165  
 Law, luxury, disease, and debt,  
 Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,  
 An easy-troubled life, and short ?

But all these plagues are nothing near  
 Those, far more cruel and severe 170

Ver 168.] Though this satire seems fairly transcribed for the press, yet, on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, I find the following verses, which probably were intended to be added, but as they are not regularly inserted, I chuse rather to give them by way of note

For men ne'er digg'd so deep into  
 The bowels of the earth below,  
 For metals, that are found to dwell  
 Near neighbour to the pit of hell,  
 And have a magic power to sway  
 The greedy souls of men that way,  
 But with their bodies have been fain  
 To fill those trenches up again,  
 When bloody battles have been fought  
 For sharing that which they took out  
 For wealth is all things that conduce  
 To man's destruction or his use,  
 A standard both to buy and sell  
 All things from heaven down to hell.

Unhappy man takes pains to find,  
T' inflict himself upon his mind  
And out of his own bowels spins  
A rack and torture for his sins,  
Torments himself in vain, to know 175  
That most which he can never do,  
And, the more strictly 'tis deny'd,  
The more he is unsatisfy'd,  
Is busy in finding scruples out,  
To languish in eternal doubt, 180  
Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,  
And starts, as horses do at posts,  
And, when his eyes assist him least,  
Discerns such subtle objects best.  
On hypothetic dreams and visions 185  
Grounds everlasting disquisitions,  
And raises endless controversies  
On vulgar theorems and hearays;  
Grows positive and confident,  
In things so far beyond th' extent 190  
Of human sense, he does not know  
Whether they be at all or no,  
And doubts as much in things that are  
As plainly evident and clear,  
Disdains all useful sense, and plain, 195  
T' apply to th' intricate and vain,  
And cracks his brains in plodding on  
That which is never to be known,  
To pose himself with subtelties,  
And hold no other knowledge wise, 200  
Although

Although, the subtler all things are,  
 They 're but to nothing the more near,  
 And, the less weight they can sustain,  
 The more he still lays on in vain,  
 And hangs his soul upon as nice 205  
 And subtle curiosities,  
 As one of that vast multitude  
 That on a needle's point have stood,  
 Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,  
 Upon as nice and subtle scales, 210  
 As those that turn upon a plane  
 With th' hundredth part of half a grain,  
 And still the subtler they move,  
 The sooner false and useless prove  
 So man, that thinks to force and strain, 215  
 Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,  
 In vain torments it on the rack,  
 And, for improving, sets it back,  
 Is ignorant of his own extent,  
 And that to which his aims are bent, 220  
 Is lost in both, and breaks his blade  
 Upon the anvil where 'twas made  
 For, as abortions cost more pain  
 Than vigorous births, so all the vain  
 And weak productions of man's wit, 225  
 That aim at purposes unfit,  
 Require more drudgery, and worse,  
 Than those of strong and lively force.

BUTLER'S POEMS.

S A T I R E

UPON THE

LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.

**T**IS a strange age we 've liv'd in, and a lewd,  
As e'er the fun in all his travels view'd,  
An age as vile as ever Justice urg'd,  
Like a fantastic lecher, to be scourg'd,  
Nor has it scap'd, and yet has only learn'd, 5  
The more 'tis plagued, to be the less concern'd.  
Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,  
Enough to fright the stubborn-ft-hearted age,  
The one to mow vast crowds of people down,  
The other (as then needles) half the Town, 10  
And two as mighty miracles restore  
What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before,  
In all as unconcern'd as if they 'ad been  
But pastimes for diversion to be seen,

As the preceding satire was upon mankind in general, with some allusion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levelled at the licentious and debauched times of Charles II humorously contrasted with the Puritanical ones which went before, and is a fresh proof of the Author's impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally, but falsely, imagined, a bigot to the Cavalier party.

Or,

Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse, 15  
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.

Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly block-  
head)

The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,  
Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose  
As e'er the devil could teach, or finners use, 20

And on the other side at once put in  
As impotent iniquity and sin  
As sculls that have been crack'd are often found  
Upon the wrong side to receive the wound,  
And like tobacco-pipes at one end hit, 25  
To break at th' other still that 's opposite.

So men, who one extravagance would shun,  
Into the contrary extreme have run,  
And all the difference is, that, as the first  
Provokes the other freak to prove the worst, 30

So, in return, that strives to render less  
The last delusion, with its own excess,  
'And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way,  
With bungling t' help out one another's play  
For those who heretofore fought private holes, 35  
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,

Wore vizards of hypocrisy to steal  
And sink away in masquerade to hell,  
Now bring their crimes into the open sun,  
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon, 40  
As eagles try their young against his rays,  
To prove if they 're of generous breed or base,

Call heaven and earth to witness how they 've aim'd,  
With all their utmost vigour, to be damn'd,  
And by their own examples, in the view 45  
Of all the world, striv'd to damn others too,  
On all occasions fought to be as civil  
As possible they could t' his grace the Devil,  
To give him no unnecessary trouble,  
Nor in small matters use a friend so noble, 50  
But with their constant practice done their best  
T' improve and propagate his interest  
For men have now made vice so great an art,  
The matter of fact 's become the slightest part,  
And the debauched't actions they can do, 55  
Mere trifles to the circumstance and show  
For 'tis not what they do that 's now the sin,  
But what they lewdly' affect and glory in  
As if preposterously they would profess  
A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness, 60  
And affectation, that makes good things bad,  
Must make affected shame accurs'd and mad,  
For vices for themselves may find excuse,  
But never for their compliment and shews,  
That if there ever were a mystery 65  
Of moral secular iniquity,  
And that the churches may not lose their due  
By being inroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new  
For men are now as scrupulous and nice,  
And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice; 70  
Disdain as proudly to be thought to have  
To do in any mischief but the brave,

As

As the most scrupulous zealot of late times  
 T' appear in any but the horrid'st crimes,  
 Have as precise and strict punctilios 75  
 Now to appear, as then to make no shows,  
 And steer the world, by disagreeing force  
 Of different customs, 'gainst her natural course.  
 So powerful 's ill example to encroach,  
 And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch, 80  
 Example, that imperious dictator,  
 Of all that 's good or bad to human nature,  
 By which the world 's corrupted and reclaim'd,  
 Hopes to be fav'd and studies to be damn'd,  
 That reconciles all contrarieties, 85  
 Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,  
 Imposes on divinity, and sets  
 Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits,  
 Alters all characters of virtue' and vice,  
 And passes one for th' other in disguise, 90  
 Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,  
 The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good,  
 That slyly counter-changes wrong and right,  
 Like white in fields of black, and black in white,  
 As if the laws of Nature had been made 95  
 Of purpose only to be disobey'd,  
 Or man had lost his mighty interest,  
 By having been distinguish'd from a beast;  
 And had no other way but sin and vice,  
 To be restor'd again to Paradise 100  
 How copious is our language lately grown,  
 To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon!



And yet how expressive and significant,  
 In *damme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant !  
 As if no way express'd men's souls so well, 105  
 As damning of them to the pit of hell,  
 Nor any asseveration were so civil,  
 As mortgaging salvation to the devil ;  
 Or that his name did add a charming grace,  
 And blasphemy a purity to our phrase. 110  
 For what can any language more enrich,  
 Than to pay souls for viciating speech ,  
 When the great'st tyrant in the world made those  
 But lick their words out that abus'd his prose ?  
 What trivial punishments did then protect 115  
 To public censure a profound respect,  
 When the most shameful penance, and severe,  
 That could b' inflicted on a Cavalier  
 For infamous debauchery, was no worse  
 Than but to be degraded from his horse, 120  
 And have his livery of oats and hay,  
 Instead of cutting spurs off, tak'n away ?  
 They held no torture then so great as shame,  
 And that to slay was less than to defame ;  
 For just so much regard as men express 125  
 To th' censure of the public, more or less,  
 The same will be return'd to them again,  
 In shame or reputation, to a grain ,  
 And, how perverse so'er the world appears,  
 'Tis just to all the bad it sees and hears, 130  
 And for that virtue strives to be allow'd  
 For all the injuries it does the good.

How silly were their fages heretofore,  
 To fright their heroes with a fyren whore '  
 Make them believe a water-witch, with charms, 135  
 Could sink their men of war as easy' as storms,  
 And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,  
 Into land porpusses, and cod and ling,  
 To terrify those mighty champions,  
 As we do children now with Bloody-bones; 140  
 Until the subtlest of their conjurers  
 Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,  
 And ty'd his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd  
 The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,  
 And rather venture drowning than to wrong 145  
 The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song.  
 To b' out of countenance, and, like an ass,  
 Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glass,  
 Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,  
 For fear of being turn'd into a swine, 150  
 When one of our heroic adventurers now  
 Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow!

So simple were those times, when a grave sage  
 Could with an old-wife's tale instruct the age,  
 Teach virtue more fantastic ways and nice, 155  
 Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice,  
 Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,  
 Do more than all our holdings-forth are able,  
 A forc'd obscure mythology convince,  
 Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins, 160  
 When an old proverb, or an end of verse,  
 Could more than all our penal laws coerce,

And keep men honefter than all our furies  
Of jailois, judges, conftables, and juries,  
Who were converted then with an old faying, 165  
Better than all our preaching now, and praying.  
What fops had thefe been, had they liv'd with us,  
Where the beft reafon 's made ridiculous,  
And all the plain and fober things we fay,  
By raillery are put befide their play? 170  
For men are grown above all knowledge now,  
And what they 're ignorant of difdain to know;  
Engrofs truth (like Fanatics) underhand,  
And boldly judge before they underftand,  
The felf-fame courfes equally advance, 175  
In fpiritual and carnal ignorance,  
And, by the fame degrees of confidence,  
Become impregnable againft all fenfe,  
For, as they outgrew ordinances then,  
So would they now morality again. 180  
Though Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,  
And both defcended from one parent, Sin,  
And therefore feldom have been known to part,  
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,  
Yet they have north-weft paffages to fteer, 185  
A fhort way to it, without pains or care.  
For, as implicit faith is far more ftiff  
Than that which underftands its own belief,  
So thofe that think, and do but think they know,  
Are far more obftinate than thofe that do, 190  
And more averfe than if they 'ad ne'er been taught  
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought.

Take

Take boldness upon credit beforehand,  
 And grow too positive to understand,  
 Believe themselves as knowing and as famous, 195  
 As if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*,  
 A bill of store to take up a degree,  
 With all the learning to it, custom-free,  
 And look as big for what they bought at Court,  
 As if they 'ad done their exercises for 't. 200

S A T I R E

U P O N G A M I N G

W H A T fool would trouble fortune more,  
 When she has been too kind before ,  
 Or tempt her to take back again  
 What she had thrown away in vain,  
 By idly venturing her good graces 5  
 To be dispos'd of by ames-aces ,  
 Or settling it in trust to uses  
 Out of his power, on trays and deuces ;  
 To put it to the chance, and try,  
 I' th' ballot of a box and dye, 10  
 Whether his money be his own,  
 And lose it, if he be o'erthrown ,  
 As if he were betray'd, and set  
 By his own stars to every cheat,  
 Or wretchedly condemn'd by fate 15  
 To throw dice for his own estate ;  
 As

As mutineers, by fatal doom,  
 Do for their lives upon a drum ?  
 For what less influence can produce  
 So great a monster as a chouse, 20  
 Or any two-legg'd thing possels  
 With such a brutish sottishness ?  
 Unless those tutelary stars,  
 Intrusted by astrologers  
 To have the charge of man, combin'd 25  
 To use him in the self-same kind,  
 As those that help'd them to the trust,  
 Are wont to deal with others just.  
 For to become so sadly dull  
 And stupid, as to sine for gull 30  
 (Not as, in cities, to b' excus'd,  
 But to be judg'd fit to be us'd),  
 That whosoe'er can draw it in  
 Is sure inevitably t' win,  
 And, with a curs'd half-witted fate, 35  
 To grow more dully desperate,  
 The more 'tis made a common prey,  
 And cheated foppishly at play,  
 Is their condition, Fate betrays  
 To folly first, and then destroys. 40  
 For what but miracles can serve  
 So great a madness to preserve,  
 As his, that ventures goods and chattels  
 (Where there's no quarter given) in battles,  
 And fights with money-bags as bold, 45  
 As men with sand-bags did of old,

Puts lands, and tenements, and stocks,  
 Into a paltry juggler's box,  
 And, like an alderman of Gotham,  
 Embarketh in so vile a bottom, 50  
 Engages blind and senseless hap  
 'Gainst high, and low, and slur, and knap  
 (As Tartars with a man of straw  
 Encounter lions hand to paw),  
 With those that never venture more 55  
 Than they had safely' insur'd before,  
 Who, when they knock the box, and shake,  
 Do, like the Indian rattle-snake,  
 But strive to ruin and destroy  
 Those that mistake it for fair play, 60  
 That have their fulhams at command,  
 Brought up to do their feats at hand;  
 That understand their calls and knocks,  
 And how to place themselves i' th' box,  
 Can tell the oddses of all games, 65  
 And when to answer to their names,  
 And, when he conjures them t' appear,  
 Like imps, are ready every where,  
 When to play foul, and when run fair  
 (Out of design) upon the square, 70  
 And let the greedy cully win,  
 Only to draw him further in;  
 While those with which he idly plays  
 Have no regard to what he says,  
 Although he jernie and blaspheme, 75  
 When they miscarry, heaven and them,

And

And damn his foul, and fwear, and curfe,	
And crucify his Saviour worfe	
Than thofe Jew-troopers that threw out,	
When they were raffling for his coat,	80
Denounce revenge, as if they heard,	
And rightly understood and fear'd,	
And would take heed another time,	
How to commit fo bold a crime,	
When the poor bones are innocent	85
Of all he did, or faid, or meant,	
And have as little fenfe, almoft,	
As he that damns them when he 'as loft,	
As if he had rely'd upon	
Their judgment rather than his own,	90
And that it were their fault, not his,	
That manag'd them himfelf amifs,	
And gave them ill instructions how	
To run, as he would have them do,	
And then condemns them fillily	95
For having no more wit than he	

## S A T I R E,

T O

## A B A D P O E T.

GREAT famous wit<sup>1</sup> whose rich and easy vein,  
 Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,  
 Has all Apollo's treasure at command,  
 And how good verse is coin'd do'st understand,  
 In all Wit's combats master of defence<sup>1</sup> 5  
 Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?  
 'Tis said they<sup>1</sup> apply to thee, and in thy verse  
 Do freely range themselves as volunteers,  
 And without pain, or pumping for a word,  
 Place themselves fitly of their own accord 10  
 I, whom a loud caprich (for some great crime  
 I have committed) has condemned to rhyme,  
 With slavish obstinacy vex my brain  
 To reconcile them, but, alas<sup>1</sup> in vain.  
 Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack, 15  
 And, when I would say white, the verse says black;  
 When I would draw a brave man to the life,  
 It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,  
 Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,  
 If he had met with any to have bought her, 20  
 When



When I would praise an author, the untoward  
 Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme — ;  
 In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,  
 The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out.  
 Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains mispent, 25  
 I give it over, tir'd, and discontent,  
 And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times,  
 By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes,  
 But, having curs'd the Muses, they appear,  
 To be reveng'd for 't, ere I am aware. 30  
 Spite of myself, I strait take fire again,  
 Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,  
 And, breaking all the oaths I made, in vain  
 From verse to verse expect their aid again.  
 But, if my Muse or I were so discreet 35  
 T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,  
 I might, like others, easily command  
 Words without study, ready and at hand.  
 In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,  
 Are quickly made to match her face and eyes— 40  
 And gold and rubies, with as little care,  
 To fit the colour of her lips and hair,  
 And, mixing suns, and flowers, and pearl, and stones,  
 Make them serve all complexions at once.  
 With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ, 45  
 I could make verses without art or wit.

Ver. 22.] *Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme —*.  
 This blank, and another at the close of the Poem, the Author  
 evidently chose should be supplied by the reader. It is not my  
 business, therefore, to deprive him of that satisfaction.

And,

And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,  
 With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own.  
 But in the choice of words my scrupulous wit  
 Is fearful to pass one that is unfit, 50  
 Nor can endure to fill up a void place,  
 At a line's end, with one insipid phrase;  
 And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,  
 When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.  
 May he be damn'd who first found out that curse, 55  
 T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse,  
 To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,  
 And make his reason to his rhyme submit!  
 Without this plague, I freely might have spent  
 My happy days with leisure and content, 60  
 Had nothing in the world to do or think,  
 Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;  
 Had past my time as pleasantly away,  
 Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.  
 My soul, that 's free from care, and fear, and hope, 65  
 Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,  
 T' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,  
 Or for preferment following the Court.  
 How happy had I been if, for a curse,  
 The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse! 70  
 But, ever since this peremptory vein,  
 With restless frenzy, first possess'd my brain,  
 And that the devil tempted me, in spite  
 Of my own happiness, to judge and write,  
 Shut up against my will, I waste my age 75  
 In mending this, and blotting out that page,

And

And grow so weary of the slavish trade,  
I envy their condition that write bad.  
O happy Scudery ! whose easy quill  
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill, 80  
For, though thy works are written in despite  
Of all good sense, impertinent and slight,  
They never have been known to stand in need  
Of stationer to sell, or sot to read,  
For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end, 85  
No matter whither all the rest does tend.  
Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,  
Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art  
A fop that scribbles does it with delight,  
Takes no pains to consider what to write, 90  
But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,  
Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth,  
While brave and noble writers vainly strive  
To such a height of glory to arrive,  
But, still with all they do unsatisfy'd, 95  
Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside  
And those whom all mankind admire for wit,  
Wish, for their own sakes, they had never writ  
Thou, then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,  
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme, 100  
And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,  
Teach —— how ne'er to write again.

## S A T I R E

## O N O U R

## RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH

**W**H O would not rather get him gone  
 Beyond th' intollerablest zone,  
 Or steer his passage through those seas  
 That burn in flames, or those that freeze,  
 Than see one nation go to school, 5  
 And learn of another, like a fool ?  
 To study all its tricks and fashions  
 With epidemic affectations,  
 And dare to wear no mode or dress,  
 But what they in their wisdom please, 10  
 As monkeys are, by being taught  
 To put on gloves and stockings, caught,  
 Submit to all that they devise,  
 As if it wore their liveries,  
 Make ready' and dress th' imagination, 15  
 Not with the clothes, but with the fashion,  
 And change it, to fulfil the curse  
 Of Adam's fall, for new, though worse,

Ver 1 ] The object of this satire was that extravagant and  
 ridiculous imitation of the French which prevail'd in Charles the  
 Second's reign, partly owing to the connexion and intercourse  
 which the politics of those times oblig'd us to have with that  
 nation, and partly to our eager desire of avoiding the formal and  
 precise gravity of the hypocritical age that preceded

To make their breeches fall and rise  
 From middle legs to middle thighs, 20  
 The tropics between which the hose  
 Move always as the fashion goes  
 Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,  
 And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids;  
 With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas, 25  
 And sometimes narrow' as Punchinello's:  
 In coldest weather go unbrac'd,  
 And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd,  
 Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,  
 And sometimes straiter than a hide: 30  
 Wear perukes, and with false grey hairs  
 Disguise the true ones and their years,  
 That, when they 're modish, with the young  
 The old may seem so in the throng.  
 And, as some pupils have been known 35  
 In time to put their tutors down,  
 So ours are often found to 'ave got  
 More tricks than ever they were taught:  
 With sly intrigues and artifices  
 Usurp their poxes and their vices, 40  
 With garnitures upon their shoes,  
 Make good their claim to gouty toes,  
 By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,  
 Pretend to aches in their bones,  
 To scabs and botches, and lay trains 45  
 To prove their running of the reins,  
 And, lest they should seem destitute  
 Of any mangle that 's in repute,

And

And be behind hand with the mode,  
 Will swear to cryſtallin and node, 50  
 And, that they may not loſe their right,  
 Make it appear how they came by 't  
 Diſdain the country where thev' were born,  
 As baſtards their own mothers ſcorn,  
 And that which brought them forth contemn, 55  
 As it deſerves, for bearing them,  
 Admire whate'er they find abroad,  
 But nothing here, though e'er ſo good  
 Be natives whereſoe'er they come,  
 And only foreigners at home, 60  
 To which they appear ſo far eſtrang'd,  
 As if they 'ad been i' th' cradle chang'd,  
 Or from beyond the ſeas convey'd  
 By witches—not born here, but luid,  
 Or by outlandiſh fathers were 65  
 Begotten on their mothers here,  
 And therefore juſtly ſlight that nation  
 Where they 've ſo mongrel a relation,  
 And ſcek out other climates, where  
 They may degenerate leſs than here, 70  
 As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,  
 Borne on the wind's wings and their own,  
 Forſake the countries where they 're hatch'd,  
 And ſcek out others to be catch'd  
 So they more natuallly may pleaſe 75  
 And humour their own geniufes,  
 Apply to all things which they ſee  
 With their own fancies beſt agree,

No matter how ridiculous,  
 'Tis all one, if it be in use, 80  
 For nothing can be bad or good,  
 But as 'tis in or out of mode,  
 And, as the nations are that use it,  
 All ought to practise or refuse it,  
 T' observe their postures, move, and stand, 85  
 As they give out the word o' command,  
 To learn the dullest of their whims,  
 And how to wear their very limbs,  
 To turn and manage every part,  
 Like puppets, by their rules of art; 90  
 To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,  
 And politely shake the head,  
 Until the ignorant (that guests  
 At all things by th' appearances)  
 To see how Art and Nature strive, 95  
 Believe them really alive,  
 And that they 're very men, not things  
 That move by puppet-work and springs,  
 When truly all their feats have been  
 As well perform'd by motion-men, 100  
 And the worst drolls of Punchinellos  
 Were much th' ingeniouser fellows,  
 For, when they 're perfect in their lesson,  
 Th' hypothesis grows out of season,  
 And, all their labour lost, they 're fain 105  
 To learn new, and begin again,  
 To talk eternally and loud,  
 And all together in a crowd, 110  
 No

No matter what , for in the noise  
 No man minds what another says 110  
 T' assume a confidence beyond  
 Mankind, for solid and profound,  
 And still, the less and less they know,  
 The greater dose of that allow  
 Decry all things, for to be wise 115  
 Is not to know, but to despise ,  
 And deep judicious confidence  
 Has still the odds of wit and sense,  
 And can pretend a title to  
 Far greater things than they can do 120  
 T' adorn their English with French scraps,  
 And give their very language claps ,  
 To jernie rightly, and renounce  
 I' th' pure and most approv'd-of tones,  
 And, while they idly think t' enrich, 125  
 Adulterate their native speech  
 For, though to smatter ends of Greek  
 Or Latin be the rhetorique  
 Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,  
 To smatter French is meritorious , 130  
 And to forget their mother-tongue,  
 Or purposely to speak it wrong,  
 A hopeful sign of parts and wit,  
 And that they' improve and benefit ,  
 As those that have been taught amiss 135  
 In liberal arts and sciences,  
 Must all they 'ad learnt before in vain  
 Forget quite, and begin again



## S A T I R E

U P O N

## D R U N K E N N E S S.

**T**IS pity wine, which Nature meant  
 To man in kindness to present,  
 And gave him kindly, to cares  
 And cherish his frail happiness,  
 Of equal virtue to renew  
 His weary'd mind and body too ;  
 Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,  
 Which only grew to be forbidden)  
 No sooner come to be enjoy'd,  
 But th' owner 's fatally destroy'd,  
 And that which she for good design'd,  
 Becomes the ruin of mankind,  
 That for a little vain excess  
 Runs out of all its happiness,  
 And makes the friend of Truth and Love  
 Their greatest adversary prove,  
 T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd  
 So truly' essential to his good,  
 To countervail his pensive cares,  
 And slavish drudgery of affairs,  
 To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,  
 And, more than all these, confidence,  
 To pass his times of recreation  
 In choice and noble conversation,

5

10

15

20

Catch

Catch truth and reason unawares, 25  
 As men do health in wholesome airs  
 (While fools their conversants possess  
 As unawares with fottishness),  
 To gain access a private way  
 To man's best sense, by its own key, 30  
 Which painful judgers strive in vain  
 By any other course t' obtain,  
 To pull off all disguise, and view  
 Things as they 're natural and true;  
 Discover fools and knaves, allow'd 35  
 For wise and honest in the crowd;  
 With innocent and virtuous sport  
 Make short days long, and long nights short,  
 And mirth, the only antidote  
 Against diseases ere they 're got, 40  
 To save health harmless from th' access  
 Both of the medicine and disease,  
 Or make it help itself, secure  
 Against the desperat'ft fit, the cure.  
 All these sublime prerogatives 45  
 Of happiness to human lives,  
 He vainly throws away and flights,  
 For madness, noise, and bloody fights,  
 When nothing can decide, but swords  
 And pots, the right or wrong of words, 50  
 Like princes' titles, and he 's outed  
 The justice of his cause that 's routed.

No sooner has a charge been founded  
 With—*Son of a whore*, and *Damn'd confounded*,

And the bold signal given, the *lys*, 55  
 But instantly the bottles fly,  
 Where cups and glasses are small shot,  
 And cannon-ball a pewter-pot  
 That blood, that 's hardly in the vein,  
 Is now remanded back again, 60  
 Though sprung from wine of the same piece,  
 And near a kin, within degrees,  
 Strives to commit assassinations  
 On its own natural relations,  
 And those twin-spirits, so kind hearted, 65  
 That from their friends so lately parted,  
 No sooner several ways are gone,  
 But by themselves are set upon,  
 Surpriz'd like brother against brother,  
 And put to th' sword by one another : 70  
 So much more fierce are civil wars,  
 Than those between mere foreigners !  
 And man himself, with wine possest,  
 More savage than the wildest beast !  
 For serpents, when they meet to water, 75  
 Lay by their poison and their nature,  
 And fiercest creatures, that repair,  
 In thursty deserts, to their rare  
 And distant river's banks to drink,  
 In love and close alliance link, 80  
 And from their mixture of strange feeds  
 Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,  
 To whom the fiercer unicorn  
 Begins a large health with his horn ;

As cuckolds put their antidotes, 85  
 When they drink coffee, into th' pots,  
 While man, with raging drink inflam'd,  
 Is far more savage and untam'd,  
 Supplies his loss of wit and sense  
 With barbarousness and insolence, 90  
 Believes himself, the less he 's able,  
 The more heroic and formidable,  
 Lays-by his reason in his bowls,  
 As Turks are said to do their souls,  
 Until it has so often been 95  
 Shut out of its lodging, and let in,  
 At length it never can attain  
 To find the right way back again,  
 Drinks all his time away, and prunes  
 The end of 's life, as vigneron 100  
 Cut short the branches of a vine,  
 To make it bear more plenty o' wine,  
 And that which Nature did intend  
 T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end.  
 So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on 105  
 The mountain's top, his lofty haven,  
 And all the passengers he bore  
 Were on the new world set ashore,  
 He made it next his chief design  
 To plant and propagate a vine, 110  
 Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd  
 Far greater numbers, on dry ground,  
 Of wretched mankind, one by one,  
 Than all the flood before had done.

## S A T I R E

## U P O N M A R R I A G E.

**S**URE marriages were never so well fitted,  
 As when to matrimony' men were committed,  
 Like thieves by justices, and to a wife  
 Bound, like to good behaviour, during life.  
 For then 'twas but a civil contract made 5  
 Between two partners that set up a trade,  
 And if both fail'd, there was no conscience  
 Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense,  
 No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke  
 When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke,  
 But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts,  
 Might have it taken off, and take their rests,  
 Without being bound in duty to shew cause,  
 Or reckon with divine or human laws.  
 For since, what use of matrimony' has been, 15  
 But to make gallantry a greater sin?  
 As if there were no appetite nor gust,  
 Below adultery, in modish lust,  
 Or no debauchery were exquisite,  
 Until it has attain'd its perfect height. 20  
 For men do now take wives to nobler ends,  
 to bear children, but to bear them friends,  
 Whom

Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate  
 As these endearing offices of late.  
 For men are now grown wise, and understand 25  
 How to improve their crimes as well as land,  
 And, if they've issue, make the infants pay  
 Down for their own begetting on the day,  
 The charges of the gossiping disburse,  
 And pay beforehand (ere they're born) the nurse, 30  
 As he that got a monster on a cow,  
 Out of design of setting up a show  
 For why should not the brats for all account,  
 As well as for the christening at the fount,  
 When those that stand for them lay down the rate 35  
 O' th' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate ?  
 The ancient Romans made the state allow  
 For getting all men's children above two .  
 Then married men, to propagate the breed,  
 Had great rewards for what they never did, 40  
 Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,  
 For owning what their friends were fain to do ;  
 For so they 'ad children, they regarded not  
 By whom (good men), or how, they were begot.  
 To borrow wives (like money) or to lend, 45  
 Was then the civil office of a friend,  
 And he that made a scruple in the case  
 Was held a miserable wretch and base ,  
 For when they 'ad children by them, th' honest men  
 Return'd them to their husbands back again. 50  
 Then, for th' encouragement and propagation  
 Of such a great concernment to the nation,

All

All people were so full of complacence,  
 And civil duty to the public sense,  
 They had no name t' express a cuckold then, 55  
 But that which signified all married men,  
 Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,  
 Unless among the dirty populace,  
 And no man understands on what account  
 Less civil nations after hit upon 't 60  
 For to be known a cuckold can be no  
 Dishonour but to him that thinks it so,  
 For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,  
 His forehead 's shot-free, and he 's ne'er the worse.  
 For horns (like horny callouses) are found 65  
 To grow on skulls that have receiv'd a wound,  
 Are crackt, and broken, not at all on those  
 That are invulnerable and free from blows  
 What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,  
 When they were held the worthiest of men, 70  
 The real fathers of the commonwealth,  
 That planted colonies in Rome itself  
 When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot  
 Most Romans, was the noblest patriot  
 For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death 75  
 One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath,  
 He that more gallantly got three or four,  
 In reason must deserve a great deal more  
 Then, if those glorious worthies of old Rome,  
 That civiliz'd the world they 'ad overcome, 80  
 And taught it laws and learning, found this way  
 The best to save their empire from decay,

Why should not these, that borrow all the worth  
 They have from them, not take this lesson forth  
 Get children, friends, and honour too, and money, 85  
 By prudent managing of matrimony ?  
 For, if 'tis honourable by all confess,  
 Adultery must be worshipful at least,  
 And these times great, when private men are come  
 Up to the height and politic of Rome 90  
 All by-blows were not only free born then,  
 But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men,  
 Had equal right and privilege with these  
 That claim by title right of the four seas  
 For, being in marriage born, it matters not 95  
 After what liturgy they were begot ,  
 And if there be a difference, they have  
 Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,  
 By being engender'd with more life and force  
 Than those begotten the dull way of course 100  
 The Chinese place all piety and zeal  
 In serving with their wives the commonweal ,  
 Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation  
 Upon their women's supererogation ,  
 With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind, 105  
 Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind ,  
 And those that can produce the most gallants,  
 Are held the preciouslest of all their saints ,  
 Wear rosaries about their necks, to con  
 Their exercises of devotion on , 110  
 That serve them for certificates, to show  
 With what vast numbers they have had to do .

Before



Before they 're marry'd, make a conscience  
T' omit no duty of incontinence,  
And she that has been ofteneft prostituted, 115  
Is worthy of the greateft match reputed  
But, when the conquering Tartar went about  
To root this orthodox religion out,  
They flood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,  
Rather than change the ancient purity 120  
Of that religion, which their ancestors  
And they had prosper'd in fo many years,  
Vow'd to their gods to facrifice their lives,  
And die their daughters martyrs, and their wives,  
Before they would commit fo great a fin 125  
Against the faith they had been bred up in.

## S A T I R E

## U P O N P L A G I A R I E S \*.

**W**H Y should the world be so averse  
 To plagiary privateers,  
 That all men's sense and fancy seize,  
 And make free prize of what they please ?  
 As if, because they huff and swell, 5  
 Like pilferers, full of what they steal,  
 Others might equal power assume,  
 To pay them with as hard a doom,  
 To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,  
 For breaking into others' grounds, 10  
 Mark them with characters and brands,  
 Like other forgers of men's hands,

\* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this satire, or sneering apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem

Butler was not pleased with the two first lines of this composition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus

Why should the world be so severe  
 To every small-wit privateer ?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better, but, as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, I did not think proper to adopt it.

And

And in effigie hang and draw  
 The poor delinquents by club-law,  
 When no indictment justly lies, 15  
 But where the theft will bear a price  
     For though wit never can be learn'd,  
 It may b' assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,  
 And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,  
 By being transplanted and remov'd; 20  
 And, as it bears no certain rate,  
 Nor pays one penny to the state,  
 With which it turns no more t' account  
 Than virtue, faith, and merit 's wont,  
 Is neither moveable nor rent, 25  
 Nor chattel, goods, nor tcnement,  
 Nor was it ever pass'd b' entail,  
 Nor settled upon heirs-male,  
 Or if it were, like ill-got land,  
 Did never fall t' a second hand; 30  
 So 'tis no more to be engross'd  
 Than sunshine, or the air inclos'd,  
 Or to propriety confin'd,  
 Than th' uncontrol'd and scatter'd wind  
     For why should that which Nature meant 35  
 To owe its being to its vent,  
 That has no value of its own,  
 But as it is divulg'd and known,  
 Is perishable and destroy'd,  
 As long as it lies unenjoy'd, 40  
 Be scant'd of that liberal use,  
 Which all mankind is free to chuse,

And

And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,  
 Instead of being dispers'd and spread?  
 And, the more lavish and profuse, 45  
 'Tis of the nobler general use,  
 As riots, though supply'd by stealth,  
 Are wholesome to the commonwealth,  
 And men spend freelier what they win,  
 Than what they 'ave freely coming in. 50

The world 's as full of curious wit,  
 Which those that father never writ,  
 As 'tis of bastards, which the sot,  
 And cuckold owns that ne'er begot,  
 Yet pass as well as if the one 55  
 And th' other bye-blow were their own.  
 For why should he that 's impotent  
 To judge, and fancy, and invent,  
 For that impediment be stopt  
 To own, and challenge, and adopt, 60  
 At least th' expos'd and fatherless  
 Poor orphans of the pen and press,  
 Whose parents are obscure, or dead,  
 Or in far countries born and bred?

As none but kings have power to raise 65  
 A levy, which the subject pays,  
 And though they call that tax a loan,  
 Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own,  
 So he that 's able to impose  
 A wit excise on verse or prose, 70  
 And still, the abler authors are  
 Can make them pay the greater share,

Is prince of poets of his time,  
 And they his vassals that supply' him ;  
 Can judge more justly' of what he takes 75  
 Than any of the best he makes,  
 And more impartially conceive  
 What 's fit to chuse, and what to leave.  
 For men reflect more strictly' upon  
 The sense of others than their own , 80  
 And wit, that 's made of wit and sleight,  
 Is richer than the plain downright  
 As salt, that 's made of salt, 's more fine,  
 Than when it first came from the brine ;  
 And spirits of a nobler nature 85  
 Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.  
 Hence mighty Virgil 's said, of old,  
 From dung to have extracted gold  
 (As many a lout and silly clown  
 By his instructions since has done) , 90  
 And grew more lofty by that means,  
 Than by his livery-oats and beans,  
 When from his carts and country farms  
 He rose a mighty man at arms ,  
 To whom th' Heroics ever since 95  
 Have sworn allegiance, as their prince,  
 And faithfully have in all times  
 Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.  
 'Twas counted learning once, and wit,  
 To void but what some author writ, 100  
 And what men understood by rote,  
 By as implicit sense to quote .

Then

That th' authors of them are unknown,  
 As little things they scorn'd to own,  
 Until by men of nobler thought 135  
 Th' were to their full perfection brought  
 This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,  
 Leaves Art to polish and review,  
 And that a wit at second-hand  
 Has greatest interest and command, 140  
 For to improve, dispose, and judge,  
 Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.  
 Invention 's humorous and nice,  
 And never at command applies,  
 Disdains t' obey the proudest wit, 145  
 Unless it chance to b' in the fit  
 (Like prophecy. that can preface  
 Successes of the latest age,  
 Yet is not able to tell when  
 It next shall prophecy again), 150  
 Makes all her suitors court and wait,  
 Like a proud minister of state,  
 And, when she 's serious, in some freak,  
 Extravagant, and vain, and weak,  
 Attend her silly lazy pleasure, 155  
 Until she chance to be at leisure,  
 When 'tis more easy to steal wit  
 To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,  
 Is both the business and delight,  
 Like hunting-sports, of those that write, 160  
 For thievery is but one sort,  
 The learned say, of hunting-sport.

Hence

Hence 'tis that some, who set up first  
 As raw, and wretched, and unvers'd,  
 And open'd with a stock as poor 165  
 As a healthy beggar with one fore,  
 That never writ in prose or verse,  
 But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse,  
 And at the best could but commit  
 The petty-larceny of wit, 170  
 To whom to write was to purloin,  
 And printing but to stamp false coin,  
 Yet, after long and sturdy endeavours  
 Of being painful wit-receivers,  
 With gathering rags and scraps of wit, 175  
 As paper's made on which 'tis writ,  
 Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd  
 The right—or wrong—to be admir'd;  
 And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd  
 The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd. 180  
 For, as a banker can dispose  
 Of greater sums he only owes,  
 Than he who honestly is known  
 To deal in nothing but his own,  
 So, whosoe'er can tal e up most, 185  
 May greatest fame and credit boast.

## S A T I R E,

## IN TWO PARTS,

Upon the Imperfection and Abuse of

HUMAN LEARNING\*.

## PART I.

IT is the noblest act of human reason,  
To free itself from slavish prepossession,

Affume

\* In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's enlarged by Mr Bernard, Birch, and Lockman, we are told by the learned editors, under the article *Hudibras*, that they were personally informed by the late Mr Longueville, That amongst the genuine remains of Butler, which were in his hands, there was a poem, entitled *The History of Learning*—To the same purpose is the following passage, cited from *The Postical Register*, vol II. p 21 —“ In justice to the public, it is thought proper to declare, that all the manuscripts Mr Butler left behind him are now in the custody of Mr Longueville (among which is one, entitled *The History of Learning*, written after the manner of *Hudibras*) and that not one line of those poems lately published under his name is genuine ”

As these authorities must have given the world reason to expect, in this Work, a poem of this sort, it becomes necessary for me to inform the public—that Butler did meditate a pretty long satire upon the imperfection and abuse of Human Learning,  
but



Assume the legal right to disengage  
 From all it had contracted under age,  
 And not its ingenuity and wit, 5  
 To all it was imbued with first, submit,  
 Take true or false for better or for worse,  
 To have or to hold indifferently of course  
 For Custom, though but usher of the school,  
 Where Nature breeds the body and the soul, 10

but that he only finished this first part of it, though he has left very considerable and interesting fragments of the remainder, some of which I shall subjoin

The Poet's plan seems to have consisted of two parts, the first, which he has executed, is to expose the defects of human learning—from the wrong methods of education—from the natural imperfection of the human mind—and from that over-eagerness of men to know things above the reach of human capacity — The second, as far as one can judge by the *Remains*, and intended parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has asserted in the first, and ridiculed and satyriized the different branches of human learning, in characterizing the philosopher, critic, orator, &c.

Mr Longueville might be led, by this, into the mistake of calling this work *A History of Learning*, or perhaps it might arise from Butler's having, in one plan, which he afterwards altered, begun with these two lines,

The history of learning is so lame,  
 That few can tell from whence at first it came

What has been said will, I flatter myself, be a sufficient apology for the printing an imperfect work, if the many good things to be met with in it does not make one unnecessary —However, for this reason, I did not think fit to place it amongst his other Satires, which are perfect in their different ways.

Ufurps a greater power and interest  
 O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,  
 That by two different instincts is led,  
 Born to the one, and to the other bred,  
 And trains him up with rudiments more false 15  
 Than Nature does her stupid animals,  
 And that 's one reason why more care 's bestow'd  
 Upon the body than the soul 's allow'd,  
 That is not found to understand and know  
 So subtly as the body 's found to grow 20  
 Though children, without study, pains, or thought,  
 Are languages and vulgar notions taught,  
 Improve their natural talents without care,  
 And apprehend before they are aware,  
 Yet as all strangers never leave the tones 25  
 They have been us'd of children to pronounce,  
 So most men's reason never can outgrow  
 The discipline it first receiv'd to know,  
 But renders words they first began to con,  
 The end of all that 's after to be known, 30  
 And sets the help of education back,  
 Worse than, without it, man could ever lack,  
 Who, therefore, finds the artificial't fools  
 Have not been chang'd f' th' cradle, but the schools,  
 Where error, pedantry, and affectation, 35  
 Run them behind-hand with their education,  
 And all alike are taught poetic rage,  
 When hardly one 's fit for it in an age.  
 No sooner are the organs of the brain  
 Quick to receive, and steadfast to retain, 40

Best knowledges, but all 's laid out upon  
 Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,  
 To make confounded languages restore  
 A greater drudgery than it barr'd before  
 And therefore those imported from the East, 45  
 Where first they were incurr'd, are held the best,  
 Although convey'd in worse Arabian pothooks  
 Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-books;  
 Are really but pains and labour lost,  
 And not worth half the drudgery they cost, 50  
 Unless, like rarities, as they 've been brought  
 From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,  
 When those who had no other but their own,  
 Have all succeeding eloquence outdone  
 As men that wink with one eye see more true, 55  
 And take their aim much better, than with two.  
 For, the more languages a man can speak,  
 His talent has but sprung the greater leak,  
 And, for the industry he 'as spent upon 't,  
 Must full as much some other way discount. 60  
 The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,  
 Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,  
 And turn their wits, that strive to understand it  
 (Like those that write the characters) left-handed  
 Yet he that is but able to express 65  
 No sense at all in several languages,  
 Will pass for learned, than he that 's known  
 To speak the strongest reason in his own.  
 These are the modern arts of education,  
 With all the learned of mankind in fashion, 70

But

But practis'd only with the rod and whip,  
 As riding-schools inculcate horfemanfhip ,  
 Or Romifh penitents let out their fkins,  
 To bear the penalties of others' fins  
 When letters, at the firft, were meant for play, 75  
 And only us'd to pafs the time away ,  
 When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name  
 To exprefs a fchool and playhoufe, but the fame,  
 And in their languages, fo long ago,  
 To ftudy or be idle was all one, 80  
 For nothing more preferves men in their wits,  
 Than giving of them leave to play by fits,  
 In dreams to fport, and ramble with all fancies,  
 And waking, little lefs extravagances,  
 The reft and recreation of tir'd thought, 85  
 When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,  
 Of which whoever does not freely take  
 His conftant fhare, is never broad awake  
 And, when he wants an equal competence  
 Of both recruits, abates as much of fenfe. 90  
 Nor is their education worfe defign'd  
 Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind  
 The greateft inclinations with the leaft  
 Capacities are fatally poffeft,  
 Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains, 95  
 Without an equal competence of brains ,  
 While thofe fhe has indulg'd in foul and body,  
 Are moft averfe to induftry and ftudy,  
 And th' activ'ft fancies fhare as loofe alloys,  
 For want of equal weight to counterpoife. 100

But when those great conveniencies meet,  
 Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,  
 The one but strives the other to divert,  
 While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,  
 And scholars, by preposterous over-doing, 105  
 And under-judging, all their projects ruin,  
 Who, though the understanding of mankind  
 Within so strait a compass is confin'd,  
 Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound  
 The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond. 110  
 The bravest foldiers scorn, until they 're got  
 Close to the enemy, to make a shot,  
 Yet great philosophers delight to stretch  
 Their talents most at things beyond their reach,  
 And proudly think t' unriddle every cause 115  
 That Nature uses, by their own bye-laws,  
 When 'tis not only' impertinent, but rude,  
 Where she denies admision, to intrude,  
 And all their industry is but to err,  
 Unless they have free quarantine from her, 120  
 Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,  
 By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd  
 For Adam, with the loss of Paradise  
 Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,  
 And ever since that miserable fate 125  
 Learning did never cost an easier rate,  
 For, though the most divine and sovereign good  
 That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,  
 Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance  
 To th' interest of truth than ignorance, 130  
 And

And therefore never bore so high a value  
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow,  
Had academies, schools, and colleges,  
Endow'd for its improvement and increase,  
With pomp and shew was introduc'd with maces, 135  
More than a Roman magistrate had fasces,  
Impower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,  
'T' assume an art, and after understand it,  
Like bills of store for taking a degree,  
With all the learning to it custom-free, 140  
And own professions which they never took  
So much delight in as to read one book.  
Like princes, had prerogative to give  
Convicted malefactors a reprieve,  
And, having but a little paltry wit 145  
More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,  
But scorn'd, as soon as 'twas but understood,  
As better is a spiteful foe to good,  
And now has nothing left for its support,  
But what the darkest times provided for 't 150  
Man has a natural desire to know,  
But th' one half is for interest, th' other show  
As scriveners take more pains to learn the sleight  
Of making knots, than all the hands they write  
So all his study is not to extend 155  
The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end,  
'T' appear and pass for learned, though his claim  
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name  
For most of those that drudge and labour hard,  
Furnish their understandings by the yard, 160  
As

As a French library by the whole is,  
 So much an ell for quartos' and for folios,  
 To which they are but indexes themselves,  
 And understand no further than the shelves,  
 But smatter with their titles and editions, 165  
 And place them in their Classfical partitions,  
 When all a student knows of what he reads  
 Is not in 's own, but under general heads  
 Of common-places, not in his own power,  
 But, like a Dutchman's money, 1' th' cantore, 170  
 Where all he can make of it at the best,  
 Is hardly three *per cent.* for interest,  
 And whether he will ever get it out,  
 Into his own possession, is a doubt.  
 Affects all books of past and modern ages, 175  
 But reads no further than the title-pages,  
 Only to con the authois' names by rote,  
 Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,  
 Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance  
 With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients. 180  
 As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,  
 And compliment the rabble in the street,  
 Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim  
 Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,  
 And, by so mean contemptible a bribe, 185  
 Trepann'd the suffrages of every tribe,  
 So learned men, by authors' names unknown,  
 Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,  
 And he 's esteem'd the learned't of all others,  
 That has the largest catalogue of authors. 190

## F R A G M E N T S

OF AN INTENDED

## S E C O N D P A R T

## OF THE FOREGOING SATIRE.

MEN'S talents grow more bold and confident,  
 The further they 're beyond their just extent,  
 As smatterers prove more arrogant and pert,  
 The less they truly understand an art,  
 And, where they 've least capacity to doubt,  
 Are wont t' appear most peremptory and stout,

These *Fragments* were fairly written out, and several times, with some little variations, transcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form. They may be considered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each separately finished, but not united into one general design.

From these the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our Author's intended scheme, and will, I doubt not, regret, with me, that he did not apply himself to the finishing of a satire so well suited to his judgment and particular turn of wit.

It may be thought, perhaps, that some parts of it ought to have been illustrated with notes, but as the printing an imperfect work may be judged, by some readers of great delicacy, a sort of intrusion upon the public, I did not care to enhance the objection by clogging it with additional observations of my own.

While



While those that know the mathematic lines  
Where Nature all the wit of man confines,  
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where  
It acts beyond the limits of its sphere,  
Enjoy an abfoluter free command  
O'er all they have a right to underftand,  
Than thofe that falſely venture to encroach  
Where Nature has deny'd them all approach,  
And ftill, the more they ftrove to underftand,  
Like great eftates, run furtheft behind-hand,  
Will undertake the univerſe to fathom,  
From infinite down to a fingle atom,  
Without a geometric inſtrument,  
To take their own capacity's extent,  
Can tell as eaſy how the world was made,  
As if they 'ad been brought up to the trade,  
And whether Chance, Neceſſity, or Matter,  
Contriv'd the whole eſta bliſhment of Nature,  
When all their wits to underftand the world  
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,  
Or give a rational account why fiſh,  
That always uſe to drink, do never piſs.

WHAT mad fantaſtic gambols have been play'd  
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,  
That were not much inferior to the freaks  
Of all our lunatic fanatic ſects!  
The firſt and beſt philoſopher of Athens  
Was crackt, and ran ſtark-ftaring mad with patience,  
And

And had no other way to shew his wit,  
But when his wife was in her scolding-fit,  
Was after in the Pagan inquisition,  
And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.  
Next him, his scholar, striving to expel  
All poets his poetic commonweal,  
Exil'd himself, and all his followers,  
Notorious poets, only bating verse.  
The Stagyrte, unable to expound  
The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd.  
So he that put his eyes out, to consider  
And contemplate on natural things the steadier,  
Did but himself for idiot convince,  
Though reverenc'd by the learned ever since.  
Empedocles, to be esteem'd a god,  
Leapt into Ætna, with his sandals shod.  
That being blown out, discover'd what an ass  
The great philosopher and juggler was,  
That to his own new deity sacrific'd,  
And was himself the victim and the priest  
The Cynic coin'd false money, and, for fear  
Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philosopher,  
Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find  
One honest man i' th' heap of all mankind,  
An idle freak he needed not have done,  
If he had known himself to be but one.  
With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,  
The learned of all ages celebrate  
Things that are properer for Knightbridge college,  
Than th' authors and originals of knowledge,

More

More sottish than the two fanatics, trying  
 To mend the world by laughing, or by crying,  
 Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whistle,  
 To rally on an ass that ate a thistle,  
 That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,  
 A fitter mistress could not pick and chuse,  
 Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,  
 Like two indentures, did agree so fit.

THE ancient sceptics constantly deny'd  
 What they maintain'd, and thought they justify'd,  
 For when they' affirm'd that nothing 's to be known,  
 They did but what they said before disown,  
 And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce  
 The same thing to be true and false at once

These follies had such influence on the rabble,  
 As to engage them in perpetual squabble,  
 Divided Rome and Athens into clans  
 Of ignorant mechanic partisans,  
 That, to maintain their own hypotheses,  
 Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace,  
 Were often set by officers i' th' stocks  
 For quarreling about a paradox  
 When pudding-wives were launcht in cock-quean stools,  
 For fling foul on oyster-women's schools,  
 No herb-women sold cabbages or onions,  
 But to their gossips of their own opinions.  
 A Penitenc. c cobbler scorn'd to soal  
 A pair of shoes of any other school,

And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,  
To go an errand of the Cyrenaics,  
That us'd t' encounter in athletic lifts,  
With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,  
Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth  
Of academics, to maintain the truth  
But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic  
And Epicureans were the most heroic,  
That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,  
To vindicate the interests of their sects,  
And still behav'd themselves as resolute  
In waging cuffs and bruises as dispute,  
Until, with wounds and bruises which they' had got,  
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot,  
When all their quarrels, rightly understood,  
Were but to prove disputes the sovereign good

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at first design'd  
To regulate the errors of the mind,  
By being too nicely overstrain'd and vext,  
Have made the comment harder than the text,  
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,  
But break the bones in pieces, of a point,  
And with impertinent evasions force  
The clearest reason from its native course—  
That argue things so' uncertain, 'tis no matter  
Whether they are, or never were in nature,  
And venture to demonstrate, when they 've slur'd,  
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.

For

For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence  
 With blunted foyles) engage with blunted sense,  
 And, as they 're wont to falsify a blow,  
 Use nothing else to pass upon the foe,  
 Or, if they venture further to attack,  
 Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack,  
 And, when they find themselves too hardly prest on,  
 Prevaricate, and change the state o' th' quest'on,  
 The noblest science of defence and art  
 In practice now with all that controvert,  
 And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden  
 Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding

AS old knights-errant in their harness fought  
 As safe as in a castle or redoubt,  
 Gave one another desperate attacks,  
 To storm the counterescarp upon their backs,  
 So disputants advance, and post their arms,  
 To storm the works of one another's terms;  
 Fall foul on some extravagant expression,  
 But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—  
 So some polemics use to draw their swords  
 Against the language only and the words,  
 As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,  
 Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,  
 Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince,  
 The author of false Latin to convince,  
 But laid the merits of the cause aside,  
 By those that understood them to be try'd,

'T z

And

And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing  
More capital than to behead a king,  
For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd,  
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,  
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or false,  
And still, the more 'tis us'd, is wont t' abate  
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,  
Until 'tis false, and will not rise nor fall,  
Like those that are less artificial,  
And therefore students, in their ways of judging,  
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,  
And by their over-understanding lose  
Its active faculty with too much use,  
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,  
Is but the next of all remov'd from none—

It is Opinion governs all mankind,  
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind  
For, as those surnames are esteem'd the best  
That signify in all things else the least,  
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion,  
That have the least of truth and reason in them  
Truth would undo the world, if it possess  
The meanest of its right and interest,  
Is but a titular prince, whose authority  
Is always under age, and in minority,  
Has all things done, and carried in its name,  
But most of all where it can lay no claim,

As far from gaiety and complaisance,  
 As greatness, insolence, and ignorance,  
 And therefore has surrendred her dominion  
 O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,  
 That in her right usurps the tyrannies  
 And arbitrary government of lyes—

As no tricks on the rope but those that break,  
 Or come most near to breaking of a neck,  
 Are worth the fight, so nothing goes for wit  
 But nonsense, or the next of all to it  
 For nonsense, being neither false nor true,  
 A little wit to any thing may screw,  
 And, when it has a while been us'd, of course  
 Will stand as well in virtue, power, and force,  
 And pass for sense t' all purposes as good  
 As if it had at first been understood  
 For nonsense has the amplest privileges,  
 And more than all the strongest sense obliges,  
 That furnishes the schools with terms of art,  
 The mysteries of science to impart,  
 Supplies all seminaries with recruits  
 Of endless controversies and disputes,  
 For learned nonsense has a deeper sound  
 Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

FOR all our learned authors now compile  
 At charge of nothing but the words and stile,  
 And the most curious critics or the learned  
 Believe themselves in nothing else concerned,

For, as it is the garniture and dress  
That all things wear in books and languages  
(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear,  
According to the habits that they wear),  
'Tis probable to be the truest test  
Of all the ingenuity o' th' rest  
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,  
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks,  
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians  
Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,  
To learn the art of patrons, in defence  
Of interest and their clients' eloquence,  
When consuls, censors, senators, and prætors,  
With great dictators, us'd to apply to rhetors,  
To hear the greater magistrate o' th' school  
Give sentence in his haughty chair curule,  
And those who mighty nations overcame,  
Were fain to say their lessons, and declaim.

Words are but pictures, true or false design'd,  
To draw the lines and features of the mind,  
The characters and artificial draughts,  
T' express the inward images of thoughts,  
And artists say a picture may be good,  
Although the moral be not understood,  
Whence some infer they may admire a style,  
Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile,  
Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind  
With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd

So orators, enchanted with the twang  
Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue,

Whose



Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls,  
Conveys and counterchanges true and false,  
Casts mists before an audience's eyes,  
To pass the one for th' other in disguise,  
And, like a morrice-dancer dress'd with bells,  
Only to serve for noise and nothing else,  
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,  
And hangs for pendants in a horse's ear,  
For, if the language will but bear the test,  
No matter what becomes of all the rest  
The ablest orator, to save a word,  
Would throw all sense and reason overboard.

Hence 'tis that nothing else but eloquence  
Is ty'd to such a prodigal expence,  
That lays out half the wit and sense it uses  
Upon the other half's, as vain excuses  
For all defences and apologies  
Are but specifics t' other frauds and lyes,  
And th' artificial wash of eloquence  
Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,  
Only to stain the native ingenuity  
Of equal brevity and perspicuity,  
Whilst all the best and soberest things he does,  
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose,  
Handles no point so evident and clear  
(Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher,  
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct,  
As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't

Unthriftilly, and now he went about  
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

THE pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn  
Among the ancient writers and the modern,  
And, while their studies are between the one  
And th' other spent, have nothing of their own,  
Like sponges, are both plants and animals,  
And equally to both their natures false  
For, whether 'tis their want of conversation,  
Inclines them to all sorts of affectation,  
Their sedentary life and melancholy,  
The everlasting nursery of folly,  
Their poring upon black and white too subtly  
Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley,  
Or squandering of their wits and time upon  
Too many things, has made them fit for none,  
Their constant overstraining of the mind  
Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind,  
Or rude confusions of the things they read  
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,  
Until they have their constant wanes, and fulls,  
And changes, in the insides of their skulls,  
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit  
Has render'd them for all things else unfit,  
But never bring the world and books together,  
And therefore never rightly judge of either,  
Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics  
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,

And,

And, by th' immoderate excess of study,  
Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body.

For pedantry is but a corn or wart,  
Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,  
A stupify'd excrescence, like a wen,  
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,  
That never grows from natural defects  
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,  
But from the over-curious and vain  
Distempers of an artificial brain—

So he that once stood for the learned'st man,  
Had read out Little-Britain and Duck-Lane,  
Worn out his reason, and reduc'd his body  
And brain to nothing with perpetual study,  
Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosos,  
To read all authors to him with their glosses,  
And made his lacquies, when he wa'k'd, bear folios  
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,  
To be read to him every way the wind  
Should chance to sit, before him or behind,  
Had read out all th' imaginary duels  
That had been fought by consonants and vowels,  
Had crackt his scull, to find out proper places  
To lay up all memoirs of things in cases,  
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,  
To play with pucks of sciences and arts,  
That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,  
That ventures at grammatic beast, or noddy,  
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,  
That come in dry vats o'er from Francfort fairs,

Whose

Whose authors use t' articulate their furnames  
With scraps of Greek more learned than the Germans;  
Was wont to scatter books in every room,  
Where they might best be seen by all that come,  
And lay a train that naturally should force  
What he design'd, as if it fell of course,  
And all this with a worse success than Cardan,  
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,  
When, lighting on a philosophic spell,  
Of which he never knew one syllable,  
Presto, be gone, h' unriddled all he read,  
As if he had to nothing else been bred.

U P O N

U P O N

AN HYPOCRITICAL  
NON CONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE\*.

## I

THERE 's nothing so absurd, or vain,

Or barbarous, or inhumane,

But, if it lay the least pretence

To piety and godliness,

Or tender-hearted conscience,

5

And zeal for gospel truths profess,

Does sacred instantly commence,

And all that dare but question it, are strait

Pronounc'd the uncircumcis'd and reprobate.

This and the two following compositions are the only ones that our Author wrote in this measure, which some readers may, perhaps, think too grave and solemn for the subject, and the turn of Butler's wit. It must, however, be allowed, that he falls no way short of his usual depth and reach of thought, keenness of satire, and acuteness of expression.

As

As malefactors, that escape and fly 10  
 Into a sanctuary for defence,  
 Must not be brought to justice thence,  
 Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high,  
 And he that dares presume to do 't,  
 Is sentenc'd and deliver'd-up 15  
 To Satan, that engag'd him to 't,  
 For venturing wickedly to put a stop  
 To his immunities and free affairs,  
 Or meddle saucily with theirs  
 That are employ'd by him, while he and they 20  
 Proceed in a religious and a holy way

## II.

And, as the Pagans heretofore  
 Did their own handy works adore,  
 And made their stone and timber deities,  
 Their temples and their altars, of one piece, 25  
 The same outgoings seem t' inspire  
 Our modern self-will'd Edifier,  
 That, out of things as far from sense, and more,  
 Contrives new light and revelation,  
 The creatures of th' imagination, 30  
 To worship and fall down before,  
 Of which his crack'd delusions draw  
 As monstrous images and rude,  
 As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,  
 Or madman in a vision saw 35  
 Mistakes the feeble impotence,  
 And vain delusions of his mind,

For spiritual gifts and offerings,  
 Which Heaven to present him brings,  
 And still, the further 'tis from sense, 40  
 Believes it is the more refin'd,  
 And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

## III

But, as all tricks whose principles  
 Are false, prove false in all things else,  
 The dull and heavy hypocrite 45  
 Is but in pension with his conscience,  
 That pays him for maintaining it  
 With zealous rage and impudence,  
 And, as the one grows obstinate,  
 So does the other rich and fat, 50  
 Disposes of his gifts and dispensations  
 Like spiritual foundations  
 Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd  
 To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind,  
 But still diverts them to as bad, or worse, 55  
 Than others are by unjust governors.  
 For, like our modern publicans,  
 He still puts out all dues  
 He owes to Heaven to the devil to use,  
 And makes his godly interest great gains, 60  
 Takes all the Brethren (to recruit  
 The spirit in him) contribute,  
 And, to repair and edify his spent  
 And broken-winded outward man, present  
 For painful holding-forth against the government 65

IV. The

## IV.

The subtle spider never spins,  
 But on dark days, his slimy gins,  
 Nor does our engineer much care to plant  
 His spiritual machines  
 Unless among the weak and ignorant, 70  
 Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,  
 The vain, the factious, and the slight,  
 That in their zeal are most extravagant,  
 For trouts are tickled best in muddy water  
 And still, the muddier he finds their brains, 75  
 The more he 's sought and follow'd after,  
 And greater ministrations gains  
 For talking idly is admir'd,  
 And speaking nonsense held inspir'd,  
 And still, the flatter and more dull 80  
 His gifts appear, is held more powerful  
 For blocks are better cleft with wedges,  
 Than tools of sharp and subtle edges,  
 And dullest nonsense has been found,  
 By some, to be the solid'st and the most profound. 85

## V.

A great Apostle once was said  
 With too much learning to be mad,  
 But our great Saint becomes distract,  
 And only with too little crackt,  
 Cries moral truths and human learning down, 90  
 And will endure no reason but his own,

For



For 'tis a drudgery and task  
 Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,  
 To answer all men can object or ask ;  
 But to be found impregnable, 95  
 And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,  
 In spite of shame or reason resolute,  
 Is braver than to argue and confute :  
 As he that can draw blood, they say,  
 From witches, takes their magic power away, 100  
 So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,  
 Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace .  
 For, while he holds that nothing is so damn'd  
 And shameful as to be ashamed,  
 He never can b' attack'd, 105  
 But will come off, for Confidence, well back'd,  
 Among the weak and piousness'd,  
 Has often Truth, with all her kingly power, oppress'd.

## VI.

It is the nature of late zeal,  
 'Twill not be subject, nor rebel, 110  
 Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,  
 But where there 's something to be gain'd ,  
 And, that being once reveal'd, defies  
 The law, with all its penalties,  
 And is convinc'd no pale 115  
 O' th' church can be so sacred as a jail  
 For, as the Indians' prisons are their mines,  
 So he has found are all restraints  
 To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints ,  
 For the same thing enriches that confines, 120  
 And

And like to Lully, when he was in hold,  
 He turns his baser metals into gold,  
 Receives returning and retiring fees  
 For holding forth, and holding of his peace,  
 And takes a pension to be advocate 125  
 And standing counsel 'gainst the church and state  
 For gall'd and tender consciences,  
 Commits himself to prison to trepan,  
 Draw in, and spirit all he can,  
 For birds in cages have a call, 130  
 To draw the wildest into nets,  
 More prevalent and natural  
 Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

## VII

His slippery conscience has more tricks  
 Than all the juggling empirics, 135  
 And every one another contradicts,  
 All laws of heaven and earth can break,  
 And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy,  
 And yet is so infirm and weak,  
 'Twill not endure the gentlest check, 140  
 But at the slightest nicety grows queasy,  
 Disdains control, and yet can be  
 No where, but in a prison, free,  
 Can force itself, in spite of God,  
 Who makes it free as thought at home, 145  
 A slave and villain to become,  
 To serve its interests abroad  
 And, though no Pharisee was e'er so cunning  
 At tithing mint and cummin,

No dull idolater was e'er so flat 150  
 In things of deep and solid weight,  
 Pretends to charity and holiness,  
 But is implacable to peace,  
 And out of tenderness grows obstinate.  
 And, though the zeal of God's house ate a prince 155  
 And prophet up (he says) long since,  
 His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal  
 Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a meal.

## VIII.

He does not pray, but prosecute,  
 As if he went to law, his suit, 160  
 Summons his Maker to appear  
 And answer what he shall prefer,  
 Returns him back his gift of prayer,  
 Not to petition, but declare,  
 Exhibits cross complaints 165  
 Against him the breach of Covenants,  
 And all the charters of the Saints,  
 Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands  
 Upon high terms and bold demands,  
 Excepts against him and his laws, 170  
 And will be judge himself in his own cause,  
 And grows more saucy and severe  
 Than th' Heathen emperor was to Jupiter,  
 That us'd to wrangle with him and dispute,  
 And sometimes would speak softly in his ear, 175  
 And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,  
 And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

## IX

But when his painful gifts h' employs  
 In holding-forth, the virtue lies  
 Not in the letter of the sense, 180  
 But in the spiritual vehemence,  
 The power and dispensation of the voice,  
 The zealous pangs and agonies,  
 And heavenly turnings of the eyes;  
 The groans, with which he piously destroys 185  
 And drowns the nonsense in the noise,  
 And grows so loud, as if he meant to force  
 And take in heaven by violence,  
 To fright the Saints into salvation,  
 Or scare the devil from temptation, 190  
 Until he falls so low and hoarse,  
 No kind of carnal sense  
 Can be made out of what he means  
 But, as the ancient Pagans were precise  
 To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice, 195  
 He still conforms to them, and has a care  
 T' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

## X

The ancient churches, and the best,  
 By their own martyrs' blood increast,  
 But he has found out a new way, 200  
 To do it with the blood of those  
 That dare his church's growth oppose,  
 Or her imperious canons disobey,

And

And strives to carry on the Work,  
 Like a true primitive reforming Turk, 205  
 With holy rage, and edifying war,  
 More safe and powerful ways by far  
 For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,  
 Was the first great Reformer, and the chief  
 Of th' ancient Christian belief, 210  
 That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,  
 With revelations, dreams, and visions,  
 And apostolic superstitions,  
 To be held forth and carry'd on by war,  
 And his successor was a Presbyter, 215  
 With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

## XI

For, as a Turk, that is to act some crime  
 Against his Prophet's holy law,  
 Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,  
 And leave his body for a time, 220  
 So, when some horrid action 's to be done,  
 Our Turkish proselyte puts on  
 Another spirit, and lays by his own,  
 And, when his over-heated brain  
 Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman, 225  
 He 's judg'd inspir'd, and all his frenzies held  
 To be prophetic, and reveal'd  
 The one believes all madmen to be saints,  
 Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,  
 And yet in madness all devotion plants, 230  
 And where he differs most concurs,

Both equally exact and just  
 In perjury and breach of trust,  
 So like in all things, that one Brother  
 Is but a counterpart of th' other, 235  
 And both unanimously damn  
 And hate (like two that play one game)  
 Each other for it, while they strive to do the same.

## XII.

Both equally design to raise  
 Their churches by the self-same ways; 240  
 With war and ruin to assert  
 Their doctrine, and with fire and sword convert;  
 To preach the gospel with a drum,  
 And for convincing overcome  
 And though, in worshipping of God, all blood 245  
 Was by his own laws disallow'd,  
 Both hold no holy rites to be so good,  
 And both, to propagate the breed  
 Of their own Saints, one way proceed,  
 For lust and rapes in war repair as fast 250  
 As fury and destruction waste -  
 Both equally allow all crimes,  
 As lawful means to propagate a sect;  
 For laws in war can be of no effect,  
 And licence does more good in gospel-times. 255  
 Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been  
 The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin,  
 For, when religion does recede  
 From her own nature, nothing but a breed  
 Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed. 260

U P O N

U P O N  
M O D E R N C R I T I C S.

A P I N D A R I C O D E.

I

**T**IS well that equal Heaven has plac'd  
 Those joys above, that to reward  
 The just and virtuous are prepar'd,  
 Beyond their reach, until their pains are past,,  
 Else men would rather venture to possess 5  
 By force, than earn their happiness,  
 And only take the devil's advice,  
 As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,  
 Though at th' expence of Paradise  
 For, as some say, to fight is but a base 10  
 Mechanic handy-work, and far below  
 A generous spirit t' undergo,  
 So 'tis to take the pains to know  
 Which some, with only confidence and face,  
 More easily and ably do, 15  
 For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,  
 Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.  
 Who would not rather make himself a judge,  
 And boldly usurp the chair,  
 Than with dull industry and care 20  
 Endure to study, think, and drudge,

For that which he much sooner may advance  
With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance ?

## II.

For all men challenge, though in spite  
Of Nature and their stars, a right 25  
To censure, judge, and know,  
Though she can only order who  
Shall be, and who shall ne'er be, wise  
Then why should those whom she denies  
Her favour and good graces to, 30  
Not strive to take opinion by surprize,  
And ravish what it were in vain to wooe ?  
For he that desperately assumes  
The censure of all wits and arts,  
Though without judgment, skill, and parts, 35  
Only to startle and amuse,  
And mask his ignorance (as Indians use  
With gaudy-colour'd plumes  
Their homely nether parts t' adorn),  
Can never fail to captive some, 40  
That will submit to his oraculous doom,  
And reverence what they ought to scorn,  
Admire his sturdy confidence,  
For solid judgment and deep sense  
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit, 45  
Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

## III.

Two self-admirers, that combine  
Against the world, may pass a fine

Upon



Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,  
 And settle it as they think fit 50  
 On one another, like the choice  
 Of Persian princes, by one horse's voice :  
 For those fine pageants which some raise,  
 Of false and disproportion'd praise,  
 'T' enable whom they please t' appear 55  
 And pass for what they never were,  
 In private only being but nam'd,  
 Their modesty must be ashamed,  
 And not endure to hear,  
 And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd, 60  
 And own'd in public every where .  
 So vain some authors are to boast  
 Their want of ingenuity, and club  
 Their affidavit wits, to dub  
 Each other but a Knight o' the Post, 65  
 As false as suborn'd perjurers,  
 That vouch away all right they have to their own ears.

## IV

But, when all other courses fail,  
 There is one easy artifice,  
 That seldom has been known to miss— 70  
 To cry all mankind down, and rail  
 For he whom all men do condemn,  
 May be allow'd to rail again at them,  
 And in his own defence  
 To outface reason, wit, and sense, 75  
 And all that makes against himself condemn,

To snarl at all things, right or wrong,  
 Like a mad dog that has a worm in 's tongue;  
 Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,  
 To its first original the devil,  
 And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,  
 To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ,  
 Though to perform his task as dull,  
 As if he had a toadstone in his scull,  
 And could produce a greater stock  
 Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

85

## V.

The feeblest vermin can destroy  
 As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,  
 And, only with their eyes and breath,  
 Infect and poison men to death,  
 But that more impotent buffoon,  
 That makes it both his business and his sport  
 To rail at all, is but a drone,  
 That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt,  
 Enjoys a kind of lechery in spite,  
 Like o'ergrown sinners, that in whipping take delight,  
 Invades the reputation of all those  
 That have, or have it not, to lose,  
 And, if he chance to make a difference,  
 'Tis always in the wrongest sense  
 As rooking gamesters never lay  
 Upon those hands that use fair play,  
 But venture all their bets  
 Upon the flurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.

90

95

100

VI Nor

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE  
 MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.  
 A PINDARIC ODE\*.

## I

'TIS true, to compliment the dead  
 Is as impertinent and vain,  
 As 'twas of old to call them back again,  
 Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,  
 With settlements for after-lives 5  
 For all that can be done or said,  
 Though ere so noble, great, and good,  
 By them is neither heard nor understood.  
 All our fine sleights and tricks of art,  
 First to create, and then adore desert, 10  
 And those romances which we frame,  
 To raise ourselves, not them, a name,  
 In vain are stuff with ranting flatteries,  
 And such as, if they knew, they would despise.

\* This Ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's among the many spurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his *Remains*, was published by the Author himself, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three sheets 4to, and, agreeable to this, I find it in his own hand-writing among his manuscripts, with some little addition, and a few verbal alterations, as the reader may observe, in comparing it with the copy already printed.

For,

TO THE MEMORY OF DU-VAL. 299

For, as those times the Golden Age we call, 15  
 In which there was no gold in use at all,  
 So we plant glory and renown  
 Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,  
 But to worse purpose, many times,  
 To flourish o'er nefarious crimes, 20  
 And cheat the world, that never seems to mind  
 How good or bad men die, but what they leave behind.

II.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name  
 Can never be worn-out by Fame,  
 That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind 25  
 A great example to mankind,  
 That fell a public sacrifice,  
 From ruin to preserve those few  
 Who, though born false, may be made true,  
 And teach the world to be more just and wise, 30  
 Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest  
 Unmention'd in his silent chest,  
 Not for his own, but public interest.  
 He, like a pious man, some years before  
 The arrival of his fatal hour, 35  
 Made every day he had to live  
 To his last minute a preparative,  
 Taught the wild Arabs on the road  
 To act in a more gentle mode,  
 Take prizes more obligingly than those 40  
 Who never had been bred *filous*,  
 And

And how to hang in a more graceful fashion  
Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation.

## III.

In France, the staple of new modes,  
Where garbs and miens are current goods, 45  
That serves the ruder northern nations  
With methods of address and treat,  
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,  
And how to drink and how to eat  
No out-of-fashion wine or meat, 50  
To understand cravats and plumes,  
And the most modish from the old perfumes,  
To know the age and pedigrees  
Of points of Flanders or Venise, 55  
Cast their nativities, and, to a day,  
Foretel how long they 'll hold, and when decay,  
T' affect the purest negligences  
In gestures, gaits, and miens,  
And speak by *repartee-rotines*  
Out of the most authentic of romances, 60  
And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,  
What ribbands, all the year, are in or out of season,

## IV.

In this great academy of mankind  
He had his birth and education,  
Where all men are so ingeniously inclin'd, 65  
They understand by imitation,  
  
Improve

Improve untaught, before they are aware,  
 As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,  
 That naturally does dispense  
 To all a deep and solid confidence; 70  
 A virtue of that precious use,  
 That he whom bounteous Heaven endues  
 But with a moderate share of it,  
 Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,  
 In all the deep Hermetic arts 75  
 (For so of late the learned call  
 All tricks, if strange and mystical).  
 He had improv'd his natural parts,  
 And with his magic rod could sound  
 Where hidden treasure might be found : 80  
 He, like a lord o' th' manor, seiz'd upon  
 Whatever happen'd in his way,  
 As lawful west and stray,  
 And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first rudiments he grew 8,  
 To nobler feats, and try'd his force  
 Upon whole troops of foot and horse,  
 Whom he as bravely did subdue,  
 Declar'd all caravans, that go  
 Upon the king's highway, the foe, 90  
 Made many desperate attacks  
 Upon itinerant brigades  
 Of all professions, ranks, and trades,  
 On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs,

Made

Made them lay down their arms, and yield, 95  
 And, to the smallest piece, restore  
 All that by cheating they had gain'd before,  
 And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field  
 In every bold affair of war  
 He had the chief command, and led them on, 100  
 For no man is judg'd fit to have the care  
 Of others' lives, until he has made it known  
 How much he does despise and scorn his own.

## VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt sun and sun,  
 Have by his conquering sword been won, 105  
 And mighty sums of money laid,  
 For ransom, upon every man,  
 And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.  
 Th' excise and chimney-publican,  
 The Jew-forestaller and enhancer, 110  
 To him for all their crimes did answer.  
 He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell  
 Of all his foes, the Constable,  
 And oft had beat his quarters up,  
 And routed him and all his troop 115  
 He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,  
 That in his own allow'd highway  
 Does feats of arms as great as his,  
 And, when they' encounter in it, wins the day.  
 Safe in his garrison, the Court, 120  
 Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for 't,  
 To

To this stern foe he oft gave quarter,  
 But as the Scotchman did to' a Tartar,  
 That he, in time to come,  
 Might in return from him receive his fatal doom. 125

VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty Town,  
 And brought its haughty spirit down,  
 Have cut it off from all relief,  
 And, like a wife and valiant chief,  
 Made many a fierce assault 130  
 Upon all ammunition carts,  
 And those that bring up cheese, or malt,  
 Or bacon, from remoter parts,  
 No convoy e'er so strong with food  
 Durst venture on the desperate road, 135  
 He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,  
 And the fierce higgler contribution pay,  
 The savage butcher and stout drover  
 Durst not to him their feeble troops discover;  
 And, if he had but kept the field, 140  
 In time had made the City yield,  
 For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found  
 I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd  
 In which his stars began to frown, 145  
 And had in close cabals contriv'd  
 To pull him from his height of glory down,  
 And



And he, by numerous foes oppress'd,  
 Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,  
 Secur'd with mighty guards, 150  
 Left he by force or stratagem  
 Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,  
 And break through all their locks, and bolts, and wards,  
 Had both his legs by charms committed  
 To one another's charge, 155  
 That neither might be set at large,  
 And all their fury and revenge outwitted.  
 As jewels of high value are  
 Kept under locks with greater care  
 Than those of meaner rates, 160  
 So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

## IX

Thither came ladies from all parts,  
 To offer up close prisoners their hearts;  
 Which he receiv'd as tribute due,  
 And made them yield up love and honour too, 165  
 But in more brave heroic ways  
 Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays.  
 For those two spiteful foes, who never meet  
 But full of hot contests and piques  
 About punctilios and mere tricks, 170  
 Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,  
 And, far more generous and free,  
 In contemplation only of him did agree,  
 Both fully satisfy'd, the one  
 With those fresh laurels he had won, 175  
 And

And all the brave renowned feats  
 He had perform'd in arms,  
 The other with his person and his charms :  
 For, just as larks are catch'd in nets,  
 By gazing on a piece of glass, 180  
 So, while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,  
 And smother-polish'd face,  
 Their gentle hearts, alas ! were taken by surprize.

## X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve  
 Distressed dames, such dreadful feats atchieve 185  
 As feeble damsels, for his sake,  
 Would have been proud to undertake ;  
 And, bravely ambitious to redeem  
 The world's loss and their own,  
 Strove who should have the honour to lay down 190  
 And change a life with him,  
 But, finding all their hopes in vain  
 To move his fixt determin'd fate,  
 Their life itself began to hate,  
 As if it were an infamy 195  
 To live when he was doom'd to die ;  
 Made loud appeals and moans,  
 To less hard-hearted grates and stones ,  
 Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,  
 To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers, 200  
 And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,  
 Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A B A L L A D  
 U P O N  
 T H E P A R L I A M E N T,  
 WHICH DELIBERATED  
 ABOUT MAKING OLIVER KING

A S close as a goose  
 Sat the Parliament-house,  
 To hatch the royal gull,  
 After much fiddle-faddle,  
 The egg proved addle, 5  
 And Oliver came forth Nol.  
  
 Yet old Queen Madge,  
 Though things do not fadge,  
 Will serve to be queen of a May-pole;  
 Two princes of Wales, 10  
 For Whitsun-ales,  
 And her Grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.

\* This Ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title, which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept, and contented himself with the power, under the name of *Protector*.

## A BALLÁD UPON THE PARLIAMENT. 307

In a robe of cow-hide  
Sat yesty Pride,  
With his dagger and his sling,  
He was the pertinent'st peer  
Of all that were there,  
T' advise with such a king.

A great philosopher  
Had a goose for his lover,  
That follow'd him day and night  
If it be a true story,  
Or but an allegory,  
It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son, 25  
Both cast into one,  
Were meant for a single baron,  
But when they came to fit,  
There was not wit  
Enough in them both to serve for one. 30

Wherefore 'twas thought good  
To add Honeywood,  
But when they came to trial,  
Each one prov'd a fool,  
Yet three knaves in the whole,  
And that made up a *Part-royal*.

## A BALLAD

## IN TWO PARTS.

CONJECTURED TO BE ON

OLIVER CROMWELL\*.

## PART I.

**D**RAW near, good people all, draw near,  
 And hearken to my ditty,  
 A stranger thing  
 Than this I sing  
 Came never to this city.

Had you but seen this monster,  
 You would not give a farthing  
 For the lions in the grate,  
 Nor the mountain-cat,  
 Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

10

\* To this humorous ballad Butler had prefixed this title—*The Privileges of Pimping*—but afterwards crossed it out, for which reason I have not inserted it, and only mention it as a circumstance which may amuse such as are curious in hunting out the explication of niceties of this sort. It does not appear to bear any sense consistent with the subject, but some other critic may perhaps find one, or at least please himself with thinking so.

You

A BALLAD IN TWO PARTS. 309

You would defy the pageants  
Are borne before the mayor,  
The strangest shape  
You e'er did gape  
Upon at Bart'lmey fair ! 15

His face is round and decent,  
As is your dish or platter,  
On which there grows  
A thing like a nose,  
But, indeed, it is no such matter. 20

On both sides of th' afore said  
Are eyes, but they 're not matches,  
On which there are  
To be seen two fair  
And large well-grown mustaches. 25

Now this with admiration  
Does all beholders strike,  
That a beard should grow  
Upon a thing's brow,  
Did ye ever see the like ? 30

Ver 16 ] From the medals, and original portraits, which are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture, if not positively affirm, that this droll picture was designed for him. The roundness of the face, the odness of the nose, and the remarkable largeness of the eyebrows, are particulars which correspond exactly with them.

He has no scull, 'tis well known  
 To thousands of beholders,  
 Nothing but a skin  
 Does keep his brains in  
 From running about his shoulders. 35

On both sides of his noddle  
 Are straps o' th' very same leather;  
 Ears are imply'd,  
 But they 're mere hide,  
 Or morsels of tripe, chuse ye whether. 40

Between these two extendeth  
 A slit from ear to ear,  
 That every hour  
 Gapes to devour  
 The fowce that grows so near. 45

Beneath, a tuft of bristles,  
 As rough as a frize jerkin,  
 If it had been a beard,  
 'Twould have serv'd a herd  
 Of goats, that are of his near kin. 50

Within, a set of grinders  
 Most sharp and keen, corroding  
 Your iron and brass  
 As easy as  
 That you would do a pudding. 55  
 But

A BALLAD IN TWO PARTS. 315

But the strangest thing of all is,  
Upon his rump there groweth  
A great long tail,  
That useth to trail  
Upon the ground as he goeth. 60

A B A L L A D,

IN TWO PARTS.

CONJECTURED TO BE ON

OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART II.

THIS monster was begotten  
Upon one of the witches,  
B' an imp that came to her,  
Like a man, to wooe her,  
With black doublet and breeches. 5

When he was whelp'd, for certain,  
In divers several countries  
The hogs and swine,  
Did grunt and whine,  
And the ravens croak'd upon trees, 10



The winds did blow, the thunder  
 And lightning loud did rumble;  
 The dogs did howl,  
 The hollow tree in th' owl—  
 'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbled. 15

As soon as he was brought forth,  
 At the midwife's throat he flew,  
 And threw the pap  
 Down in her lap,  
 They say 'tis very true. 20

And up the walls he clamber'd,  
 With nails most sharp and keen,  
 The prints whereof,  
 I' th' boards and roof,  
 Are yet for to be seen. 25

Ver 13, 14.] This whimsical liberty our Author takes, of transposing the words for the sake of a rhyme, though at the expence of the sense, is a new kind of poetic licence, and it is merry enough to observe, that he literally does, what he jokingly charges upon other poets in another place,

But those that write in rhyme still make  
 The one verse for the other's sake,  
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
 I think, 's sufficient at one time.

Hud. p. II. c. 1. v. 29.

And

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney  
 He vanish'd, seen of none,  
 For they did wink,  
 Yet by the stink  
 Knew which way he was gone. 30

The country round about there  
 Became like to a wildern-  
 -ness, for the sight  
 Of him did fright  
 Away men, women, and children. 35

Long did he there continue,  
 And all those parts much harmed,  
 Till a wise-woman, which  
 Some call a white witch,  
 Him into a hog-stye chasmed. 40

There, when she had him shut fast,  
 With brimstone and with nitre  
 She sing'd the claws  
 Of his left paws,  
 With tip of his tail, and his right ear. 45

And with her charms and ointments.  
 She made him tame as a spaniel;  
 For she us'd to ride  
 On his back astride,  
 Nor did he do her any ill. 50  
 But,

But, to the admiration  
 Of all both far and near,  
 He hath been shown  
 In every town,  
 And eke in every shire, 15

And now, at length, he 's brought  
 Unto fair London city,  
 Where in Fleet-street  
 All those may see 't  
 That will not believe my ditty, 60

God save the King and Parliament,  
 And eke the Prince's highness,  
 And quickly send  
 The wars an end,  
 As here my song has—*Finis.* 65

Ver 61 ] From this circumstance it appears, that this Ballad was wrote before the murder of the King, and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's that has yet been made public, and I think one may, without prejudice, affirm, that it does no discredit to his younger years.

## MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS

ALL men's intrigues and projects tend,  
 By several courses, to one end,  
 To compass, by the properest shows,  
 Whatever their designs propose,

And

\* This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were among many of the same kind, fairly written out by Butler, in a sort of poetical Thesaurus, which I have before mentioned. Whether he intended ever to publish any of them as separate distinct thoughts, or to interweave them into some future compositions, a thing very usual with him, cannot be ascertained, nor is it, indeed, very material to those who are fond of his manner of thinking and writing. I have ventured to give them the title of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, but I have not been over curious in placing them in any methodical order. Out of this magazine he communicated to Mr. Aubrey that genuine fragment printed in his life, beginning,

No Jesuit e'er took in hand  
 To plant a church in barren land,  
 Nor ever thought it worth the while  
 A Swede or Russ to reconcile, &c

The publishing of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, or, what passes under the name of *Table-talk*, might be justified by many names of the greatest authority in the learned world, and these sallies of wit, unconnectedly printed, sometimes give more pleasure than when they are interspersed in a long and regular work, as it is often more entertaining to examine jewels separately in a cabinet, than to see them adorning a prince's crown or a royal robe.

One

And that which owns the fairest pretext  
 Is often found the indirect'st  
 Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint  
 Much fairer than the real faint,  
 And knaves appear more just and true  
 Than honest men, that make less shew.  
 The dullest idiots in disguise  
 Appear more knowing than the wise,  
 Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,  
 Pass on the rabble for the learn'd,  
 And cowards, that can damn and rant,  
 Pass muster for the valiant -  
 For he that has but impudence,  
 To all things has a just pretence,  
 And, put among his wants but shame,  
 To all the world may lay his claim.

HOW various and innumerable  
 Are those who live upon the rabble!  
 'Tis they maintain the church and state,  
 Employ the priest and magistrate,  
 Bear all the charge of government,  
 And pay the public fines and rent,  
 Defray all taxes and excises,  
 And impositions of all prices,  
 Bear all the expence of peace and war,  
 And pay the pulpit and the bar,

Maintain all churches and religions,  
 And give their pastors exhibitions,  
 And those who have the greatest flocks  
 Are primitive and orthodox,  
 Support all schismatics and sects,  
 And pay them for tormenting texts,  
 Take all their doctrines off their hands,  
 And pay them in good rents and lands;  
 Discharge all costly offices,  
 The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,  
 The hangman's wages, and the scores  
 Of caterpillar bawds and whores,  
 Discharge all damages and costs  
 Of Knights and Squires of the Post,  
 All statesmen, cutpurfes, and padders,  
 And pay for all their ropes and ladders,  
 All pettifoggers, and all forts  
 Of markets, churches, and of courts,  
 All sums of money paid or spent,  
 With all the charges incident,  
 Laid out, or thrown away, or given  
 To purchase this world, hell, or heaven.

SHOULD once the world resolve t' abolish  
 All that 's ridiculous and foolish,  
 It would have nothing left to do,  
 T' apply in jest or earnest to,  
 No business of importance, play,  
 Or state, to pass its time away.

THE world would be more just, if truth and light  
 And right and wrong, did bear an equal price,  
 But, since impostors are so highly rais'd,  
 And faith and justice equally debas'd,  
 Few men have tempers, for such paltry gains,  
 T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

THE sottish world without distinction looks  
 On all that passes on th' account of books,  
 And, when there are two scholars that within  
 The species only hardly are a kin,  
 The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,  
 If equally they 've loiter'd in a college.

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed  
 In wild fig-trees, and, when they 're grown up, feed  
 Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,  
 And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,  
 Open the pores, and make way for the sun  
 To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

AS all Fanatics preach, so all men write,  
 Out of the strength of gifts, and inward light,  
 In spite of art, as horses thorough pac'd  
 Were never taught, and therefore go more fast.

IN all mistakes the strict and regular  
 Are found to be the desperat'lt ways to err,  
 And worst to be avoided, as a wound  
 Is said to be the harder cur'd that 's round,

For error and mistake, the less they' appear,  
 In th' end are found to be the dangerouſer;  
 As no man minds thoſe clocks that uſe to go  
 Apparently too over-ſaſt or flow.

THE trueſt characters of ignorance  
 Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance,  
 As blind men uſe to bear their noſes higher  
 Than thoſe that have their eyes and ſight entire.

THE metaphyſic 's but a puppet motion  
 That goes with ſcrews, the notion of a notion,  
 The copy of a copy, and lame draught,  
 Unnaturally taken from a thought,  
 That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,  
 And turns the eyes like an old crucifix,  
 That counterchanges whatſoe'er it calls  
 B' another name, and makes it true or falſe;  
 Turns truth to falſehood, falſehood into truth,  
 By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth

'TIS not the art of ſchools to underſtand,  
 But make things hard, inſtead of being explain'd,  
 And therefore thoſe are commonly the learned't  
 That only ſtudy between jeſt and earneſt:  
 For, when the end of learning 's to purſue  
 And trace the ſubtle ſteps of falſe and true,  
 They ne'er conſider how they 're to apply,  
 But only liſten to the noiſe and cry,  
 And are ſo much delighted with the chace,  
 They never mind the taking of their preys

MORE



MORE profelytes and converts use t' accrue  
 To false persuasions than the right and true,  
 For error and mistake are infinite,  
 But truth has but one way to be i' th' right,  
 As numbers may t' infinity be grown,  
 But never be reduc'd to less than one.

ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,  
 The more exact and curious 'tis ground,  
 Is forc'd for every carat to abate  
 As much in value as it wants in weight.

THE great St Lewis, king of France,  
 Fighting against Mahometans,  
 In Egypt, in the holy war,  
 Was routed and made prisoner  
 The Sultan then, into whose hands  
 He and his army fell, demands  
 A thousand weight of gold, to free  
 And set them all at liberty.  
 The king pays down one half o' th' nail,  
 And for the other offers bail,  
 The pyx, and in 't the eucharist,  
 The body of our Saviour Christ.  
 The Turk consider'd, and allow'd  
 The king's security for good  
 Such credit had the Christian zeal,  
 In those days, with an Infidel,  
 That will not pass for two-pence now,  
 Among themselves, 'tis grown so low.

THOSE that go up-hill use to bow  
 Their bodies forward, and stoop low,  
 To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,  
 When th' way is difficult and steep.  
 So those at court, that do address  
 By low ignoble offices,  
 Can stoop to any thing that 's base,  
 To wriggle into trust and grace,  
 Are like to rise to greatness sooner  
 Than those that go by worth and honour.

ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,  
 Are meant of services that are forgiven,  
 And not of crimes delinquents have committed,  
 And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

LIONS are kings of beasts, and yet their power  
 Is not to rule and govern, but devour.  
 Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they  
 No better than mere beasts that do obey.

NOTHING 's more dull and negligent  
 Than an old lazy government,  
 That knows no interest of state,  
 But such as serves a present suit,  
 And, to patch up, or shift, will close,  
 Or break alike, with friends or foes,  
 That runs behind hand, and has spent  
 Its credit to the last extent,  
 And, the first time 'tis at a loss,  
 Has not one true friend nor one cross.

THE Devil was the first o' th' name  
From whom the race of rebels came,  
Who was the first bold undertaker  
Of bearing arms against his Maker,  
And, though miscarrying in th' event,  
Was never yet known to repent,  
Though tumbled from the top of bliss  
Down to the bottomless abyss,  
A property which, from their prince,  
The family owns ever since,  
And therefore ne'er repent the evil  
They do or suffer, like the devil.

THE worst of rebels never arm  
To do their king or country harm,  
But draw their swords to do them good,  
As doctors cure by letting blood.

NO feared conscience is so fell  
As that which has been burnt with zeal,  
For Christian charity 's as well  
A great impediment to zeal,  
As zeal a pestilent disease  
To Christian charity and peace.

AS thistles wear the softest down,  
To hide their prickles till they 're grown,  
And then declare themselves, and tear  
Whatever ventures to come near,  
So a smooth knave does greater feats  
Than one that idly rails and threats,

And

And all the mischief that he meant  
Does, like a rattle-snake, prevent

MAN is supreme lord and master  
Of his own ruin and disaster,  
Controls his fate, but nothing less  
In ordering his own happiness,  
For all his care and providence  
Is too, too feeble a defence  
To render it secure and certain  
Against the injuries of Fortune,  
And oft, in spite of all his wit,  
Is lost with one unlucky hit,  
And ruin'd with a circumstance,  
And mere punctilio, of chance.

DAME Fortune, some men's tutelar,  
Takes charge of them, without their care,  
Does all their drudgery and work,  
Like Fairies, for them in the dark,  
Conducts them blindfold, and advances  
The naturals by blinder chances,  
While others by desert or wit  
Could never make the matter hit,  
But still, the better they deserve,  
Are but the abler thought to starve.

GREAT wits have only been preferr'd,  
In princes' trains to be interr'd,

And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd  
 Among their followers not the last,  
 But while they liv'd were far enough  
 From all admittances kept off.

AS gold, that 's proof against th' assay,  
 Upon the touchstone wears away,  
 And having stood the greater test,  
 Is overmaster'd by the least,  
 So some men, having stood the hate  
 And spiteful cruelty of Fate,  
 Transported with a false care  
 Of unacquainted happiness,  
 Lost to humanity and sense,  
 Have fall'n as low as insolence.

INNOCENCE is a defence  
 For nothing else but patience,  
 'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,  
 Nor fence against the tricks of state,  
 Nor from th' oppression of the laws  
 Protect the plain't and justest cause,  
 Nor keep unspotted a good name  
 Against the obloquies of Fame,  
 Feeble as Patience, and as soon,  
 By being blown upon, undone.  
 As beasts are hunted for their furs,  
 Men for their virtues fare the worse.

WHO doth not know with what fierce rage  
 Opinions, true or false, engage,  
 And, 'cause they govern all mankind,  
 Like the blind's leading of the blind,  
 All claim an equal interest,  
 And free dominion o'er the rest.  
 And, as one shield that fell from heaven  
 Was counterfeited by eleven,  
 The better to secure the fate  
 And lasting empire of a state,  
 The false are numerous, and the true,  
 That only have the right, but few  
 Hence fools, that understand them least,  
 Are still the fiercest in contest,  
 Unfight, unseen, espouse a side  
 At random, like a prince's bride,  
 To damn their souls, and swear and lye for,  
 And at a venture live and die for.

OPINION governs all mankind,  
 Like the blind's leading of the blind,  
 For he that has no eyes in 's head,  
 Must be by' a dog glad to be led,  
 And no beasts have so little in them  
 As that inhuman brute, Opinion;  
 'Tis an infectious pestilence,  
 The tokens upon wit and sense,  
 That with a venomous contagion,  
 Invades the sick imagination,

And, when it seizes any part,  
 It strikes the poison to the heart.  
 Thus men of one another catch  
 By contact, as the humours match,  
 And nothing 's so perverse in nature  
 As a profound opiniator.

AUTHORITY intoxicates,  
 And makes mere fots of magistrates;  
 The fumes of it invade the brain,  
 And make men giddy, proud, and vain.  
 By this the fool commands the wife,  
 The noble with the base complies,  
 The sot assumes the rule of wit,  
 And cowards make the base submit.

A GODLY man, that has serv'd out his time  
 In holiness, may set up any crime,  
 As scholars, when they 've taken their degrees,  
 May set up any faculty they please.

WHY should not piety be made,  
 As well as equity, a trade,  
 And men get money by devotion,  
 As well as making of a motion?  
 B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,  
 As well as suitors in petitions?  
 And in a congregation pray,  
 No less than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER'S

A TEACHER's doctrine, and his proof,  
Is all his province, and enough,  
But is no more concern'd in use,  
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

THE fobereft faints are more stiff-necked  
Than, th' hottest-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well  
To propagate a church as zeal,  
As persecution and promotion  
Do equally advance devotion.  
So round white stones will serve, they say,  
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greatest faints and finners have been made  
Of profelytes of one another's trade.

YOUR wise and cautious consciences  
Are free to take what course they please,  
Have plenary indulgence to dispose,  
At pleasure, of the strictest vows,  
And challenge Heaven, they made them to,  
To vouch and witness what they do,  
And, when they prove averse and loth,  
Yet for convenience take an oath,  
Not only can dispense, but make it  
A greater sin to keep than take it,  
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,  
And only keeps the keys within,



Has no superior to control  
But what itself sets o'er the soul,  
And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,  
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key,  
Can walk invifible, and where,  
And when, and how, it will appear  
Can turn itself into difguifes  
Of all forts, for all forts of vices,  
Can tranfubftantiate, metamorphofe,  
And charm whole herds of beafts, like Orpheus,  
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,  
Obey and follow its commands,  
And fettle on a new freehold,  
As Marcly-hill remov'd of old,  
Make mountains move with greater force  
Than faith, to new proprietors,  
And perjures, to fecure th' enjoyments  
Of public charges and employments  
For true and faithful, good and juft,  
Are but preparatives to truft,  
The gilt and ornament of things,  
And not their movements, wheels, and fprings.

ALL love, at firft, like generous wine,  
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine,  
But, when 'tis fettled on the lee,  
And from th' impurer matter free,  
Becomes the richer ftill the older,  
And proves the pleafanter the colder.

THE motions of the earth or sun,  
(The Lord knows which) that turn, or run,  
Are both perform'd by fits and starts,  
And so are those of lovers' hearts,  
Which, though they keep no even pace,  
Move true and constant to one place.

LOVE is too great a happiness  
For wretched mortals to possess,  
For, could it hold inviolate  
Against those cruelties of Fate  
Which all felicities below  
By rigid laws are subject to,  
It would become a bliss too high  
For perishing mortality,  
Translate to earth the joys above;  
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

ALL wild but generous creatures live, of course,  
As if they had agreed for better or worse.  
The lion's constant to his only miss,  
And never leaves his faithful lioness,  
And she as chaste and true to him again,  
As virtuous ladies use to be to men.  
The docile and ingenuous elephant  
T' his own and only female is gallant,  
And she as true and constant to his bed,  
That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead,  
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,  
Are never satisfy'd with new amours,

As all poltroons with us delight to range,  
And, though but for the worst of all, to change.

THE souls of women are so small,  
That some believe they 've none at all;  
Or if they have, like cripples, still  
They 've but one faculty, the will;  
The other two are quite laid by  
To make up one great tyranny;  
And, though their passions have most power,  
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more  
To th' absolute will, that with a breath  
Has sovereign power of life and death,  
And, as its little interests move,  
Can turn them all to hate or love;  
For nothing, in a moment, turn  
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn,  
And make that love degenerate  
T' as great extremity of hate,  
And hate again, and scorn, and piques,  
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

ALL sorts of votaries, that profess  
To bind themselves apprentices  
To Heaven, abjure, with solemn vows,  
Not Cut and long-tail, but a spouse,  
As th' worst of all impediments  
To hinder their devout intents.

MOST virgins marry, juſt as nuns  
The ſame thing the ſame way renounce;  
Before they 've wit to underſtand  
The bold attempt they take in hand;  
Or, having ſtaid and loſt their tides,  
Are out of ſeaſon grown for brides.

THE credit of the marriage bed  
Has been ſo looſely huſbanded,  
Men only deal for ready money,  
And women, ſeparate alimony,  
And ladies-errant, for debauching,  
Have better terms, and equal caution,  
And, for their journey-work and pains,  
The chair-women clear greater gains.

A S wine that with its own weight runs is beſt,  
And counted much more noble than the preſt,  
So is that poetry whoſe generous ſtrains  
Flow without ſervile ſtudy, art, or pains.

SOME call it fury, ſome a Muſe,  
That, as poſſeſſing devils uſe,  
Haunts and forſakes a man by fits,  
And when he 's in, he 's out of 's wits.

ALL writers, though of different fancies,  
Do make all people in romances,  
That are diſtreſs'd and diſcontent,  
Make ſongs, and ſing t' an inſtrument,

And

And poets by their sufferings grow,  
 As if there were no more to do,  
 To make a poet excellent,  
 But only want and discontent.

IT is not poetry that makes men poor,  
 For few do write that were not so before,  
 And those that have writ best, had they been rich,  
 Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch,  
 Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains  
 To undergo that drudgery of brains,  
 But, being for all other trades unfit,  
 Only to avoid being idle, set up wit

THEY that do write in authors' praises,  
 And freely give their friends their voices,  
 Are not confin'd to what is true,  
 That 's not to give, but pay a due  
 For praise, that 's due, does give no more  
 To worth than what it had before,  
 But to commend, without desert,  
 Requires a mastery of art,  
 That sets a gloss on what 's amiss,  
 And writes what should be, not what is.

IN foreign universities,  
 When a king 's born, or weds, or dies,  
 Straight other studies are laid by,  
 And all apply to poetry  
 Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,  
 And some, more wise, in Arab.c,

T' avoid the critic, and th' expence  
 Of difficulter wit and sense,  
 And seem more learnedish than those  
 That at a greater charge compose.  
 The doctors lead, the students follow,  
 Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,  
 Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,  
 On even terms, of all the gods  
 Then Cæsar he's nicknam'd, as duly as  
 He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,  
 And was address'd to, by a crow,  
 As pertinently, long ago,  
 And, as wit goes by colleges,  
 As well as standing and degrees,  
 He still writes better than the rest,  
 That 's of the house that 's counted best.

FAR greater numbers have been lost by hopes,  
 Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,  
 And other ammunitions of despair,  
 Were ever able to dispatch by fear.

THERE 's nothing our felicities endears  
 Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,  
 And in the miserablest of distress  
 Improves attempts as desperate with success,  
 Success, that owns and justifies all quarrels,  
 And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels,  
 Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,  
 Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp

THE

THE people have as much a negative voice  
 To hinder making war without their choice,  
 As kings of making laws in parliament,  
 "No money" is as good as "No assent,"

WHEN princes idly lead about,  
 Those of their party follow suit,  
 Till others trump upon their play,  
 And turn the cards another way.

WHAT makes all subjects discontent  
 Against a prince's government,  
 And princes take as great offence  
 At subjects' disobedience,  
 That neither th' other can abide,  
 But too much reason on each side?

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure,  
 Which men can neither want nor well endure.

DAME Justice puts her sword into the scales,  
 With which she's said to weigh out true and false,  
 With no design but, like the antique Gaul,  
 To get more money from the capital.

ALL that which law and equity miscalls  
 By th' empty idle names of True and False,  
 Is nothing else but maggots blown between  
 False witnesses and falser jurymen.

OLD laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,  
 To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,  
 And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,  
 To turn and wind them any way they please.  
 The Statute Law's their Scripture, and Reports  
 The ancient reverend fathers of their courts,  
 Records their general councils, and Decisions  
 Of judges on the bench their sole traditions,  
 For which, like Catholics, they've greater awe,  
 As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,  
 And strive perpetually to make the standard  
 Of right between the tenant and the landlord,  
 And, when two cases at a trial meet,  
 That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,  
 And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, suit,  
 The Court directs the obstinat'ft dispute,  
 There's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,  
 Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

A MAN of quick and active wit  
 For drudgery is more unfit,  
 Compar'd to those of duller parts,  
 Than running-nags to draw in carts.

TOO much or too little wit  
 Do only render th' owners fit  
 For nothing, but to be undone  
 Much easier than if they 'ad none.



AS those that are stark blind can trace  
 The nearest ways from place to place,  
 And find the right way easier out,  
 Than those that hood-wink'd try to do 't,  
 So tricks of state are manag'd best  
 By those that are suspected least,  
 And greatest *finesse* brought about  
 By engines most unlike to do 't.

ALL the politics of the great  
 Are like the cunning of a cheat,  
 That lets his false dice freely run,  
 And trusts them to themselves alone,  
 But never lets a true one stir  
 Without some fingering trick or flur;  
 And, when the gamesters doubt his play,  
 Conveys his false dice safe away,  
 And leaves the true ones in the lurch,  
 T' endure the torture of the search.

WHAT else does history use to tell us,  
 But tales of subjects being rebellious;  
 The vain perfidiousness of lords,  
 And fatal breach of princes' words;  
 To foolish pride and insolence  
 Of statesmen, and their want of sense,  
 Their treachery, that undoes, of custom,  
 Their own selves first, next those who trust them?

BECAUSE a feeble limb 's carest,  
 And more indulg'd than all the rest,  
 So frail and tender consciences  
 Are humour'd to do what they please,  
 When that which goes for weak and feeble  
 Is found the most incorrigible,  
 To outdo all the fiends in hell  
 With rapine, murther, blood, and zeal.

AS at th' approach of winter all  
 The leaves of great trees use to fall,  
 And leave them naked to engage  
 With storms and tempests when they rage;  
 While humbler plants are found to wear  
 Their fresh green liveries all the year.  
 So, when the glorious season 's gone  
 With great men, and hard times come on,  
 The great'st calamities oppress  
 The greatest still, and spare the less.

AS when a greedy raven flies  
 A sheep entangled by the fleece,  
 With hasty cruelty he flies  
 To attack him, and pick out his eyes,  
 So do those vultures use, that keep  
 Poor prisoners fast like silly sheep,  
 As greedily to prey on all  
 That in their ravenous clutches fall:  
 For thorns and brambles, that came in  
 To wait upon the curse for him,

And

And were no part o' th' first creation,  
 But, for revenge, a new plantation,  
 Are yet the fitt'ft materials  
 T' enclofe the earth with living walls.  
 So jailors, that are moft accurst,  
 Are found moft fit in being worft.

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjurer,  
 To raife infernal fpirits up, but fear,  
 That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,  
 That 's both a prifoner to itfelf, and jail,  
 Draws more fantaftic fapes than in the grafs  
 Of knotted wood in fome men's crazy brains,  
 When all the cocks they think they fee, and bulls,  
 Are only in the infides of their fculs.

THE Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,  
 Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven, own,  
 Befide th' imaginary territory,  
 He lays a title to in Purgatory,  
 Declares himfelf an abfolute free prince  
 In his dominions, only over fins,  
 But as for heaven, fince it lies fo far  
 Above him, is but only titular,  
 And, like his Crofs-keys badge upon a tavern,  
 Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:  
 Yet, when he comes to take accompt, and fhare  
 The profit of his prostituted ware,  
 He finds his gains increafe, by fin and women,  
 Above his richeft titular dominion.

A JUBILEE is but a spiritual fair  
T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,  
In which his Holiness buys nothing in,  
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin,  
And deals in extraordinary crimes,  
That are not vendible at other times,  
For, dealing both for Judas and th' high-priest,  
He makes a plentiful trade of Christ.

THAT spiritual pattern of the church, the ark,  
In which the ancient world did once embark,  
Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,  
Although bound through an universal sea,  
When all the modern church of Rome's concern  
Is nothing else but in the helm and stern

IN the church of Rome to go to shrift,  
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift

AN ass will with his long ears fray  
The flies, that tickle him, away;  
But man delights to have his ears  
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

ALL wit does but divert men from the road  
In which things vulgarly are understood,  
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own  
A better sense than commonly is known.

IN little trades, more cheats and lying  
Are us'd in felling than in buying ,  
But in the great, unjust dealing  
Is us'd in buying than in felling.

ALL smatterers are more brisk and pert  
Than those that understand an art ,  
As little sparkles shine more bright  
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

LAW does not put the least restraint  
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't ,  
Or, if it does, 'tis for our good,  
To give us freer latitude .  
For wholesome laws preserve us free,  
By stinting of our liberty

THE world has long endeavour'd to reduce  
Those things to practice that are of no use ,  
And strives to practise things of speculation ,  
And bring the practical to contemplation ,  
And by that error renders both in vain,  
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

IN all the world there is no vice  
Less prone t' excess than avarice ,  
It neither cares for food nor cloathing  
Nature 's content with little, that with nothing.

IN Rome no temple was so low  
As that of Honour, built to show  
How humble honour ought to be,  
Though there 'twas all authority.

IT is a harder thing for men to rate  
Their own parts at an equal estimate,  
Than cast up fractions, in th' accompt of heaven,  
Of time and motion, and adjust them even,  
For modest persons never had a true  
Particular of all that is their due.

SOME people's fortunes, like a weft or fray,  
Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

AS he that makes his mark is understood  
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good,  
So he that cannot write one word of sense,  
Believes he has as legal a pretence  
To scribble what he does not understand,  
As idiots have a title to their land

WERE Tully now alive, he 'd be to seek  
In all our Latin terms of art and Greek,  
Would never understand one word of sense  
The most irrefragable schoolman means  
As if the schools design'd their terms of art  
Not to advance a science, but divert,  
As Hocus Pocus conjures, to amuse  
The rabble from observing what he does.

AS 'tis a greater myftery, in the art  
Of painting, to forefhorten any part  
Than draw it out, fo 'tis in books the chief  
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

THE man that for his profit 's bought t' obey,  
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray ;  
And, when he 's bid a liberaller price,  
Will not be fluggifh in the work, nor nice.

OPINIATORS naturally differ  
From other men, as wooden legs are fiffer  
Than thofe of pliant joints, to yield and bow,  
Which way foe'er they are defign'd to go.

NAVIGATION, that withftood  
The mortal fury of the Flood,  
And prov'd the only means to fave  
All earthly creatures from the wave,  
Has, for it, taught the fea and wind  
To lay a tribute on mankind,  
That, by degrees, has fwallow'd more  
Than all it drown'd at once before

THE prince of Syracufe, whofe deftin'd fate  
It was to keep a fchool and rule a ftate,  
Found that his fceptre never was fo aw'd,  
As when it was tranflated to a rod,  
And that his fubjects ne'er were fo obedient,  
As when he was inaugurated pedant

For to instruct is greater than to rule,  
And no command 's so' imperious as a school.

AS he whose destiny does prove  
To dangle in the air above,  
Does lose his life for want of air,  
That only fell to be his share,  
So he whom Fate at once design'd  
To plenty and a wretched mind,  
Is but condemn'd to a rich distress,  
And starves with niggardly excess.

THE universal medicine is a trick,  
That Nature never meant, to cure the sick,  
Unless by death, the singular receipt,  
To root out all diseases by the great  
For universals deal in no one part  
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art,  
And therefore that French quack that set up physic,  
Call'd his receipt a General Specific  
And, though in mortal poisons every one  
Is mortal universally alone,  
Yet Nature never made an antidote  
To cure them all as easy as they 're got,  
Much less, among so many variations  
Of different maladies and complications,  
Make all the contrarieties in Nature  
Submit themselves to an equal moderator.



A CONVERT 's but a fly, that turns about,  
After his head 's pull'd off, to find it out.

ALL mankind is but a rabble,  
As filly and unreasonable  
As those that, crowding in the street,  
To see a show or monster, meet,  
Of whom no one is in the right,  
Yet all fall out about the fight,  
And, when they chance t' agree, the choice is  
Still in the most and worst of vices,  
And all the reasons that prevail  
Are measur'd, not by weight, but tale.

AS in all great and crowded fairs  
Monsters and puppet plays are wares,  
Which in the less will not go off,  
Because they have not money enough;  
So men in princes' courts will pass,  
That will not in another place.

LOGICIANS use to clap a proposition,  
As justices do criminals, in prison,  
And, in as learn'd authentic nonsense writ,  
The names of all their moods and figures fit  
For a logician 's one that has been broke  
To ride and pace his reason by the book,  
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,  
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

THOSE

THOSE get the least that take the greatest pains,  
 But most of all i' th' drudgery of brains;  
 A natural sign of weakness, as an ant  
 Is more laborious than an elephant,  
 And children are more busy at their play  
 Than those that wisely'ft pass their time away.

ALL the inventions that the world contains,  
 Were not by reason first found out, nor brains,  
 But pass for theirs who had the luck to light  
 Upon them by mistake or oversight.

## T R I P L E T S

### U P O N A V A R I C E.

AS misers their own laws enjoin,  
 To wear no pockets in the mine,  
 For fear they should the ore purloin,  
 So he that toils and labours hard  
 To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,  
 Is from the use of all debarr'd.  
 And, though he can produce more spankers  
 Than all the usurers and bankers,  
 Yet after more and more he hankers,

And,

And, after all his pains are done,  
Has nothing he can call his own,  
But a mere livelihood alone.

## DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,  
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,  
And, when the sea does in upon them break,  
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak,  
That always ply the pump, and never think  
They can be safe, but at the rate they sink,  
That live as if they had been run aground,  
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd,  
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey  
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey,  
And, when their merchants are blown-up and crackt,  
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreckt,  
That feed, like Cannibals, on other fishes,  
And serve their coufin-germans up in dishes.  
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,  
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

## TO HIS MISTRESS.

**D**O not unjustly blame  
 My guiltless breast,  
 For venturing to disclose a flame  
 It had so long suppress'd  
 In its own ashes it design'd  
 For ever to have lain,  
 But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,  
 Made it break out again.

## TO THE SAME.

**D**O not mine affection flight,  
 'Cause my locks with age are white  
 Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,  
 While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen

## E P I G R A M

## ON A CLUB OF SOTS

**T**HE jolly members of a topping club,  
 Like pipe-staves, are but hoop'd into a tub,  
 And in a close confederacy link,  
 For nothing else but only to hold drink.

## H U D I B R A S ' S E L E G Y \*.

**I**N days of yore, when knight or squire  
 By Fate were summon'd to retire,  
 Some menial poet still was near,  
 To bear them to the hemisphere,  
 And there among the stars to leave them, 5  
 Until the gods sent to relieve them  
 And fure our Knight, whose very fight wou'd  
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,  
 Should he neglected lie, and rot,  
 Stink in his grave, and be forgot, 10  
 Would have just reason to complain,  
 If he should chance to rise again,  
 And therefore, to prevent his dudgeon,  
 In mournful doggrel thus we trudge on.  
 Oh me! what tongue, what pen, can tell 15  
 How this renowned champion fell,

\* Neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, is to be found  
 in *The Genuine Remains* of Butler, as published by Mr Thyer.  
 Both however having frequently been reprinted in *The Posthumous  
 Works of Samuel Butler*, and as they, besides, relate particularly  
 to the hero of his principal poem, there needs no apology for  
 their being thus preserved. Some other of the *posthumous poems*  
 would not have disgraced their supposed author, but, as they are  
 so positively rejected by Mr. Thyer, we have not ventured to  
 admit them. N

But must reflect, alas ! alas !  
All human glory fades like grass,  
And that the strongest martial feats  
Of errant knights are all but cheats ! 20  
Witness our Knight, who sure has done  
More valiant actions, ten to one,  
Than of More-Hall the mighty More,  
Or him that made the Dragon roar ,  
Has knock'd more men and women down 25  
Than Bevis of Southampton town,  
Or than our modern heroes can,  
To take them singly man by man  
No, sure, the grisly King of terror  
Has been to blame, and in an error, 30  
To issue his dead-warrant forth  
To seize a knight of so much worth,  
Just in the nick of all his glory ,  
I tremble when I tell the story.  
Oh ! help me, help me, some kind Muse, 35  
Thus furly tyrant to abuse,  
Who, in his rage, has been so cruel  
To rob the world of such a jewel !  
A knight, more learned, stout, and good,  
Sure ne'er was made of flesh and blood 40  
All his perfections were so rare,  
The wit of man could not declare  
Which single virtue, or which grace,  
Above the rest had any place,  
Or which he was most famous for, 45  
The camp, the pulpit, or the bar ,  
Of

Of each he had an equal spice,  
 And was in all so very nice,  
 That, to speak truth, th' account it lost,  
 In which he did excel the most. 50  
 When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,  
 And out he went a colonelling,  
 Strange hopes and fears possess'd the nation,  
 How he could manage that vocation,  
 Until he shew'd it to a wonder, 55  
 How nobly he could fight and plunder.  
 At preaching, too, he was a dab,  
 More exquisite by far than Squab,  
 He could fetch uses, and infer,  
 Without the help of metaphor, 60  
 From any Scripture text, how'er  
 Remote it from the purpose were,  
 And with his fist, instead of a stick,  
 Beat pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,  
 Till he made all the audience weep, 65  
 Excepting those that fell asleep,  
 Then at the bar he was right able,  
 And could bind o'er as well as swaddle,  
 And famous, too, at petty sessions,  
 'Gainst thieves and whores, for long digressions. 70  
 He could most learnedly determine  
 To Bridewell, or the stocks, the vermin.  
 For his address and way of living,  
 All his behaviour, was so moving,  
 That, let the dame be ne'er so chaste, 75  
 As people say, below the waist,  
 If

If Hudibras but once come at her,  
He'd quickly made her chaps to water,  
Then for his equipage and shape,  
On vestals they'd commit a rape,  
Which often, as the story says,  
Have made the ladies weep both ways.  
Ill has he read, that never heard  
How he with Widow Tomson far'd,  
And what hard conflict was between  
Our Knight and that insulting quean  
Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains,  
For rhymes for his melodious strains,  
Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,  
To get into a jilt's good graces,  
Than did Sir Hudibras to get  
Into this subtle gypsy's net,  
Who, after all her high pretence  
To modesty and innocence,  
Was thought by most to be a woman  
That to all other knights was common.

Hard was his fate in this, I own,  
Nor will I for the trapes atone,  
Indeed to guess I am not able,  
What made her thus inexorable,  
Unless she did not like his wit,  
Or, what is worse, his perquisite.  
Howe'er it was, the wound she gave  
The Knight, he carry'd to his grave  
Vile harlot! to destroy a knight,  
That could both plead, and pray, and fight.



Oh! cruel, base, inhuman drab,  
 To give him such a mortal stab,  
 That made him pine away and moulder,  
 As though that he had been no soldier 110  
 Could'st thou find no one else to kill,  
 Thou instrument of death and hell!  
 But Hudibras, who stood the Bears  
 So oft against the Cavaliers,  
 And in the very heat of war 115  
 Took stout Crowdero prisoner,  
 And did such wonders all along,  
 That far exceed both pen and tongue?  
 If he had been in battle slain,

## H U D I B R A S ' S E P I T A P H.

U N D E R this stone rests Hudibras,  
 A Knight as errant as e'er was,  
 The controversy only lies,  
 Whether he was more stout than wise,  
 Nor can we here pretend to say, 5  
 Whether he best could fight or pray,  
 So, till those questions are decided,  
 His virtues must rest undivided  
 Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,  
 And full as oft took pains in tubs, 10  
 Of which the most that can be said,  
 He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.  
 As for his personage and shape,  
 Among the rest we 'll let them scape,  
 Nor do we, as things stand, think fit 15  
 This stone should meddle with his wit.  
 One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,  
 He liv'd and dy'd a colonel,  
 And for the Good old Cause stood buff,  
 'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff. 20  
 But, since his Worship's dead and gone,  
 And mouldering lies beneath this stone,  
 The Reader is desir'd to look,  
 For his achievements in his Book;  
 Which will preserve of Knight the Tale, 25  
 Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

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